

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII

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NUMBER 3

GREAT MUSIC TREAT COMING TUESDAY NIGHT

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Conducted by the
Celebrated Eugene Yasye

Ward-Belmont will have a great musical treat in the coming of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, which will be heard at the Ryman auditorium next Tuesday evening. This celebrated musical organization, which ranks as one of the leading orchestras, is conducted by no less an artist than the celebrated Eugene Yasye, known as one of the world's greatest violinists and conductors.

Yasye has been conducting the orchestra during the past year. His coming to this country to head this orchestra was in itself an event of no little importance. Monsieur Yasye is not only a great musician, but also a great man. His young son is in the war. His youngest son is the assistant concert master of the orchestra. Yasye has made a number of tours in this country in past years as a violin virtuoso. He has won almost equally as great fame as a conductor. The program includes Beethoven's great C minor Symphony No. 5 and modern works by French and Russian composers.

This is the greatest musical event of the season and offers an unusual opportunity for many of us to hear one of the greatest symphony orchestras of our country.

ALFRED NOYES TO VISIT NASHVILLE

We are delighted to learn that Alfred Noyes, famous English poet and writer of short stories is to visit Nashville soon and will appear at Ward-Belmont. Mr. Noyes has paid other delightful visits to Nashville. He is the author of numerous poems and short stories, among which are, "The Lord of Misrule," "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," "Sherwood," and "Drake." It is interesting to note that his story, "Sherwood," has been dramatized and performed here under the direction of Miss Townsend. Some of Mr. Noyes' most delightful poems are "Lilac Time," "The Barrel Organ," and the "Highwayman."

SPRING ATHLETICS.

At a recent meeting of the athletic board, plans were made for a big athletic party to take place sometime in the near future, probably the 15th of February. It is to take the form of a big country fair, with dancing to the tune of good orchestra and "stunts" to be arranged by Miss Margie Cooper, of the Panthers, and Miss Betty Capron, of the Regulars, as the main attractions of the evening. Of course, the next most important part—the "cats"—will also be abundant. All members of the Athletic Association are to be invited, Panthers and Regulars, not only as to clever and original stunts, but in the form of the ever-popular tickle-toeing. The committee is under the chairmanship of Miss Adine Lampton who, with the able assistance of Miss Addie Hughes, promises everyone what is commonly known as a "large" time.

Arrangements are also under way
(Continued on page 3.)

INTERESTING SOCIAL EVENT.

An announcement of interest which came as a great surprise to all is that of the marriage of Miss Suzanne Emery, daughter and only child of Mr. Jacob S. Emery, of Danville, Ill., and George Jobson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Jobson.

Mr. Jobson and his bride were to be married in June, but their plans were changed, and they had the consent of their parents to wed. The couple will tour for the next week in their car, afterwards they will return to Danville to make their home.

Suzanne was one of this year's brides and was a great favorite here. She was an F. F. and president of Preparatory Special Class.

WOODY CREST.

Since holidays none of the clubs have ventured to Woody Crest, but the F. F. started the new year there this past week-end. Rather disagreeable weather made no difference to this picky group and the only pang of regret being that Sundays are all too short.

RED CROSS ONE HUNDRED PER CENT

All Ward-Belmont Girls Respond to Christmas Red Cross Roll Call.

NEW GIRLS AT WARD-BELMONT

About forty new girls have joined our victorious ranks since holidays, most of whom have been on the waiting list since September and before. Rushing is again very much in evidence in Heron Hall and girls tear breathlessly across campus after "some darlin' new girl" to lure her down to the dance hall and try out her dancing. We all want to give them a warm welcome and know they will learn to love the standards and ideals of Ward-Belmont as the rest of us have and will carry the news of its success even farther than we already have.

We also hope that by now the last pangs of those horrible "Homesickness Blues" have passed away and that you've become a full-fledged citizen of our own "little city."

Y. W. C. A. VESPERS.

November 21—Miss Kitty Morris spoke on "The Nashville Factory Girl." Leader, Virginia Montgomery.
December 5—Campus Democracy. Leader, Elizabeth Overman.
December 12—Christmas music by Mr. Henkel. Leader, Verna Henry.
December 19—Christmas play by Expression Students.
January 16—A Home Mission. Leader, Miss Minich.
January 23—Leader, Miss Townsend.

January 30—Led by Senior Class—Lullie Vaughn Webb.
February 6—Led by Osiron Club. President, Thelma Prickett.
February 13—Led by Tri K Club. President, Annie Beth Crawford.
February 20—Led by X L Club. President, Frances Davenport.
February 27—Led by the Friendly Fifty Club. President Catherine Sledge.
March 6—Led by A K Club. President, Mary Titus.
March 13—Led by Agora Club. President, Billie Clover.
March 20—Led by Anti Pandora Club. President, Harriet Blackburn.
March 27—Led by Del Vrs Club. President, Sophia Williams.
April 3—Led by Penta Tau Club. President, May Rosa Ray.
April 10—Led by Senior Middle Class.

OF COURSE!

Have you seen them? Oh, they are the best yet. Loads better looking than those last year. The fraternity pins have taken a back seat, as it were, for awhile. Don't you know why? Because the Senior pins have finally arrived. Although we were disappointed in not having them for vacation, but "the best comes last," so—gaze upon!

Before we packed our trunks and joyfully started home, the call went out for the Christmas Red Cross Roll Call.

A very charming Christmas vesper service was given us, at which time our first roll was taken by the members of the Senior Expression Class. Due to a misunderstanding we didn't tally up as well as we should have, consequently Dr. Blanton issued cards for us to sign the day before we left for home.

Now that we are back again in the regular routine and the hard, trying days (?) of vacation are over, Dr. Blanton tells us that up to date we stand 100 per cent. This not only shows the characteristic spirit of our girls but also the fact that even while at home they did not forget duty. If the old girls that have not as yet returned and new ones just entering are as thoughtful and considerate as the majority, we will join with Dr. Blanton in an expression of hearty and sincere appreciation.

Pembroke came first with a 100 per cent report; then followed the Main Building, including Fidelity, Founders and North Front. Next came the cottages and South Front were lined up with us.

STUDENTS SEE "CHIN-CHIN" AT VENDOME

Soon after our return to school, January 13 and 14, to be exact, we were delighted to learn that we might go to see "Chin-Chin" at the Vendome. Although several years old, "Chin-Chin" was very good and the company was excellent. What cared we if the music was a little ancient? We all have good imaginations and can imagine we are hearing the latest music. The two Chinamen comedians were clever as could be, and all the chorus "girls" were under fifty. Our greatest hope now is that we will be allowed to see some of the other shows which will be here in the next few weeks.

IN THE FUTURE.

Of course, rumors are the most common things about a boarding school, but we have pretty good reason to believe that this one has some foundation. During Valentine week it is said that the Senior Middles are planning to give a dinner for Seniors. Judging from the good time and good eats of last year we can hardly wait for the event to take place.

AMONG OUR OLD GIRLS.

May Holt, our former editor-in-chief of 1917-18, who is now doing content work in New York, sends us word that there are twenty old Ward-Belmont girls in New York this winter. They are planning a W-B. tea and I'll leave it to your judgment as to which would be the most enjoyable—attending classes here or a tea in New York City!



BACK!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Saturday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

LOUELLA GEORGE.....Editor-in-Chief
SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN.....Expression
LOUISE MARKS.....Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE.....Music
ELIZABETH WOODS.....Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMBRY.....Hyphenettes
BETTY CAHON.....Society
THELMA PRICKETT.....Y. W. C. A.
MARY BUCHANAN.....Business Manager
KATHERINE BARRETT.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.
MARGARET TAYLOR.....Athletics

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Subscription, \$1.00; Per Copy, 5c.

EDITORIAL

Due to a question of postal rates the subscription for the Hyphen has not as yet been taken up, but we hope that when we do ask for them you'll all have your dollars ready and that all of you will subscribe for yourself and friends elsewhere.

One member of our staff, Y. W. C. A. reporter, has not returned as yet, due to an illness in the family. The date of her return is indefinite, but all of us hope that Thelma will be with us soon.

Owing to an oversight on the part of the nominating committee, no exchange editor was elected, but authorities will select one soon and announcement of it made to you later.

DOMESTIC ART.

To step into the Domestic Art Room some day, one might think the girls were running in opposition to the Blouse Shop. The second and third-year girls are going to be ready with an attractive spring blouse when the warm days come, so are busy fashioning all kinds of pretty things. The second-year girls are working on organdie waists and the third-year girls on rainbow-tinted georgette. There are so many attractive styles for these blouses and the girls have so many original ideas that they are really creations and not mere "waists."

THE Y. W. C. A. TEA.

The principal social event of the week was a tea given by the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and the Student Council for the new girls in school and faculty. The tea was held in the Y. W. C. A. room from four until six o'clock Friday afternoon.

Every one took special interest in the new girls and everything was done to try to make them have a good time. Margaret Stoner and Hertha Witt entertained by singing, and later tea and sandwiches were served.

At the Depot.

Mercedes: "Good-bye, dad, don't forget to write, if it's only a check."

Sybil Kell: "And did it not get on your nerves terribly when a Hun plane started up in pursuit?"

Aviator: "Yeh, made me soar."
—Exchange.

CHRISTMAS PLAYS
BY EXPRESSION
DEPARTMENT

The pupils of the W.-B. preparatory school, under the direction of Miss Townsend and her assistant, Miss Middleton, presented three delightful plays in honor of Christmas in the Expression Studio, Wednesday evening, December 18. The children were allowed to invite guests, and after the plays, dainty refreshments were served in the smaller studio. The Senior Expression Class deemed it a special favor to be invited.

The plays were as follows:

Christmas Gifts of All Nations.
(By Caroline Wells.)

The Characters (as they appear).

Father Christmas—Miss Montgomery.
Starlight Sleighbells—Sherard Billington.

The Drum—John Hollinshead.

The Doll—Huldah Cheek.

An American Girl—Helen Dickinson.

An American Boy—Hermes Pangiotopolus.

French Child—Vasso Pangiotopolus.

Japanese Child—Marguerite Forrest.

Scotch Lassie—Frances Russell.

Chinese Child—Argie Sheldon Neal.

Spanish Child—Dorothy Overall.

English Boy of Eton School—Margaret Hollinshead.

Dutch Child—Louisa Allison.

The Child from India—Helen House.

The Puppet Princess—Or the Heart That Squeaked.

(By Emily Dickinson.)

Scene—The Throne Room.

Characters.

The Porter—Katherine Rice.

Hans—Frances Cortner.

Gretel—Whitfield Morell.

The Puppet Princess—Mildred Cowden.

The King—Jean Leonard.

The Queen—Martha Dickinson.

The Prince—Virginia Pope.

The First Cousin—Elsie Garrahrant.

The Second Cousin—Mary Louise Crain.

The Third Cousin—Betty Handchett.

The Witch—Katharine Sloan.

The Goblin—Mary E. Leonard.

Old Goody—Sarah Minton.

The Beggar—Susie Crowell.

The Old Lady—Ossie Milam.

Santa Claus—Susan Luck.

The Christmas Guest.

A Miracle Play of Twelfth Century, by Constance Mackay. Given

by Children of Special Expression Class.

Time—Christmas Night.

Characters.

Rosamond—Marie Pittman.

Geoffrey—Harriett Hollinshead.

Harold—Marguerite Forrest.

Elinor—Ophelia Baeman.

Frances—Marianne Turpin.

Dame Margaret—Katharine Sloan.

A Beggar—Anna Mary Hudson.

The Ward-Belmont School of Expression, in honor of Christmas, presented two plays on Thursday evening, December 19, in the auditorium. The plays were from medieval French legends of the Twelfth Century, and showed the spirit of service. The first play was "The Christmas Guest," which the children gave in the studio on Wednesday afternoon. The second was "God's Little Tumbler," by Louise Wilcox.

God's Little Tumbler.

(By Louise Wilcox.)

(A legend of LaJongleur of France).

Place—Clervaux, Luxembourg.

Time—Twelfth Century.

Scene I—Outside the Monastery.

Scene II—An old deserted vault wherein a statue of the Virgin Mary stands.

Characters.

The Little Tumbler—Addie Hughs.

The Little Blue Cap—Verna Henry.

Three Village Children—June Fisher, Charlotte Springer, Louise Rapp.

The Statue of Virgin Mary—Louise Lucas.

Brother Jasper, a Man of God—Elizabeth Overman.

Brother Conrad, a pious Monk—Charlotte Meeds.

The Abbott—Mary Compton.

The Monks—Frances Montgomery, Gladys Grider, Beale Heidelberg, Margaret Hollinshead, Gilda Robley.

Angels—Misses Sledge, Gracy, Bliss, Stoner, Jeffries, Oliver and Buchanan.

Miss Townsend and the Senior Class of the School of Expression are invited to have tea on Saturday afternoon with Mrs. John Reaves, chairman of the Literary Department of the Centennial Club, at her home on Church Street and Twenty-fourth Avenue. Mrs. Reaves has traveled extensively abroad and has in her home a very beautiful Chinese room. The member of the class are looking forward with great eagerness to seeing the rare and beautiful Chinese curios in this room, and it is hoped that Mrs. Reaves will tell us something of her travels in the Orient.

The School of Expression has been making a special study of poetry since the holidays, and on Thursday afternoon, January 16, the following recital was given in the studio:

Children's Class.

Introduction—M. A. Turpin.

"Our Hired Girl" (Child Study)—Harriet Hollinshead.

"Little Orphan Annie" (Child Study)—Marguerite Forrest.

"Spill Child" (Child Study)—A. M. Hudson.

"Old Man and Jim" (Study of a Father's Heart)—O. L. Bauman.

"Ain't Got Nothing to Say" (Study of a Father's Heart)—Marie Pittman.

Senior Expression Class.

"Are the Children Home?"—Louise Lucas.

"On the Telephone"—Verna Henry.

"Xmas and Bill"—June Fisher.

"Little Irish Girl"—Addie Hughs.

"Chant of the Army Cook"—Mary Compton.

"If I Were King"—Frank Montgomery.

The Senior Class of the School of Expression is now at work on a group of very beautiful and artistic plays to be given in the near future to a selected audience in the Expression Studio. Some of the plays belong to the period of The Beau of Bath, as did two of the plays presented by the class in the fall. The others are written by Lord Dunsaney.

A Chinese laundryman named Sing, Sing,

Fell off a street car—bing! bing!

The conductor said, as he went on ahead,

The car's lost a washer—ding! ding!

—Exchange.

Celeste: "What do you think of my new shoes?"

Glad H.: "They are immense!"

Hazel B. (at lunch): "I surely do like this soup."

Maxine B.: "Uh-huh! So I hear."

Harriet Mc.: "Why, it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

Dan: "That's just what I came after."



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ANOTHER FINE ART.

It is the art of omitting. Said Robert Louis Stevenson, "If I knew how to omit I would ask no other knowledge." Life is often congested with worthy interests—to say nothing of the unworthy things. We are tempted to try to do too much. Sometimes conscience is over active; we allow other people to make our program of duty for us. We scatter ourselves when we ought to concentrate. Needless to say we cannot be all we should like to be, or know all we want to know, or do all we feel impelled to do. Therefore the fine art of living worthily includes an important chapter in omitting. If we knew how to omit—particularly unkindness, unfairness, untruth—we should find ourselves unspeakably richer at the end of the year.—George C. Peck.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20). Man when he promises for the future needs to say, "I will do," but God can say nothing stronger than "I do" or "I am." Thus the promise of promises of Jesus to His disciples as their ever-present, all-sustaining Lord is, "Lo, I am with you always;" not, "Lo, I will be," but, "Lo, I am." So God's covenant promise to Israel to be their loving, guarding and guiding God for all time to come is in the words, "I am Jehovah thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."—Henry Clay Trumbull.

Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you tomorrow, and every day. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.—St. Francis de Sales.

Go to sea without chart and compass, ignorant of the laws of navigation, and carry with you the hope of reaching your desired haven; but do not live your life in ignorance of the Bible, devoid of faith in Christ, and hope to reach Heaven at last.

Husband: "Your extravagance is awful. When I die you will probably have to beg."

Wife: "Well, I should be better off than some poor women who never had any practice.—Exchange.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.—James Russell Lowell.

Query: What would be the result if an irascible maid met an immovable bachelor?

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or leave your shoes with "Janie"

SPRING ATHLETICS.

(Continued from page 1.)

for the usual swimming events. The first is to be in the form of a preliminary, to take place probably the 5th of February. Everyone who can swim or dive is asked to enter. From these will be selected the contestants for the final meet of the season to be held sometime later. All swimmers of both the Regulars and Panthers are asked to turn out for these events. We want a larger number of girls taking part than ever before and from the showing made at the swimming pool it is quite evident how possible it is for both clubs to make a splendid showing this year.

On the first of February, the hockey match games will commence. These will take place between the Regular and Panther teams at stated intervals, with the big match game to be held later in the spring. These are in charge of the two captains, June Fisher and Marjorie Cooper, respectively, and as soon as the ground is once more in proper condition, they will start the active preparations.

An entirely new feature in sports in Ward-Belmont and one which will prove decidedly interesting, is to be introduced this spring. This is water polo, a game which all say is the best yet. As this is an innovation and most people know very little about it, let it be known that no one has to be an expert swimmer to try it—we have this on the authority of Miss Hill—and that it is not even necessarily the best swimmer that makes the best water polo player. Strength and an ability to "keep up" are the only important things.

The athletic board is further making schedules for basketball—and that this will begin pretty soon will be welcome news to many enthusiasts—for archery, track and tennis; these, however, to come later in the spring.

Advertisements are funny things, sometimes, as, for example, these which were actually printed:

"A respectable young woman wants washing."

"I will make coats, caps and bors for ladies out of their own skins."

"I want an overcoat who can take care of 5,000 sheep who can speak French fluently."

"Wanted: A girl who can cook; one that will make a good stew."

"I want a husband with a strong Roman nose with strong religious tendencies."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood that I made out of my own head and have enough wood left for another."

"For sale: A small stock of the same whisky drunk by His Majesty on his recent visit to Dublin."

"\$100 reward for the recovery of the body of Hale Short, drowned in the river on the night of the 17th. The body can be recognized by the fact that Short had an impediment in his speech."—Ladies Home Journal.

"Have you hot air in your apartment?"

"Have you? You just ought to hear the landlord telling what he is going to do for us."—Baltimore American.

The justice of the peace in a town in Ohio, in pursuance of his duties, had to hear and judge the cases that were brought before him and also to perform occasional marriage ceremonies. He found it difficult to dissociate the various functions of his office.

Everything had gone smoothly until he asked one bride: "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

The bride nodded emphatically.

"And you accused," said the justice, turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your defense?"—Ex.

PERSONALS

Frances Russ spent Sunday with Miss Neil DeKle.

Billie Clower went to dinner Saturday with Marion Matthews.

Margaret Stoner had as her guest Saturday Mr. Geo. Donnan.

Ann Williams spent a delightful week-end in Shelbyville, Tenn.

Mae Tucker spent a delightful time in New York during the holidays.

Mr. Matthewson, from Camp Gordon, spent Sunday with Mary Osh.

Willie Mae Sparks returned to school this year with her sister Edna.

Mildred White and Sarah Betterton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Rose.

Florence Mai is expecting her mother, father and sister from Chicago real soon.

Mary Elizabeth Coolidge had as her guest Frank Burke Robb, from Castle Heights, on Friday.

The lucky Seniors went to see Norma Talmadge in "The Forbidden City" Thursday afternoon.

Harriet McClure, Dabney Terrell, Mary Warren and Katherine Davis went riding Sunday with Avon Hall.

Barbara Davis, Margaret Gaines, Mary Neal Donoho and Mildred Bonds spent Monday in town with Mrs. Bonds.

Mary Louise Bliss, Louise Lucas, Miss Boyer and Miss Townsend gave a program at the powder plant Sunday.

Lola Mae Vinson, Ethel Wallace, Elinor Odum and Ruth Council spent a delightful afternoon Wednesday in town with Mrs. Tarry.

Mrs. Geo. McAllister, formerly Miss Alice Keith, who was married December 28, is now living in Manville Heights, Iowa City.

Miss Frances Scome, from Danville, Ill., an old Ward-Belmont girl, spent the week-end with Elizabeth Woods and Betty Capron.

Some of the girls that arrived at school late are: Irma Atkins, Edna Comstock, Mercedes Royce, Mildred Cloyd and Louella George.

Frances Scome, Josephine Cathcart, Louise Scome and Betty Capron had dinner at the Hermitage Friday night with Mrs. Cuthbert.

Lila Vicens, Edna Comstock and George McComb went riding Wednesday with Lieut. Self and Mr. Armstrong. Mrs. McComb was chaperon.

We want to express our regret in not having Eleanor Ford with us again since vacation. She has decided to remain at her home in Mississippi the rest of the winter. Eleanor held many prominent offices in school and we all miss her with us, both in our pleasures and our work.

TOO THIN.

Pat: "Have you seen the new agent, Micky? Sure, he's the thinnest man I ever saw. You're thin, and I'm thin, but he's thinner than the two of us put together."

"Do you remember how Chuggins used to say it was his ambition to have a car that would make people turn around and wonder who he was when he rolled along the boulevard?"

"Yes."

"Well, his ambition was realized. He took his flivver out for a spin on gasless Sunday!"—Washington Star.

"Mike! Are ye alive ather fallin' tree stories?"

"Sure! Phwhat's tree stories whin it's a twenty-story buildin'!"—United Presbyterian.

"There is never a right time to be wrong; but there is a time to be right, wrong, and that is now."

"Haste makes waste; Hurry means hurry; On time is subtlest."

HANDICAPPED OR NOT?

A certain physician is famous for his skill in the diagnosis not only of physical but mental and moral disorders. A young married man with every hopeful prospect in life came to him one day in a fit of depression.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm going to give up. I'm a failure. If I only had money or special talent of some kind I think I could succeed at something, but as it is, I am handicapped."

The doctor looked at him keenly and asked, "Are you quite well?"

"As far as I know, quite."

"Do you have all your faculties unimpaired? You can see and hear?"

"Perfectly."

"Are you physically and mentally fit to do regular work?"

"Yes."

The doctor paused a moment and then said, "Will you go with me on my rounds for two or three hours?"

The young man consented, and Dr. B. took him in his automobile to three public institutions.

In the first, an asylum for defectives, Dr. B. showed his discouraged patient a girl who had a spinal disease. She had no control over her muscles, which were in constant and painful motion. But she was writing a letter on a typewriter, striking the keys with a stick tipped with a rubber knob. She smiled at her work.

At the second institution the doctor showed his patient a blind boy who was weaving a beautiful rug with an intricate pattern. The boy was smiling as he worked. All the blind people in that asylum smiled as they worked.

At the third place the young man saw an epileptic setting type for advertisements, and at the same time directing the teaching of other epileptics. And the workman was smiling at his task.

When the visits were over and the doctor and his patient had come back to the office, the doctor said:

"Young man, are you not ashamed, with your physical and mental soundness, to say that you are handicapped in the race of life? Do you know why those defective human beings have just seen can smile and be happy at their work?"

"It is because we are fortunate enough to have in charge of those asylums superintendents who are Christians men and women. If these human beings, in spite of their painful and broken lives, can smile bravely and conquer seemingly insurmountable difficulties, are you going to yield to your timid fears and complain of your circumstances? Believe in God and thank Him that you have health and strength. Go out and work, and smile as you work."

The young man, with tears in his eyes, thanked the gruff old physician, and went away, a new man.—The Youth's Companion.

THE POWER OF A STEEL BLADE.

Sometime ago James, a boy of 12 years, saw a marvelous sight. A man with a little thin blade was sawing through a heavy railroad rail. It seemed to him hardly possible, at first thought, that such a little blade could cut through such a heavy piece of iron. Still he could not doubt it, for within a few seconds he could plainly see that it was slowly but surely cutting right through the heavy rail.

He was more than interested, he was curious. So he asked the man who was doing the work, "How is it that such a thin blade can cut such a heavy rail?"

"Oh, that is easy," replied the man, glancing up at James, but not stopping his saw. "This blade is hard steel and the rail is only soft iron. It would cut the rail just the same, no matter how thick it was."

"You mean, then," James suggested,

"that the quality of a thing is more important than the size?"

"Yes, that is exactly it," replied the man.

"Well, James ventured, "was the blade always that hard? And where did it come from?"

"By no means was it always this hard," was the answer. "It was dug out of the mountains just about as this rail was. But it has been put through some hard experiences. It has gone through some very, very hot fires, where all of the soft particles were burned out of it. It was then moulded in this shape and properly tempered, so that now, having gone through such fires, it is hard, and able to cut its way through this rail."

"Please do not become impatient," said the boy, "if I ask one more question. Does it cost more than the rail?"

"One little blade does not cost as much as this heavy rail," was the reply. "But if this rail was made into such blades it would be worth many times what it is now worth."

As James walked on he thought of some great men of whom he had read and who seemed to have been precious as steel blades, while others were just soft rails. The first had gone through God's hot furnaces, where all dross had been burned away, leaving only the highest quality of character. Because of this their influence cut its way through the evils of their own day, and we count them more precious and costly than anything else that has been given us from the past.

James then spoke almost aloud as he thought. "I can be like that blade and become more valuable than some soft rail. I shall put all my talents through the hot fires until I bring them to their highest degree of worth and perfection, and thus become a noble servant for humanity."—Rev. Charles E. Smith, in "The Advance."

The parrotlike way in which our school children are taught was well illustrated in a school where each morning the teacher asked the children: "Children, what would you do if fire was to break out in this building?" The children would then repeat in chorus: "We would rise in our places, step into the aisle, and march quietly out of the building."

One recent morning Doctor Henry van Dyke visited the school, and was sitting quietly on the platform when the teacher stepped before the pupils and, instead of asking the usual fire-drill question, said: "Children, what would you say if I were to tell you that Doctor van Dyke is to speak to you this morning?"

The children promptly replied in chorus: "We would rise in our places, step into the aisle and march quietly out of the building."

A maiden lady of uncertain age became very indignant when the census taker asked how old she was. "Did you see the girls next door," she asked—"the Hill twins?"

"Certainly," replied the census man. "And did they tell you their age?"

"Well," she snapped, "I'm just as old as they are!"

"Oh, very well," said the census man; and he wrote in his book: "Sarah Stokes, as old as the hills."

It was at Saturday morning inspection. The commanding officer spotted a private who was unshaven.

"Why didn't you shave this morning?" demanded the C. O.

The private became nervous.

"You see, sir," he stammered, "there were eight of us shaving by the aid of a single mirror, and I guess I must have shaved somebody else."—Judge

Brown—Back to town again? I thought you were a farmer.
Green—You made the same mistake I did.



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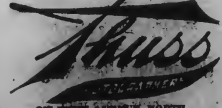
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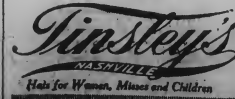
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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1919.

NUMBER 4

YSAYE'S SYMPHONY WINS LAURELS HERE

Cincinnati Orchestra Gives Admirable First Performance in Nashville.

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra was introduced to Nashville last night with Eugen Ysaye conducting and Miss Kryl, violinist, as soloist. The Roman Auditorium was well filled, between 3,500 and 4,000 music lovers of Nashville and near-by towns turning out to hear an orchestra which reflects the greatest credit upon the city from which it comes and by its admirable performance last night, has created the earnest desire on the part of Nashvillians that the initial performance here be only the beginning of a long series of such musical treats. If Nashville cannot have a symphony of her own, at least she can enjoy and show just appreciation of so fine an aggregation of musicians from another city. The performance was brought by Ward-Belmont, and the entire school attended en masse.

Both the orchestra and leader left nothing more to be desired. Technical skill and intelligent comprehension of the master's idea on the part of each player in the organization brought forth genuine applause from the audience. Nashville has seldom heard a more ideally blended symphony of sounds that came from the seventy-odd instruments in the hands of the Cincinnatians.

But it was Eugene Ysaye who towered above it all. Commanding and distinguished in appearance, his very figure must have been an inspiration to his players. It was an inspiration to his audience, who watched intently his every motion. Ysaye is too superb for criticism. That the oft-criticized habit of great artists, that of "poetic affection" was not his. Dignity marked his attitude. He never nattered. He never amused. Enough enjoyment for the evening could have been had by simply watching the great master as his persuasive baton lured marvelously exquisite sounds from every string, brass and reed. In every department the orchestra was up to the highest possible standards, and Ysaye's sympathetic interpretation wonderfully heightened the effect of the whole.

By far the most important number, musically, was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and it is vastly to Nashville's credit that the number was appreciated in keeping with its merits.

One had no sooner decided that the allegro movement was most perfect, and then the allegro and the powerful climax of the finale.

Perhaps the most effective number on the program was the "Sylvia" suite of Delibes. The intermezzo and Valse and the Pizzicato brought vividly before the mind the exquisite ballet of Pavlova. It was the one number known to the audience at large, and their appreciation of a familiar air was very apparent in the applause. If any criticism could be made of the evening's performance it was that the program might have had one or two more such familiar numbers. Another disappointment was that Ysaye did not himself touch his magic fingers to the bow.

The Saint-Saens "March Heroique" and Charlier's Espana were well enough known to the musicians. But

(Continued on page 3.)

COLLEGE SONGS LED BY MR. BROWN MARTIN

Led by Mr. Martin, the student body held their first big "Sing" in chapel Thursday morning. Every one caught the spirit wonderfully and we just "raised the roof," for sure. A plan was suggested whereby more Ward-Belmont songs could be obtained and the feeling of love for our college could be heightened. Words put to the tunes of some of our popular songs will add greatly to the "pep" and enthusiasm of our assemblies.

The songs practiced Thursday were as follows:

Alma Mater.
(Polk-song air.)

For you we've gathered here,
Our Alma Mater dear;
To Ward-Belmont we sing
And joyous greeting bring.
O Ward-Belmont, it is for you
We'll work with purpose true
To make our college stand
For right in all the land.
For courage fine and rare
Our hearts today prepare.
O Alma Mater, dear,
For you we've gathered here.
For you we've gathered here.

Ward-Belmont Song.

(To the tune, "Fair Harvard.")
Ward-Belmont, thy daughters forever
shall sing.
To loyally render our praise
For our comrades and friendships we
cherished so dear,
Through the trials of long college
days,
For the ideals of truth and of service
inspired
Which we gained day by day in thy
halls.
So we sing to thee now, to our fair
blue and gold,
And to all we hold dear in thy
walls.

(Continued on page 3.)

DEL VERS TEA DANSANT

One of the most pleasing and most enjoyable events of the season was a tea dansant which was given by the Del Vers Club in Recreation Hall on January 18.

At 5 o'clock the party seemed to be the gayest, for it was then that Vito's peppy orchestra started the dancing. Miss Dann rendered a selection during the intermission. Refreshments, consisting of tea, cheese sandwiches and Swedish tea wafers were served. The hall was beautifully decorated with flowers, ferns and also the club colors, which were skillfully carried out.

There were many guests, some of whom were from Nashville and out-of-town. The guests of honor were Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills and the sponsors of the various clubs. Everyone who attended congratulates Miss Ross and the club members for its being such a delightful success.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

February 3—Reinald Werrenwrath, Baritone, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

February 17—Paquale Amato Baritone, Ryman Auditorium.

February 24—Mischa Eiman, Violinist, Ryman Auditorium.

February 28—Gulomar Novaes, Brazilian Pianist, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

F. F.'S SPEND WEEK-END AT WOODY CREST

That saying that no one can down the F. F.'s was proven when the truck left Ward-Belmont for Woody Crest Saturday afternoon loaded with a crowd of bright and happy girls in spite of the fact that quite a good many were "detailed on duty."

As soon as we arrived and the usual scramble was made for rooms, we sought the "saddle horses" and off for a search of level ground that the ponies could at least walk over. While



"DIGNIFIED!!!"

THAT'S THEM ALL-OVER.

some rode, others were called for "K. P. duty," and it wasn't long before we were all seated around the supper table eating Aunt Martha's good cooking. When supper was over a few unfortunate were made to remain and wash the dishes, but for which they were duly rewarded when they joined the merry crowd, each with her stick sitting in front of the fire toasting marshmallows. The night was spent in dancing and occasionally we would catch a rather sentimental couple calmly walking out the door to look at that wonderful moon, and Dabney was constantly wondering if that same moon was shining at Poughkeepsie, where the noted "Dan" is. After much persuasion we were made to retire, for each had a rather "sore" day before her Sunday. Sunday morning breakfast was greatly enjoyed and pretty soon the poor ponies were again pressed into service. About 10 o'clock Katharine Garrett brought some of the girls who were unable to go for the week-end out in her car to spend the day. This added much to the glee of the crowd, for we put them all to work, even Katharine herself was made to roll up her sleeves and put an apron on and wash dishes.

(Continued on page 4)

THE WEST VIRGINIA CLUB DANCE

New State Club Entertains Delightfully Saturday Night

NEW RULES AT WARD- BELMONT

We are being met with new rules on every corner this week, so it seems. Although we never realize how entirely lacking we are along so many ways until a restriction and blockade is put in our path in that direction, causing us to check ourselves and take notice.

At the very beginning of the week Dr. Blanton gave us this report: We are to pass directly out of chapel to our rooms or classes; we are not to go in the postoffice at that time nor any time before 10 o'clock; no packages to be mailed, no telephone slips obtained or anything of that sort done before this hour. At 10 o'clock we are allowed to get the mail, but only to get it and pass straight on through the postoffice to our rooms or outside on the campus to read our mail. This plan not only helps Miss Swift, when trying to sort mail and receive telegrams, but it also helps all of us. This request has been kept very well this week and we are hoping that in the future this state of affairs will continue.

Another rule brought to our notice Thursday morning was the same old complaint against tardiness at our meals. We are now given ten minutes between ringing of the bell and blessing. After this time Founders' and North Front entrances will be closed. Anyone entering the dining room after ten minutes registers at Mrs. Sharpe's table in the old dining room or Miss Blackwell's table in the new dining room. Some of us will be obliged to get our alarm clocks in working order so as to get up fifteen minutes earlier and thus assure ourselves of being on time.

DR. ANDERSON AT CHAPEL

Since the armistice has been signed speakers have not been so plentiful or so numerous on our morning chapel platform as before, but we were quite pleased when Dr. Blanton presented Dr. W. M. Anderson, Jr., of Dallas. Dr. Anderson gave us a short but delightful talk on the value of our life and our ability to make the most of it, and to use good influence on others. The few little stories that Dr. Anderson told us were thoroughly enjoyed.

Dr. Anderson used to be a resident of Nashville, where his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. We certainly wish he would come back often and give another interesting lecture to us.

SENIORS MEET.

A senior meeting was held at the first of the week when they decided to have open house one Monday night each month and the date for Senior Recognition Services agreed upon. Several class songs have been composed and turned in, and the spirit of the class as a whole is living up.

Up to this year there has never been a sufficient number of girls from West Virginia to organize an independent State club. This year, however, found ten representatives—Mary Titus, Lucile Scott, Mary Fitch, Lillian Bell, Jacqueline Hill, Carlisle Stealey, Kathryn MacBane, Lucile Shanklin, Mildred Peery and Auretha Morgan from the "Switzerland of America."

The girls had never before felt well enough organized to attempt anything big, but working under the inspiration of their most efficient sponsor, Miss Ross, also a West Virginian, they decided to have a real good time party.

A most successful dance given in the gymnasium on Saturday night, January 18, was the result. Everywhere throughout the room little cory corners were arranged for those young ladies and "gentlemen" wishing to "sit out" dances. At one end of the room a large West Virginia banner was hung. In a corner the punch table, lighted by tiny shaded candles, was conveniently located. Miss Marjorie Ross, a niece of the sponsor, served the delicious beverage all during the evening.

The most "peppy" music imaginable was furnished by Vito's Orchestra. Who could feel blue or whose sprained ankle could hurt when "Hindustan," "Everybody Shriners Now," "When I Get Out in No Man's Land," and other classics were played in such a gloom-dispelling manner?

Because of the small number of club members each girl invited five guests and a few stars. The floor was not crowded, so no one stepped on any one's foot (?)

Nine-thirty came around all too soon. The strains of "Home, Sweet Home," caused general lamentations. The guests left, professing to have had the best time ever. Those of the faculty who honored the club by their presence were Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills and Mrs. Forrest.

The officers of the club responsible for the successful party are Lillian Bell, President; Lucile Scott, Vice-President; Carlisle Stealey, Secretary and Treasurer.

ENGLISH LYRICS HEARD.

The classes in English Literature have had two recitals given by Mr. Brown-Martin. He gave us selections on the Victrola and piano, and sang many of the lovely old Elizabethan lyrics.

The object of these recitals was to acquaint the girls taking this course with these early lyrics that have been set to music. Both were greatly enjoyed and appreciated, and we hope Mr. Martin will favor us with another soon.

At the vesper services Thursday night Miss Appleby gave a reading. Miss Elizabeth Overman sang, and a short religious discussion followed.

WERRENATH COMING.

Ward-Belmont is fortunate in hearing in concert on February 3, Reinald Werrenath, the famous baritone singer. It will be remembered that he was on a concert tour with Geraldine Farrar two years ago. Werrenath is a graduate of New York University.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Saturday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Subscription, \$1.00; Per Copy, 5c.

EDITORIAL

Plans have been made to take up subscriptions for the Hyphen on Thursday morning. Any one knowing of old girls who desire copies or for the year's subscription please give name and address with a dollar to Mary Buchanan, Business Manager.

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Living is a science, an art which few appreciate or comprehend. Living is a luxury only given to those blessed with an imagination or a comprehensive soul. Few live, but many exist. To exist does not mean to live. In the true sense of the word. Any one may waste time, but who is it who knows how to spend it; to get the full value of every moment? To some, life is a priceless boon, that which is valued above all else except the soul; to some it is a curse, a thing to be mocked and despised. Some fight the grim battle with death to the very end, some welcome death, and receive him with outstretched arms. Some, impatient at his delay, take their own life, and precipitate themselves into eternity at the risk of their own immortal souls. What makes this difference? Why is it that only a few people know the science of living, and enjoy life to the full? God did not mean for life to be drudgery, an impatient delay between oblivion and eternity, but of the many millions of his creatures few have gotten out of life the full measure of enjoyment which every healthy animal is entitled to. Too many people hold the conception that this earthly life is but an all too brief preparation for that which is to come. No thought should be given to worldly things, but all should be subordinated to preparation for eternity. Such people do not live; they exist.

To live, in the true sense, to enjoy life, to make the most of our earthly existence should be the aim of every man. One of the first requisites, one of the things which separates living from existing, is imagination. The man without imagination sees no delightful mysteries in the workings of life; he sees no beauty in the landscape nor depth of feeling in his fellow-man. He sees nothing but the sordidness of the cities or their trivial-

ties; he takes no notice of the greatness of the people about him save in a practical way. Such a man deserves our pity and our tenderest solicitude. More often we are content to let him go on in his squalid way, groaning at the hardness of life and the drudgery of life. Much is denied to those who lack imagination. This type of species looks upon life, not as a pleasure, but as a duty, and so he lives it.

To live, a man must be an optimist. He must be able to see the beauty in nature and the nobility of those about him. Where others see only failure and disgrace, the optimist sees success and honor. Where one sees only coarseness and vulgarity, the other sees beauty and refinement, gentleness and strength. The optimist uses his failures as stepping stones to success, and his lack of opportunities only serve as an incentive to stronger efforts. Such a man is the optimist—a man who scorns to exist, but who lives.

To live, a man must have a purpose in life. He must have a definite aim—a definite goal toward which he must ever strive. Without such a purpose he is a ship without a rudder—helplessly adrift on the sea of life. A man may be an optimist, he may possess imagination, but if he lacks a purpose in life he will be a failure, whether he admits it or not. The man who is born to riches and is content to wallow on the voluptuous breast of luxury does not live—he exists, a parasite and a curse to his fellow man. The man with a purpose sees all the forces of nature co-operating with him to accomplish that purpose. He finds all the world eager to furnish him with the means to achieve his end. Blessed indeed is he who possesses imagination, hopefulness and a purpose in life, for he is thrice blessed. Such a man lives in the fullest sense of the word, and when he dies he lives again in the memory and esteem of his fellow men.—Taken from Mississippi.

COLLEGE GIRLS' CONFERENCE.

A Y. W. C. A. house party for college seniors who are majors in physical education is being held at the Recreation Training Annex, 15 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Twenty-seven girls from Oberlin, New Haven, Chicago Normal, the Savage School of Physical Education, University of Wisconsin, Temple University and the Boston School of Physical Education are guests of the Association.

A program of lectures by Association secretaries, trips and excursions to various Y. W. C. A. centers and many interesting, sight-seeing tours and informal parties have been planned for the girls.

Mrs. Bertha B. Andrews, in charge of recreation training courses, is the hostess, assisted by Miss Abby Shaw Mayhew, Y. W. C. A. secretary from China, now on leave of absence.

GOING, GOING, GONE.

Tune, "Good-bye, Girls, I'm through." Good-bye, food, I'm through With almost all of you. I say good-bye to you Without the least regret. I'm on the road to thinness, That fascinating slimmess, And to candy all I say, Good-bye "sweets," good-bye "meats," I'm at the diet table now.

S. G. W.

WHAT THE ART STUDENTS ARE DOING

The art students are accomplishing wonders this year. They are learning how to design their clothes. Yes, so the fat girl will appear thin and the thin girl look fat, and everyone dress in good taste by wearing the right thing at the proper time. And that's not all! They are learning how to furnish a house properly. That's an art, and let's hope we'll have an opportunity to apply it some day.

Don't be surprised to look through a magazine some day and see a poster designed by a fellow student. You never can tell what these girls will do after being under the supervision of such able instructors as Mrs. Plunkett and Miss Gordon.

Just wait until they have their exhibit (and it's to be soon), then I'm sure you'll agree with me.

EXPRESSION.

Sunday evening Miss Townsend, Miss Boyer, Mary Louise Bliss, Maurine Grace, Louise Lucas and Elizabeth Overman drove out to the DuPont powder plant, having been invited to assist with the evening program at the community "Y." Miss Grace sang and Miss Overman read Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," at the vespers service, and Miss Grace and Miss Bliss sang; then Miss Lucas read Van Dyke's "Lost Word" at the evening service. Miss Lucas' selection had been especially requested, and took the place of the evening sermon. After the services were completed the Ward-Belmont party and the other people who had taken part in the program were served with ice cream in the "Y" tea room, and then came the long delightful ride in the moonlight back to Ward-Belmont.

Miss Townsend has been invited to give Zona Gale's play, "The Neighbors," at both the central and the community "Y's" at the powder plant on Saturday evening, and the Senior Expression Class is very earnestly hoping and praying that the permission to do this may be granted.

MONDAY SCHOOL.

A faculty meeting was held the first of the week, when a plan was decided upon by which work could be made up. Due to various reasons some girls were obliged to leave school a few days before it was dismissed, and still other girls found it impossible to be at their classes on January 8. For these girls half-hour classes from 8:30 until 3:30 were held on two consecutive Mondays, thus covering the schedules of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the opening week of school.

OUT-DOOR GYM.

On account of the lovely spring-like weather for the last few days on Friday the gym classes enjoyed an unusual treat for this time of the year in the form of out-door classes. In place of the usual in-door marching and dancing in the gymnasium, they took a short hike around the campus, ending on the grass to the side of the gym, where the rest of the period was spent in exercising and playing regular old-fashioned games like tag-rod, drop the handkerchief and leap.

Proud Of It.

Helen Killebrew—They tell me your sweetheart is on the Sewanee football team?

Mildred Woolwine—Yes, he is. Helen Killebrew—Do you know what position he plays?

Mildred Woolwine—I'm not sure, but I think he is one of the drawbacks.



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YSAYE'S SYMPHONY WINS LAURELS HERE.

(Continued from page 1.)

the plain man, who doesn't know anything about music and doesn't pretend that he does, would have appreciated a sprinkling of more or less familiar airs.

Vieuxtemps' A Minor Concerto demonstrated the freshness and general artistic breadth of a young violinist of unusual attainments, Miss Josy Kryl. In her performance, vivacity, fluency and ease of bowing and a polished technique stamped her as an artist of great promise. Miss Kryl exhibited perfect assurance in passage work, a compelling strength and a lovely clarity of tone. Her number was graciously received and brought forth the only encore of the evening. That is to say, the only encore that was given—not the only one that was asked. Miss Kryl exhibited the slightest nervousness at the beginning, but she soon covered herself with glory.

To close with the beginning, never since the war brought to the hearts of Americans a real sense of spiritual elation in their national air, has "The Star-Spangled Banner" been so inspiringly rendered in Nashville. Such a performance edifies even the criticism against the lack of music in the anthem, the lack of poetry in the words, and it brings to mind that even one's own national song means vastly more when rendered once by a great orchestra than duly repeated every day and night by an instrument or two, long drawn out.

Her Dusky Host.

The colored maid gazed curiously at the service pin on the waist of Elizabeth Coggins.

"Is yo' husband in France, lady?" she finally inquired.
E. Coggins (blushing furiously)—No, this is for my sweetheart over there.
Maid—Tee-hee! O lady, if I wore a star for every beau I had in France I'd look like the Star-Spangled Banner.

Not Exactly.

Linda Rhea (in History class)—Miss Coggins, what did Racine write?
E. Coggins—He wrote "Heaven and Hell."
Linda Rhea—No, indeed, he did not. He wrote "War and Peace."
E. Coggins—Well, what's the difference?

The Other One.

Bug Tucker—J. Mansfield Bailey said I was the only girl he ever loved. Elizabeth Rogers—Doesn't he say it beautifully, dear?

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PERSONALS

Katherine Davis spent the week-end with Avon Hall.

George McCombe's father is here for the week-end.

Ethel Wallace spent Sunday with Annie Grayson Love.

Mary Kennle Weber spent Sunday in town with Mrs. Hall.

Abigail Turner spent a delightful Sunday with Mildred Bond.

Gladys Grider spent Monday in town with Katherine Timberlake.

Sarah Gossett had as her guest for dinner one evening Mr. Anderson.

Frank Montgomery has as her kuest for a few days Lieut. Samuel Kirby.

Miss Lila Vickers had lunch Monday with Mrs. R. G. Swan and Pearl Mann.

Caroline Ross and Lucile Oliver had dinner at the Hermitage Sunday with Mr. Oliver.

Jean Cooper spent Monday in town with Mildred Woolwine and Mrs. Woolwine.

Elizabeth Woods went home on account of illness, and we hope she will return soon.

We are all glad to see that Virginia Montgomery is well and able to be with us again.

Catherine Sledge and Adine Lampton went to dinner with Mrs. McCombe Monday.

Eugenia Blakey, Irma Alkens and Mrs. Plunkett went to dinner at the Hermitage Saturday.

Marion Brown had as her guest for the week-end her brother, Capt. Carl Brown, from Omaha, Neb.

Miss Mildred Swartzbaugh, who has been visiting Katherine Garrett, left Wednesday morning for home.

Esmeralda Robinson, an old Ward-Belmont girl, has been the guest of Pauline Hunter for a few days.

Mr. F. T. Corrigan had dinner Thursday night with Dod Hillie, Laura Lee Graves, Estelle Napier and Mae Tucker.

Miss Catherine Thompson, an old Ward-Belmont girl, now Mrs. Jimmy Powers, is spending a few weeks in Chicago.

Mrs. B. Munsen, formerly Miss Alice Mead, a student of Ward-Belmont, and a member of the F. F. Club, was married last week in Chicago.

Katherine Garrett took the following girls to Woody Creek Monday: Mildred Swartzbaugh, Bettie Holmes, Mary and Mabel Buchanan, Harriet McClure, Adine Lampton, Irma Alkens and Miss McDuffie.

COLLEGE SONGS.

(Continued from page 1.)

Whatever we give of our fortunes or lives

To answer the needs of today,

It is ours by right of thy fostering care,

Alma Mater, our guardian alway.

Whatever the future may bring to each one

May it keep us in peace and in power,

Give thy daughters the faith and the conquering will

Love's service to fill every hour.

Well here we are, well here we are,

Just watch us rolling up the score,

We'll leave those others so far behind

They won't want to play us any more.

We've hope and faith in Ward-Belmont

To win we cannot fail.

Boola-Boola, Boola-Boola, Boola-Boo, Boola-Boola, Boola-Boola, Boola-Boola, Boola-Boola, Boola-Boola,

When we're through with all the others,

They will holler Boola-Boo.

CONFESSIONS OF A ROOM-MATE.

(Taken from Wo. Co. Ala. News.)

Realizing the universality of this message and the endless good it may do in instigating a reform, I do not hesitate to reveal the personal problems of my college life. I am considered a sweet girl with an unusually good disposition. I am an only child and was never thought the least bit selfish at home. When I entered school mother came with me to select a desirable room and room-mate. I obtained a corner room on second floor and a neat-looking room-mate. The first night we were there she went out of the room and mother and I, finding that her bed was the best, changed bedclothes with her. We also desired to straighten up a bit, so moved her trunks into the hall and things seemed lots roomier. The following day she astonished me by saying that I needn't move her trunk any father out, as she would get the servants to take it along with her transposed bedclothes to another dormitory. I was very much surprised, for she looked like such a sweet girl. Mother and I went to see the president about this matter, and he intimated that it was partly my fault. However, he referred me to another girl without a room-mate. After looking her over, we deemed her undesirable. Mother stayed with me the first two weeks to select my intimate friends, and so for the time being we enjoyed the privacy of the room. Nearly every other room in the building had three girls in it, but the girls seemed to feel a delicacy in approaching me about rooming with them. I suppose they were held back by a feeling of inferiority, but they need not have been, for I am no snob. After a few days a new girl arrived and was placed in my room, it being the only vacant one. I shudder to describe her person and personality and my life with her.

AMONG THE CASUALTIES.

"You are young, little Freshman," the Registrar said.

"And our customs you really don't know."

Just write on this card and please use your head,

Take one of these sheets as you go."

The poor little Freshman in terrified haste

Wrote her name, took the paper and fled,

And on her way home lost some minutes she'd waste,

That horrible schedule she read.

"Eight-thirty on Monday does Botany come,

On Tuesday I've Hygiene and Math,

And Friday is History." Then she was dumb,

So absorbed that she took the wrong path.

While thinking of Comp. she advanced up the stair,

To a place—Infirmary by name,

And was met at the door by Sadie,

Who did stare,

And said, "Academic's to blame."

"You are ill, Lou," was Mrs. Lester's remark,

As she put our young friend in a bed,

The return to exams after such a long lark

Is a shock that is bad for the head."

—Exchange.

DESPERATION.

I swear I shall cut my throat

If one more of my friends gets a new fur coat.

—Exchange.

IT REALLY HAPPENED.

Another made-in-America method has been adopted by the French people. No one was surprised when the French, after seeing Hotel Petrograd, Y. W. C. A. Hostess House in Paris, adopted American methods of sanitation, or after listening to the lingo of the American doughboy, adopted American slang.

But the United States has just been greatly surprised when the French—long famed for the creations of their chefs—have asked the Y. W. C. A. to teach them how to cook.

In response to this request, Mrs. Sherman Dean, of the educational department, has arranged a series of conferences in domestic science. Seven have already been held, not only in Paris, but in the provincial cities. The first of the series was held at the Solfierino Foyer, Paris. The big salon of the foyer was crowded, according to the custom of the French, with the entire family including the mari and the bebe. Here and there a polli in his horizon blue tasted the various dishes and put his stamp of approval on them.

Through the courtesy of La Vie Moins Chere, of which Mme. Moll-Weiss is the Directrice and Fondatrice, it has been possible to secure speakers in domestic science topics. At one of the foyer conferences Mme. Moll-Weiss prepared one of her own dishes made of oatmeal, flavored with cheese and tomato.

"Domestic science is not a new science to the French," Mrs. Dean says, "but the wide dissemination of the art of cooking is altogether new to France as a nation, and it is this which the Y. W. C. A., through its sixteen foyers is planning to make general."

Explanation of 'Light Economy.'

George Jobson—Do you know that turning down the gas saves matches? Suanne Jobson—No, I thought that turning down the gas frequently made matches.

(Editor's note.—Turning off an electric light often causes sparking. Turning off a gas light causes an increase of pressure. An increase of pressure causes a lessening of the waste.)

Language Unnecessary.

Sammy—How do you manage to get on so well with the French girls when you can't speak the lingo? Jackie—You're dead slow. Can't we kiss a girl without a dictionary?—Exchange.

Willing to Learn.

"Well, Dinah, how are you and your new husband getting along?" "Firs' rate, Miss Betty. I been 'greably 'sprized in dat dere man." "Does he treat you all right?" "Yessum. He sho do, and I ain't had ter hit him but one time. I never seed er nigger learn as quick as he do."—Exchange.

Logical Reasoning.

Fresh Bible Student—Miss Minich, you know I think the day the prodigal son came back must have been an awful slippery day.

Student—Because the Bible says when his father came out to welcome him he fell on his neck.

Why Should We Care?

Dr. Hollinshead—Girls, the paper says that nitrates are higher. E. Woods—What do we care? We never telegraph anywhere.

Madelyn Underwood—Mossie, did you ever hear a mosquito sneeze? Mossie Stapp—No, but I have heard a moth ball.

F. F.'S AT WOODY CREST.

(Continued from page 1.)

The man who gets "Buck" gets a good cook, if he can live on toast and coffee. Sunday was spent in taking pictures, horseback riding and eating, for each did her share. Among the best riders were Della Jeffries, who very gracefully fell on and off the ponies when she rode. Adine Lamp-ton also had a kicking match with a poor innocent little pony. Among our guests for the day, Sunday, were Prof. Bowen, Mrs. Bowen (Miss Norris) being our guest for the week-end, also Miss Stephenson.

Part of our party had to return Sunday night because they were being punished by going to school Monday. Miss Thomas was unable to remain Sunday night, and through the kindness of Miss Applebee we spent the night and returned early Monday morning. Sunday night seemed mighty short, for when Miss Applebee called us the next morning to help Aunt Martha get breakfast, the roosters were still crowing. Then back to school and hard work was the final cry.

THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

"Man looketh upon the outward appearance." I hear the independent individual exclaim, "Let him look." I hear the enterprising merchant say, "It will be my aim to make my customers appear to good advantage when compared with standards elsewhere. I will believe the best advertisement is a well-pleased customer." How delightful to hear your firm named when an admiring lady exclaims, "Where did you get that fine suit? It is a perfect fit." How depressing to hear your name called when the verdict is, "Your tie is a fright and your hat perfectly matches it." Pride in externals is awful when everything is "in the show window."

There is no virtue in wearing unpollished shoes. Laxness and disregard for the feelings of your associates may be too prominent. "The outward appearance" may keenly reflect inward deficiencies. The warning is well meant, "but God looketh upon the heart." The falsest laugh cannot camouflage successfully the hearty outburst of inward joy. On the other hand, is there any credit due to a hearer who, by force, represses a smile and leaves a face hypocritically blank, freezing a preacher at the distance of seventy feet.

Let us aspire to please both God and good men by decent apparel and by a chaste soul, by a reverent attitude and a humble walk with God. Give the stranger your pew and a hymnbook not suggestive of a loose leaf ledger and a welcome as hearty as he received at a grocery store on Saturday night.—Christian Intelligence.

Thin ice,
Scorned advice,
Paradise.

Fool afloat,
Rocked boat,
Wooden coat.

—Exchange.

IN MEMORIAM.

You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can make a pony translate,
But you cannot make him think.

—Exchange.

The Sayings of Solomon.

He that wisheth to rise with the sun should not stay up late with the daughter.—Exchange.

Correct.

Mr. Hogan—Name three articles containing starch.

Miss Sharpe—Two cuffs and a collar.



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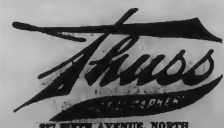
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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1919.

NUMBER 5

ONE OF THE SOCIAL AFFAIRS OF THE SEASON

Anti-Pandora Club Delightfully Entertains in Recreation Hall.

About a hundred and twenty adorable invitations in green and silver, the colors of winter, were issued announcing the annual Anti-Pan social dance. From the time they were received everyone waited impatiently for January 27th to come. At last it came.

At four o'clock guests began to pour into Recreation Hall—a changed Recreation Hall. Cedar ropes clung around the columns and cold, shining icicles dropped here and there from the cedar. The chandelier was likewise frozen solid, and a bright array of icicles of various sizes hung from all parts of it. Icicles and frost covered the windows, and in the alcove, in great contrast to "Ruth," sat a port snow man. The whole sure nuff wintry atmosphere was there in the hall.

However, before everyone was entirely frozen, programs in green and silver, carrying out the same color scheme, were passed out, and Vito's four-piece orchestra began to play. Who can resist dancing when Vito's orchestra plays? Winter was forgotten and a lively dance began. Green punch, delicious green punch, was served during the afternoon.

About five o'clock dancing ceased, as a wintry elf, Miss Margaret Ward.

(Continued on page 2.)

AGORA LUNCHEON AT GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB

Can you imagine a more delightful place for a frolic than the Nashville Golf and Country Club? One of the peepiest affairs of the year was a luncheon given there by the Agoras last Monday. It was a wonderful day and everybody was in good spirits, so they did not notice the delay of about thirty minutes at the transfer station, but seemed to really enjoy that too.

When they finally arrived, there were exclamations of joy over "just being there," and they set out immediately to explore. But none had gone far when luncheon was announced and they went into the dining room which was beautifully decorated with plants of ferns and flowers. Everybody was as hungry as a bear and oh, such eats! They might have been there yet if it hadn't been announced that there was candy at a desk in the next room. This proved to be a big feature of attraction, for candy couldn't be handed out fast enough.

Music and dancing entered into the success of the occasion and the girls were just "getting started" when they were informed that their time was up and the car was coming. Miss Minich, who still finds need for her crutch, had a time keeping up with the running girls, but she "made it."

This being the first visit of any Ward-Belmont party to the Country Club this year, made it all the more interesting, and the last thing said before parting was that they were going back again some time soon.

OSIRONS GO TO WOODY CREST FOR WEEK-END

The very name Woody Crest spreads joy around Ward-Belmont for when we are out there it is as good as being home on a house party.

Last Saturday afternoon a bunch of Osirons were crowded in the "big bus" and taken out there. After the rush for rooms, the athletes rode the ponies, the inclined-to-beast-out went to visit Aunt Martha, and our girls in love stayed in and gazed into the fire place—just the same those two hours were spent in a good time. Then, oh, there was the call for dinner—everybody hungry, and good things to eat. In only a few minutes we did exactly what was expected of us to do and then some, for Aunt Martha and Uncle Dave went to bed with out any dinner that night—a thing that brings back memories of our early childhood.

After dinner a wonderful Jazz band played for the dancers. The early part of the evening was spent in dancing to this real music. The dance was exceedingly peppy for it was pep or freeze out on the gallery. That night our two guests, Miss Smith and Miss Neloms, entertained us by telling us their experience with ghosts and men. Then Miss Appleby added to the thrills by telling some of hers. Then some apples were told and then we went to bed about two a.m.

The next morning we had church service by reading a beautiful little prayer, singing, and having Miss Appleby read us a sweet story, taken from Christ's feeding the multitude with five loaves and two fish. After this helpful service we all felt like enjoying the lovely day more. Some explored all Woody Crest, some wrote letters, others took kodak pictures, and some were entertained with Smithy, Lois, Celeste and Rokie doing fancy stunts on the wild prancing horses of Woody Crest. In this way the day passed away too soon, but that night the spirits and table knockings took the place of the other things. Mary Stewart seemed to be a favorite with the spooks, but don't believe there was any envious feelings among the girls.

The next morning brought packing and sad faces for all good things must end—but all the Osirons are looking forward to even a nicer visit to Woody Crest next spring.

AMONG OUR OLD GIRLS.

Mattie B. Craig, a graduate of last year at Ward-Belmont, is now attending the University of Texas. She enters as a junior and will try to earn her degree there.

Mildred Norwood has now matriculated with Vassar. She was a member of last year College Preparatory class.

Frances Harris, a graduate of last year, and who received her certificate in music, has now gone to Boston, where she will attend the New England Conservatory of Music.

These girls are all from Navasota, Texas.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

February 10—Regulars Swimming Meet for Preliminary Trials.

February 17—Pasquale Amato Baritone, Ryman Auditorium.

February 24—Mischa Elman, Violinist, Ryman Auditorium.

February 28—Gulomar Novaes, Brazilian Pianist, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING QUARTERLY TESTS

All sections which meet on Friday and not on Saturday will have tests at the time when the class meets regularly on Friday.

All sections which meet on Saturday and not on Friday will have tests at the time when the class meets regularly on Saturday.

Classes which meet on Friday and Saturday both will be divided as follows:

Friday, February 7.—English, Bible, Saturday, February 8.—Latin, French, German, Spanish, Mathematics, Science.

Classes which meet on both Friday and Saturday will not recite on the day on which they do not have the test.

All students who are applying for certificates in any department should come to the office immediately and leave their names.

TRI K'S BUSINESS MEETING

The regular business meeting of the Tri K's was held January 29th. The meeting was presided over by the president, Miss Anna Beth Crawford. Roll was taken, and the minutes of the last meeting read by the secretary. Treasurer's report was given. Report from chairman of programme committee announced the coming of a St. Patrick's dance in March, and a tea to be given in May. The new business consisted of appointing committees for the three trips to Woody Crest, which are to be on February 24th, March 22nd, and April 21st. The club adopted for their song one which was submitted by Miss Geraldine Armstrong. There was a most interesting discussion about the adoption of ceremonial roles for the club members. A motion was made, and unanimously carried that such roles be adopted, and velvet ones provided for the officers this year.

X. L. NEWS.

On Wednesday evening the X. L. Club received six new members—Grace May Hall, Dorothy Stanbro, Clara Belle Browne, Martha Smith, Elizabeth Whipple, Ella Cornett, and Estelle McCun. The club is pleased to have these additions to its membership, and we hope that their life at Ward-Belmont will be long and prosperous.

After the initiation the regular business meeting was held. Much to the joy of all, the club will go to Woody Crest the week-end of February 8, and an interesting social event was promised for the near future. After the meeting refreshments were served, and a pleasant social hour was enjoyed by all.

ANNUAL SWIMMING CONTESTS

Preliminary Meets Begin Next Monday, with Finals to Follow Later.

SENIOR EXPRESSION CLASS ENTERTAINED

Some time ago, Mrs. John H. Reeves, president of the Literary Department of the Centennial Club, invited the girls of the Senior Expression Class to call on her, and last Saturday afternoon, Miss Townsend and Mrs. Middleton took us to her home. Mrs. Reeves showed us her Chinese room and for an hour the girls were busy saying "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "How perfectly beautiful!" There are many rare and gorgeous tapestries in that room, curious carvings, delicate bits of bric a brac and queer, fascinating Chinese gods and goddesses. And there is a story connected with each one, and we listened open mouthed and wide eyed while Mrs. Reeves told them to us.

After we had looked at everything, we were invited into the dining room, where we were served with delicious tea and toasted cheese sandwiches. Mrs. Reeves is in New York this week attending opera and enjoying the season's drama. She has promised that, when she returns home, she will be our guest at the studio and read for us some of her poems.

SENIOR RECOGNITION SERVICE.

The long looked for senior recognition service took place in chapel, January 25, and many a young senior's heart was made glad while the "others" sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The seniors dressed in white with yellow ties, entered by the two middle entrances. The senior middle president, Mary Ashe, stood at one flight of steps, and Carole Rosenbaum, the sergeant at arms for the seniors, stood at the other. After the seniors had filed out upon the platform, they sang their senior song to the tune of "Belgian Rose." After this, Miss McDuffie introduced the class of '19 to Dr. Blanton, who favored us with a "short" address. The president of the senior class, Lullie V. Webb, responded very briefly to Dr. Blanton after which the senior left the platform while singing, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Have hopes, senior middles, this at least gives you something to look forward to.

DR. SCOTT HOLDS SERVICES.

Last Sunday, being the last Sunday in January, we remained at school for services. Dr. Scott, a graduate of Cambridge Missionary, and at present a professor at Vanderbilt University, delivered a most interesting sermon. The services were further added to by a vocal solo by Estelle McCun.

JUNIORS, ATTENTION!

There will be a Junior Class meeting on the morning of Thursday, February 6, from 8:10 to 8:30 o'clock. Come and bring your dues (25 cents). We have important business to attend to.

Next Monday afternoon the first contest in the preliminary trials for the annual swimming championship of Ward-Belmont will be held in the swimming pool.

The Regulars will have their trials, and the swimmers to represent the Regulars will be chosen at that time.

The following Monday the Panthers will hold their trials, and their representatives will be selected from the winners.

There will be all kinds of plain and fancy swimming and plunges and dives as well as swimming under water and other aquatic.

The captain of the Regulars is Sophia Williams, and the Panther captain is Betty Capron.

The captains and trainers have decided that no one but the members of the teams will be admitted to the preliminaries, but the entire school will be invited to the finals.

No athletic event has created so much interest as these trials, and the result will be watched with much interest and enthusiasm.

PENTA TAU DANCE IN GYMNASIUM

The social event which stands out as "the" event of the season was that of the Penta Tau Dance given the night of January 25 in the Gymnasium. The success of the affair was due to the decoration committee, with Miss Louise Marks as its chairman. The Gym was decorated in the club color, rose and grey. Streamers of these colors floated about the lights and at the end of the hall was the Penta Tau sign. The invitations were issued to the Penta Tau members and their guests, which read as follows:

Penta Tau Club Dance
January 25, 1919.
7 p.m.

Please present at door.

Promptly at seven o'clock the music, Veto's orchestra, started. All lights except those of the sign were turned out and the grand march started. It was led by the president, Miss May Ross Ray, and her guest, Miss Vivian Lane, followed by Madame Cuendet, the club sponsor, and Laura Lee Graves. As the leaders started couple after couple fell into line. The leaders marched on, winding about until the party had been shaped into the form of the club pen. Punch was served throughout the evening, with Miss Virginia Redicar and Miss Mary Elizabeth Coolidge presiding over the punch bowl. At the close of the evening a salad course was served.

DEL VERS CLUB NOTES.

It seemed almost like the beginning of the school year again last Wednesday when "new girls" were initiated. Several new girls were taken in and after the initiation, dancing was enjoyed. Ice cream and cake was served during the evening.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Ass't Editor
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LOUISE MARKS.....Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE.....Music
ELIZABETH WOODS.....Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMBRY.....Hyphenettes
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MARGARET TAYLOR.....Athletics
HELEN DOUGLAS.....Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

WHAT IS WRONG?

That which has been the subject of many discussions among members of the staff and authorities of the school is "What is the matter with the girls?" The majority of the student body would immediately respond, "Nothing!" But there is, and the sooner all of us help to weed out this deficiency the better it will be for you and for your companions.

Isn't that you never do anything that no reports and accounts are handed into the Hyphen staff, but simply due to your carelessness. You fail to sit down and write it up. The Hyphen is yours more than anyone else's and hence it is on your shoulders that the responsibility rests whether the '19 Hyphen shall be a success or a failure.

When you have friends from out of the city, or go out in the city for dinner, or for the day, all you have to do is write it up and write "Hyphen" on outside, and Miss Swift will place it in the hands of the staff.

What has become of all those clever parodies which one hears on Saturday or Sunday nights as she goes through the various corridors and banjos, guitars and "ukes" are busy in most every room? You have always been so ready and willing about everything else that has been suggested to you, so why lag on your school paper, which you should support above everything else?

We all know how many funny things happen in our classes, in our suites, or at our tables every day, and as they say, "A joke is not a joke until you tell it," so tell it to us and we'll pass the good word on.

Do let's have, from now on, the peepiest Hyphen that Ward-Belmont has ever known, and one of which they'll refer to as the grand and glorious one of the student body of '19.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Here is a piece of good advice:
I shall not charge a cent for:
Don't hire a bigger hall of fame
Than you can pay the rent for.
—Exchange.

A. K.'S ENJOY
TALK ON
HYPNOTISM

Ask any A. K. and she will tell you that the most interesting meeting of the A. K.'s this year was held Wednesday, January 22. The center of interest was Dr. Hollinshead and his informal talk on "Hypnotism." He told us many amusing experiences which he has had and has seen since he first became interested in this absorbing subject. Undoubtedly some of his willing victims afforded great amusement at parties. He explained the difference between muscular control and hypnotism, which seem very much alike, but are not. By several illustrations of muscular control, he proved this to our satisfaction. He told us the power of hypnotism and how it can be used for good and bad purposes, and warned us about the latter.

Towards the end of the meeting we begged him to hypnotize one of our number, but he refused. To satisfy us he took Miss Gale as an example and showed us how quickly he could get muscular control over her. It took only three-fourths of a second for a numbness to go from her finger tip to her neck after touching his finger.

The girls were so interested that many remained to hear more after the club meeting was adjourned.

ONE OF THE SOCIAL AFFAIRS OF
THE SEASON.

(Continued from page 1.)

ner, came in. She gave some interpretative dances and quite fascinated all those present. After her dance a magician garbed in a long black flowing robe and wearing a high, peaked hat, came in. This wonderful person proved, to the great astonishment of all present, that ice and fire were the same by lighting four ordinary alcohol burners with a piece of ice. Yes, a piece of cold, wet ice. After this extraordinary feat was performed dancing began again. Bright dresses and faces floated around the room. After a while a grand march was in order. Everyone marched into the beautifully decorated Y. W. room, and each was given a plate on which there was charlotte with a green cherry perched on top, and delicious cake with fresh cocoanut icing.

After refreshments dancing was again resumed, which lasted until the dinner bell sounded, when everyone reluctantly heard the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Among the guests present were all of the club sponsors and all of the club presidents. Guests of honor were: Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, Miss Broden, Mrs. Rose, Dr. and Mrs. Hollinshead, and Mr. Brown Martin.

MOVIE SATURDAY NIGHT.

One of the best movies we have yet had, was here last Saturday night—Marguerite Clark and Eugene O'Brien in "Little Miss Hoover." Marguerite Clark is certainly a worthy successor to Norma Talmadge as Eugene O'Brien's leading lady. All the girls who saw the play congratulated themselves that "their weekend at Woody Crest" didn't come at the same date as "Little Miss Hoover."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Elizabeth Satter—"Let us sit nearer the music."

Young gentleman from Danville, Ky.—"But you said that song was the most tiresome thing you ever heard."
Elizabeth S.—"But that was before you started talking."

OSIRON CLUB
MEETINGS FOR
THE YEAR

The first regular meeting of the Osiron Club was the invitation of new members.

The meeting of October 31st was a business meeting.

On November 5, Miss Appleby gave a talk on Manners, which was illustrated by Misses Frances Smith and Katherine Barret.

The Osirons had a good time at a Humpty Dumpty party November 20th.

November 27th, Dr. Hollinshead gave a splendid talk on our thankfulness for this year.

Miss Appleby drilled the club on parliamentary law December 4th.

Miss Verna Henry also read some from Bab's Diary.

December 11th, Misses Evelyn Dodson and Marian Hutchinson had charge of the program. They gave a style which was really quite beautiful.

December 18th, after each girl gave her gift for the orphans, we were allowed to go to our rooms and pack.

January 22nd, Misses Claree Rosenbaum and Elizabeth Lane had charge of the program, but the hour had to be spent in planning for the Woody Crest trip.

January 29, again a program had been planned by Miss Mary Alexandria, but the time was taken for rehearsal of the initiation next Wednesday.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DICTIONARY OF A SAMMY.

Meas. The most appropriately named military term. May signify either breakfast, dinner or supper.

Pay Day. A day set aside for soldiers to pay their debts.

Boatlift. A soldier who, in order to get a discharge, has spent enough time in the guard-house to complete two enlistments.

"Dog-Robber." A soldier who, desiring to escape from more arduous duties, agrees for a stipulated sum per month (generally about \$5.00) to shine an officer's boots, make up his bed, and otherwise flunk around his quarters. He is well thought of by his comrades (?).

C. C. Pill. One of the two standard remedies issued to a Sammy who answers sick call.

Iodine. The other of the two standard remedies.—Exchange.

DESPERATION.

The beautiful girl chatted about how happy some couples seemed to be in just a small apartment.

The young man was only mildly interested.

She told him of her successful course in domestic science as well as in home dressmaking.

To this he returned the compliment of conversational commonplaces.

As he was departing she accidentally stood under a very large bunch of mistletoe.

Apparently he was blind, for he murmured his adieu and departed.

As the door closed her lips met in a straight line, her brows were corrugated, her eyes flashed, and she gasped:

"The slacker!"—Exchange.

Dr. Blanton (after distributing blanks)—"Sign the name of any one of your parents."

Miss Mason—"I think you have told a complete story."

Dr. Blanton (surprised)—"I tried to tell the truth."



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THE EDITORS

EXPRESSION DE- PARTMENT AT POWDER PLANT

Can you imagine eleven people and just ever so much baggage in one seven-passenger car? No, you can not, but the seniors of the Expression Department achieved the impossible when they went out to "Old Hickory," Saturday night to give their play, "Neighbors." Some way (one cannot attempt to explain how) we crammed and crowded and squeezed into that car. Miss Townsend, Miss Middleton, the eight girls who form the cast, one very full suit case, a hand bag, a lunch box, a basket of apples, four bundles, and an ironing board. That makes only ten people, you say? Well, my goodness gracious, sakes alive! We had to have a chauffeur, didn't we? you know its twenty-three miles out to the powder plant, so by the time we arrived, several of us were feeling quite paralyzed. We went first to the Central Y. M. C. A., and while the stage was being turned into "Miz. Albel's kitchen," "Esra glued on his beard," "Petis" adjusted his overalls, "Miz Trot" put on her bonnet, and "Grandma" got her carpet rags together. You remember that "neighbors" was given here at school in the fall, so we won't need to say any thing in particular about it, except that our audience seemed to enjoy it very much indeed, and we enjoyed giving it in such strange and novel surroundings.

When we had finished, we went to the Community "Y" and repeated our performance. The play was even more enthusiastically received there, for they had already become acquainted with some of the Ward-Belmont girls, and on the porch of the building, there was a huge, brilliantly painted sign which read: "Ward-Belmont Girls Appear tonight in 'Neighbors.'" Well, it just made us feel like real professionals.

We were glad to start home, in spite of the crowded condition of the car, for by this time, we were tired and "just simply starving." Oh, my goodness, yes! For, you see, we had no time for dinner before we started. When we had passed the last guard, Miss Townsend opened the lunch box (the only thing in the car we hadn't allowed to be squeezed) and we ate delicious ham sandwiches, bananas, stick candy, and gum. Well, it was dark, you see, so the gum was alright. And then to end this most exciting evening, we got home at eleven o'clock, and so of course, we had to turn our lights on while we undressed. Now don't you wish you were a senior in the School of Expression?

SO IT GOES.

"Flubbed thought he'd teach his wife system. Gave her a check-book and all that."

"Well, is he pleased with the result?"

"No; she immediately embarrassed him by buying a spool of thread and trying to bully the shopgirl into taking a check for four cents."—Exchange.

NO COMPULSION.

You're not obliged to wear a grin (Some people get along without it); To be a grouch is not a sin So long as you are nice about it. —Exchange.

Margaret Duval to Miss Lester: "Is Cooper in the infirmary?"

Miss Lester: "Yes, she is convalescing now."

Margaret Duval: "Very well, then, I'll wait."

AN URGENT CASE.

Laura Lee Graves, reading in a paper that fish was excellent brain food, wrote to the editor:

"Der Sir: Seeing as you say now fish is good for the brains, what kind of fish shall I eat?"

To this the editor replied:

"Dear Miss —: Judging from the composition of your letter, I should advise you to eat a whale."

Life is lived by two and two, You want me and I want you. Nothing counts but you and I; If we parted I should die. For even cabbage are lonesome When there's no corn beef around. Shad roe finds life full of woe If there's no bacon to be found. And a poor fried egg will nearly pass away If it sees no ham upon the breakfast tray. That is why, dear, I should feel awfully blue If they ever parted me from you.—Exchange.

MISSING.

Well, at any rate the German army was able to spend New Year's Day in the Fatherland—even though "father" was not present.—Exchange.

WHAT CAUSED THE BREAK.

"Dearie," murmured Thelma, as she pressed him to her, "cigars are nothing but a habit."

"Yes, and you've succeeded in breaking one of my habits," the Jackie answered as he fished the remains of a near-Havana from the pocket of his navy blouse.

NEW STAFF MEMBER.

Another has been added to our staff, which makes it 100 per cent now in readiness for business. Our new member is Helen Douglas as Exchange Editor. Miss Douglas is of the class of '19, and a member of the Del Vers Club.

THE FOUR AGES OF HAIR.

Bald,
Fuzz,
Is,
Was.

—Exchange.

MUCH WORSE.

"Mirandy, fo' de Lawd's sake, don't let dem chickens outer dis here yard. Shut dat gate."

"What fur, Aleck? Dey'll come home, don't dey?"

"Dead dey won't. Dey'll go home." —Exchange.

OR EVEN FOURTH ONES.

If second thoughts are best, just think what third ones would be.—Exchange.

Lieutenant Dickey (getting ready to return to America):—"Margaret was always so fond of Eau de Cologne; I'd like to take her some if I knew what to ask for in French."

Haven't you finished dressing yet, Genevieve?"

"For goodness' sake, Bob, don't bother me! Didn't I tell you an hour ago that I'd be ready in a minute?"

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1919.

NUMBER 6

REGULARS IN THE SWIM YESTERDAY

Team Selected for Annual Championship Swimming Contest

The icicles were hanging from the windows of the swimming pool yesterday on the outside, but it was equally warm on the inside when the "Annette Kellermanns" of the Regulars swam forth to try for the team which will represent them in the major contest to follow.

There was submerging, hydro-aeroplaning and mining; also dashes, plain and fancy diving, plunges for distance, strokes and underwater swims.

After the waves had subsided and the sea was calm once more it was wireless from the naval base that Margaret Gaines had won first place and June Fischer second and Winnie Jenkins third in the first class and Esther Perkins had the honors in the second class. While none of the school records were broken, some fine records were made, and the Panthers will have to swim some to carry off the coveted prize.

PANTHERS WILL SWIM NEXT FRIDAY.

Next Monday morning the Panthers will have their preliminary meet to choose the team which shall represent them in the contest for the championship.

At the same time the Athenians will hold their trials and all members of the two clubs are invited to be present and cheer the mermaids to victory.

Preliminaries will also be held on Friday, February 21, for all those girls who could not enter the regular preliminaries.

Y. W. C. A.

The Vesper services this week were led by the Senior Class, with Lullie Vaughn Webb as president. Miss Mildred Cloyd spoke on "Democracy," Mercedes Royce on "Dependability," Annie Beth Crawford on "Sports," Billie Clower on "Friendliness," and Sophia Williams on "Friendship." The services were closed by a prayer, led by Annie Beth Crawford.

HYGIENE CLASSES.

The classes in the Red Cross hygienic course have organized and will meet on Tuesdays and Fridays from 4:30 to 5:30.

On Tuesdays Mrs. Acree will give lessons from the text, while on Friday Miss Perry will lecture on Sanitation. The course contains thirty lectures and will terminate in fifteen weeks, which will be about May 24.

AMATO CONCERT POSTPONED.

So great has been the success of the Amato concert in Cuba, where he is now singing, that it has been necessary to postpone the concert which was scheduled for next Monday until a later date in March.

A rare treat is in store for us when he comes and he will no doubt be greeted by a large and appreciative audience.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

February 17—Panthers and Athenians Swimming Meet for Preliminary Trials.

February 24—Mischa Elman, Violinist, Ryman Auditorium.

February 28—Gulomar Novaes, Brazilian Pianist, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

MISS MACDUFFIE'S DEPARTURE.

Miss Penelope MacDuffie left here February 2 for New York, where she will attempt to go overseas in some canteen or reconstruction work. If Miss MacDuffie is unable to go overseas she will take up her studies at Columbia University, where she will probably do some work in social investigation. Although we regret Miss MacDuffie's leaving, we feel that our loss will be Europe's gain. Mrs. Bowen is filling Miss MacDuffie's place as dean.

ON THE SPEECH OF COLLEGE GIRLS

I had an idea when I came to college, which I had obtained somewhere, that all of the girls I would meet would use extraordinarily highbrow language, sprinkled with many technical terms, so as to make everything as complex as possible. Therefore, I determined that my slang should be abolished and I would try to develop a large vocabulary. I started my experiment before I left home, and what I thought would be such an easy task, proved a great deal more difficult than I had ever imagined. Nevertheless, when I met my room-mate for the first time I made up my mind I would make a good impression, so I started talking to her with as much dignity of expression as I could command. Soon I heard her say in the language peculiar to Ward-Belmont seniors (I later learned), "In the name of sense, what is she raving about?" After I had found she was human, I noticed that every one in talking used more slang expressions than I had ever known existed. Since that first period of gross ignorance I have greatly developed my vocabulary, but in a very different line from that which I had expected.

College girls, I have noticed, do not make many grammatical errors. They seem to have a faculty, however, for grasping at and using all the slang expressions they hear. If a little expression starts in school, it seems to be infectious, for within a day every one is using it. It cannot be denied but that some of the phrases are expressive, but no one girl can have any individuality in her speech, for every single one uses exactly the same vocabulary.

It is a wonder to me that when we all go home we can be understood at all, because we have a language all our own. The only saving graces of a college girl's speech are her grammatical correctness, as a general rule, and the expressiveness of her vocabulary, to say the least.

THELMA BLOSSOM.

PENTA TAU PLEDGES.

The Penta Tau Club announces the pledging of Miss Vivian Lane, of Dallas; Miss Sara Gossett, of Houston, and Miss Francis Johnson, of Peoria, Ill.

MILESTONES EDITORS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN

Enthusiastic Election of Annual Staff by Student Body

At the same time when we look for groundhog day we think about casting our vote for the Milestones staff. The seniors show a special anxiety in the selection of these officers, in that this book is representative of the ideals and life that they knew here, and they carry this out into the world as a symbol of it.

Last week Dr. Blanton and Mrs. Bowen introduced the nominees, and the following candidates have been chosen:

Editor-in-Chief—Mary Buchanan.
Assistant Editor—Elizabeth Coggins.
Business Manager—Lois Hodge.
Assistant Business Manager—Ruth Cowden.

Literary Editors—Florence Kelley, Cynthia Wall, Armour Leigh Burleson, Lucile Witherspoon.

Judging from the enthusiasm shown both on the part of the staff and the student-body in general, the Milestones will certainly prove a success, and we all anxiously wait for its debut.

DANCE BY ILLINOIS CLUB

As you know, there have been dances and still more dances here at Ward-Belmont, but "the" dance was Saturday, February 1, when the Illinois Club "stepped" forth with their annual rest. Despite the fact that we were only allowed to dance until 9:30, that only heightened the "pep" and enthusiasm.

The preliminary concerto was given with Miss Mild Cloyd and Marjorie Cooper at the drums, Irma Aiken at the xylophone, and Elizabeth Baker at the piano. Although the music lovers present could hardly appreciate the rather mixed popular ditties, but when Veto was ushered in and started "You Can Have It, I Don't Want It," we all deserted the musicians for the fascinating "Tickle Toe."

Ward-Belmont's "Black Sammy" presided at the very popular punch bowl and refreshment table.

In spite of the fact that there was a good show in Nashville that night these guests considered themselves lucky on being allowed to stay here and attend the dance.

Miss Sisson, as sponsor, and Helen Skiles as president of the Illinois Club, are to be congratulated on the success of the dance.

Does the Illinois Club give "peppy" dances? "I'll say she does!"

BIBLE CLASSES.

Beginning this week Sunday school will be held from nine to ten every Sunday morning. These classes would have been organized sooner had it not been for the influenza epidemic.

The college division may have group classes, as eighteen student instructors have been provided, which may have twelve college girls in her class. These not wishing to join a smaller class will meet in the chapel with Dr. Blanton.

The preparatory girls are to be scheduled with members of the faculty in groups of twelve or more.

PENTA TAU'S WEEK-END HOUSE PARTY

A One-Act Play.

Time—Saturday through Monday.

Place—Woody Crest.

Characters—Penta Taus and guests.

Scenery and animals used furnished by Ward-Belmont.

Synopsis.

The Penta Taus are having a week-end house party at Woody Crest. Beforehand they have made the lives of the three poor pledges, Frances, "Dink and Seegar," miserable by dire threats of having to wash every dish and make every bed. Scene I opens upon their arrival at Woody Crest. The more daring of the actors don riding habits (?) and choose their mounts from the thoroughbred hunters that the grooms lead out for their approval. The beloved president, Miss Ray, sits serenely in her saddle, while her wicked horse playfully kicks several of the leading actors. The same night some of the principals relate their most thrilling experience to the interested group seated "en dishabille" 'round the glowing logs. After a midnight lunch they retire at this early hour in order to have a well-earned rest. Scene II. Sunday morning with breakfast at ten and church services at eleven o'clock, passes quickly. The afternoon is spent quietly until Mrs. Koelker opens her fortune-telling booth. Then a vaudeville is given that night, in which a wonderful display of talent is shown. The chorus rendition of "Hindustan" making quite a hit, along with Captain Reddick's inspiring song, also Major Gossett's review of his well-drilled troops. Scene III opens upon the actors' preparation for departure, during which "Bug" nearly forgets her overalls. They pile into the 'bus, and as the curtain gradually drops the refrains of "Good-bye, Girls," and "Yale Boole" float back, getting fainter every minute until they die slowly away.

A MUSICAL ROMANCE

The Agoras at their last meeting enjoyed the following Musical Romance. Each member was given a copy of the story printed without the names of the songs. The story was read, the songs being played on the piano in proper places and each listener guessed the names. "A Long, Long Trail" was presented to Joy Taylor, who guessed correctly all but two:

The heroine is "Annie Laurie." Her home is "Way Down Upon the Swannee River." A veritable sunbeam she was, scattering "Smiles" everywhere. She loved to "Listen to the Mocking Bird," though sometimes it recalled the sad day when their beloved servant, "Old Black Joe," died, singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Her dearest playmate was "Johnnie O'Connor," who teased her to tears, (Continued on page 4.)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

LOUELLA GEORGE.....Editor-in-Chief
SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN.....Expression
LOUISE MARKS.....Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE.....Home Economics
ELIZABETH WOODS.....Music
ELIZABETH EMBRY.....Hyphenettes
BETTY CAPHON.....Society
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KATHERINE FARRETT.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.
MARGARET TAYLOR.....Athletics
HELEN DOUGLAS.....Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.
Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

Now that the exams are over, at least for awhile, why not make yourself truly your sister's keeper and hand in material for your school paper? You have improved wonderfully this week, but a still greater contribution will have to be made before the Hyphen is even a third the success it was last year. We are not asking the impossible of you, but are just asking that you play 50-50 with us and your duty to the school in keeping up the spirit here. Please try and hand in everything and we'll judge whether it is worth while or not. Thanking those who "wake up" this week and hoping we'll hear from you again for the next issue.

THE USES OF LEISURE.

How many hundreds of uses we have for our leisure moments. Everywhere we go we find people spending their leisure in a different way, profitably pleasantly and wastefully. Our own boarding school is an excellent place to illustrate this, for here we find many different kinds of girls. From rising bell to light bell and, strange but true, from light bell to rising bell again every girl spends her leisure, little though it may be.

Many take their leisure from six-forty-five to, let us say, seven, since the new bill went into effect, in a way not correctly meant for that time, but, true to the law of compensation, they must reap their leisure in the following fifteen minutes or sign leisurely at the appointed table. Some think breakfast is the same as leisure, but too many of them apply themselves too industriously to allow it to be considered so.

Then, as Isabel read too long in the "Red Book" last night during study hour, she must now use the time before chapel on her French, so that she may sit as leisurely as possible during French hour.

And now, just as everybody feels she has been remarkably studious all day, George appears at the wayside and the tea house unlocks its doors with pineapple salad on the menu. Here many have found a true haven for their

leisure time and spend as much and more than they can afford.

But the dreaded quarterly in botany has been announced and she who feels it her duty to please mother this month with the report, travels wearily to the library and "crams" for the coming test.

Not to be overlooked is that famous method used by every citizen of our little township, that trip to Middlemarch, in quest of the mail, and then the reading of it. In all, this doesn't use half the time that follows when they sit down and reread the beloved lines until they can say them almost from memory.

Speaking of letters, there is she, with "the come hither look in her eyes," who would not trade the leisure of a queen as she takes the rose-bud paper in hand and writes a cozy, encouraging little letter to foreign lands, while Mary runs off a few lines of a more formal nature to Beth back home and tells her "it is a perfect shame not to have written sooner, but you know me, dear, when it comes to writing."

Then as the day wears on there's Heron which attracts our attention, and we say "we might as well go down and take a few turns, for we've got to have some recreation."

Then comes that hour when "all must lie down and forget their many troubles until the morrow." But Suite 600 had a "feed," and 1314 had so much fun that Carrie didn't get her teeth brushed in time and Mabel failed to remove the pyramid of things from her bed and had to see so that she could at least crawl through the proper place in the covers. But monitors must enforce the law, and hence Carrie and Mabel cannot dream of even getting across the room to turn the lights out before the monitors "knock" them out.

At last it is dark and peaceful in the corridor, but some who prefer sleeping by daylight rise up and study or play by the cubby light. As a result "she" whispers to "her" the next morning on the way to breakfast, "it was after twelve when I finished that theme of mine."

Sunday afternoon finds the campus dotted with a group here who are "thumping the uke," and another group over there who are just "sitting talking." As we look an automobile of soldiers floats by, out for a spin around the Ward-Belmont drive, but all the girls can do is raise one finger and say, "Ole, one, two, three, four, five."

In the dormitory sits a faithful little girl writing home to mother, while a crowd in the next room are trying the latest song in as wide a range of keys as possible until the little girl wants to knock at their cell and yell, "Don't get any blood on the hardwood floors if you have to kill anything."

So pass the days, each filled with leisure moments spent in a different way, but let us not consider this a tell-tale bit of gossip; it was needed to express the theme.

A True Princess.

Alice Pickett (speaking of an actress)—"Her face is queenly and her mouth is the mouth of a princess."
Mozelle Stapp—"Yes, even her teeth are crowned."

ANOTHER WILD AFFAIR.

(Continued from page 1.)

and lo! a noisy five-months-old pickaninny appeared upon the scene. Bully excitement reigned, as some of our awkward members had never before been that near a conical "nigger" baby. Pink Gladys Houtchens and gullant Lucile Warren mothered the queer infant, who repaid them in unnecessary coos, impossible gurgles and gracious smiles. By boisterous consent the intellectual pickaninny was adopted as the club mascot.

Under the spoony necessity of returning for the melancholy concert of the frosty Mr. Werrenrath, we started for our helpless school home when the fluffy clock said 4.30, the atrocious Miss Brooks leading the way to the obnoxious car line while our erratic sponsor, the dippy Miss Minich and our jazzy president, the wacky Billie Clower, scoring our obedient company, awaited the coming of the offensive school car.

(Note.—The adjectives for the above were inserted in the order given by club members without their knowing how they were to be used.)

STUDENT BODY MEETS.

Few strictly student body meetings have been held this year, but one of the most enthusiastic ones ever held was Thursday morning on the subject of "Honor."

At the first of the meeting the Dean gave us a few interesting experiences and then presented Marion Hutchinson, president of the Student Council; Lullie Vaughn Webb, president of the Senior Class; Annie Beth Crawford, chairman of the Honor Committee, and Bernice Cole, Chapel Monitor. After a short talk by each of these girls extemporaneous talks were made by Miss Cecile Gibbs, Evelyn Moore, Lucile Hearst, Willie Mae Sparks, Elizabeth Overman and Sophia Williams.

ATHLETICS.

"Gym" classes for Friday and Saturday were dismissed because of the seniors' examinations. I think the seniors more than anyone else enjoyed their vacation away from "Maud," the old mule they jump on, and also the rope that trips us one and all, every Saturday afternoon.

EVEN SO.

It was at a concert on February third, The Seniors all looked and felt absurd. This chair had been broken. Of it no one had spoken. Dr. Blanton calmly drew up another. And our giggles we all had to smother.

Mercy, Mercy.

Glad Horner—"How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"
Celeste Vincent—"Oh, about twenty minutes."

Glad Horner (proudly)—"It only takes me ten."
Celeste Vincent (ditto)—"I wash."

Katie Greene—"Maid, can you tell me of my roomer's whereabouts?"

Maid—"I think she sent them to the laundry."

Johnie McGill—"Dearest of Bill, if you use such silly language in your next letter as you did in your last, I shall return it unopened."

Girl Studying for English B.
Gilda Robley—"Who was the author of Laymond's Breed?"
Flossie—"Don't you know?" Ha-Ha.

Katherine Davis—Henry V is the man who invented kissing before marriage.



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PERSONALS

Cecile Gibbs spent Sunday with Mrs. Edward Potter, Jr.

Mary Helburn had as her guest for a few days her father.

Mary Neal Donohoe spent a delightful Monday in town with Frances Gray.

George McCombe and Mary Helburn spent Sunday in town with Mr. Helburn.

Margaret Gaines went to spend the weekend at her home in Knoxville, Tenn.

Elizabeth Woods returned to school after being home a week on account of illness.

Miss Eleanor Odem spent Monday in town with Margaret Duval, a day student.

Margaret Morrison, Jamie Griffin and Mary Titus spent Sunday with Letia and Hazel Shaw.

Katherine McBane and Lois Moore spent the weekend with Mary Hogg at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

Louise Sconce and Josephine Cathcard spent the weekend at the Hermitage with their parents.

Margaret Dawson, who left school before Christmas on account of illness, is now back, and we are very glad to have her with us again.

Miss Gladys Fite arrived Friday to spend the weekend with Mary Douthitt and Catherine Sledge. Miss Fite is an old Ward-Belmont student.

We are all very sorry that Frances and Louise Lucas had to leave school on account of illness at home, and we hope they will return shortly.

Miss Rachael McGill and Mercedes Royce had as guests for the weekend Mr. William Hughie, of Chicago, and William Patterson, of Louisville, Ky.

On Saturday night, February 1, Anna May McClain had dinner at the Hermitage with Miss Isabel Withers, who was the leading lady in "The Tailor-Made Man."

Thursday evening a delightful dinner party was given for Ruth Brewer. The following girls were present: Esther Graves, Helen Douthitt, Helen Skiles, Pauline Adams, Myrtle Clark, Margaret Tyner, Anna Marie McDermonds and Ruth Wine.

Miss Perry took her Biology and Botany class to the Nashville City Health Department Monday. Besides getting many helpful hints on germs, the girls had lunch at the "Y. W." and then saw Anita Stewart. The following girls went: Ruth Gray, Ann Runkle, Montye Taylor, Elizabeth Rogers, Maire Grace, Jama Sharpe, Myrtle Ridgeway, Blanche Fulton and Ruth Counsel.

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THE S. S. WATER CURE.

Over yonder in Pembroke Hall,
About half-past nine last night,
The S. S. broke loose in a wild stampede,

That caused such an awful fright.
"Ma" Charlie tore out of the corner room

And headed across the hall
Like a 1920 automobile,
With all of the Klaxon's call.

The screams continued, the yells kept up,
And on Mrs. Charlie sped.

While out of the doors hung the girls
"Lad," "Gee, costume de bed."
Then "Ma" gave up the chase and came

Back into the house,
And between her peals of laughter,
said,

"Law, it was only a mouse."

L'Envol.

It wasn't a rat and it wasn't a mouse,
Honest to goodness—sure—
It was only a couple of S. S. girls
Giving Blakey the water cure.

C. & A.

THE ROOKIE.

I'll say right now

That this ain't

No literary affair.

Me and the editor likes

Me and if you don't

Why you can jes go to

Gym—

I am what most schools

Call a new girl.

But Ward-Belmont sez

We jes come later

Than the

Other girls.

I like this school.

It is so big

In size and purpose

That us young hyenas

Just can't

Afford to be little

The things I

Like best at present

Are—The Faculty,

The Girls, The Penta

Taus, The Eats.

Uncle Archie and the

Mail (when I get any).

Unless I get a

Signed petition from

At least fifty gir-ruls.

To discontinue, you

Shall hear

More of me this

Time

Next week!

I thank you—

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Avon Hale without a frat pin?
Elizabeth Salter committing a sin?
Beth Holmes breaking a rule?

Blakey liking school?

Big Buch without her crush?

Janie May not cutting gym?

Dabney Terrel her "excess" in?

Catherine Davis without her mate?

Ruth Council dancing straight?

Buch not acting the fool?

Irma not cutting school?

Coop not being late?

Mary Kenney without her hat on straight?

There, you can't picture, for no man

can paint

A girl who will look like just what she

is!

So change all your wishes with a sigh,

for what's lacked,

For even at Ward-Belmont they can't—

'tis a fact.

C. & A.

Mary Eliz. Cooledge—"How many times have you been kissed?"

Mary Hocker—"Do you think I'm a good mathematician?"

Embry—"So your honey is on the Sewanee team."

Mildred Woolwine—"No, my honey never even smelled a football team."

GRADUATE OF WARD-BELMONT

Miss Howard is Symphony Soloist.

The fifth concert of the San Antonio Symphony Orchestra, to be held in the Empire Theater, Thursday, February 6, offers unusual attraction in presenting as soloist Miss Mary Howard, talented daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howard, 208 West Woodlawn Avenue. Miss Howard's appearance, which occurs on her nineteenth birthday, holds particular interest for the many who have followed her advance in artistry and the development of her charming personality. She is a graduate of the Main Avenue High School, and spent two years at Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Howard has been in much demand since her return from Ward-Belmont, where she enjoyed the advantages of voice culture with Charles Washburn and Gaetano Salva de Luca, studying later with Mrs. Coffey Lett, of San Antonio. Her appearance on the program of Ward-Belmont won for her enthusiastic praise and encouragement. Miss Howard was also warmly received in song recital at Moody, of which place she is a native. She has devoted her time and talent for some months to singing to the army camps and hospital wards, and values highly a gold artillery pin presented to her in appreciation of her singing by the men of the 52nd Field Artillery when she appeared as soloist at the banquet tendered by Lieutenant Manning to his battery.

The outstanding feature of Miss Howard's singing Thursday will be her presentation of a Tagore poem, "The Hero," with orchestral setting by J. Santos, an exceedingly talented member of the orchestra. The poems of Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet, are among the rare gems of song of the present day, and Mr. Santos' inspired music for the song is especially adapted to Miss Howard's voice and interpretative talent.

Following is the program for the concert:

"Siegfried Idyll".....Wagner
"Alack-a-Day".....Coquard
Miss Mary Howard.
"Armistice March".....Steinfeldt
"The Hero".....Santos
Miss Mary Howard.
Symphony No. 5, "The New World"
.....Dvorak

Adagio, allegro molto, largo, scherzo, allegro con fuoco.

The soloist for Thursday's concert is Miss Mary Howard, a talented young soprano, who will on this occasion make her debut.

Miss Howard will give two numbers, one "Alack-a-Day," by Coquard, and Tagore's "Hero," the music of which was written by J. Santos, one of the first violinists in the San Antonio Symphony Orchestra.—Taken from San Antonio paper.

During 1918 the Benton Ward School, of Kansas City, Mo., with an enrollment of about a thousand, subscribed \$51,756.50 worth of War Savings Stamps, a per capita record which it is believed eclipses the 1918 record of any primary or high-school, college or university in the United States.

Information reaching the savings division of the Treasury Department daily from schools and other educational institutions throughout the country indicates that these institutions are co-operating heartily with the Government in pushing through 1919 the sale of War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

Sad But True.

Mr. Woolwine—"Mildred, I'm so glad you are studying French. I wish I had studied it in school."
Mildred Woolwine—"Wish I had too! Tests this week."

A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

(continued from page 1.)

but always wound up by saying "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry." His heart responded to the call, "Johnnie, Get Your Gun," but he could not go without saying to Annie, "I Love You Truly." He told her at the close of "A Perfect Day," she answered, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and added, "You'll have to ask that 'Sweet Daddy.'" Daddy said, "Does she love you?" "I'd Say She Does." "In the Evening by the Moonlight" the goodbyes were said. She lisped, "Oh, Johnnie, How You Can Love." He replied, "How Can I Leave Thee?" She bravely said, "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." As he left he thought, "I'll be true to 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'" In Camp Wheeler he trained. One day while "Marching Through Georgia," the call came to go "Over There." He sailed on the battleship "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Seaside? Yes, but undaunted. The spirit of all was "It's a Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get There."

Annie thought of him by day and dreamed by night. Once in her sleep she sought the telephone and said, "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," and then, without waiting for connection, sang out, "Good Morning, Mr. Zip." "America" won the day and the wedding is to be in "The Church in the Wildwood," "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again."

SECOND SEMESTER STARTS TODAY.

Of course, when we start anything for the second, third or fourth time, we always profit by our previous experiences and encounters along this line. Also, on New Year's, we always make a score of worthy resolutions, so it is a great deal the same way in midyear.

Due to the break for Christmas holidays the interest and earnestness in the work is for awhile slack, but the last half is a straight stretch, and might appropriately be called the "home run." It is the time when all questions of courses and credits are settled definitely, even if sometimes not quite satisfactory.

The warning and perhaps advice to the girls at this time heretofore was to tighten the wheels of your delinquencies now rather than in the later spring, when perhaps it will not only be harder, but unfortunately too late.

Genuine Stuff.

Boss—"Sam, is that a real diamond I see planted in the bosom of your shirt?"

Nigger Sam—"Now, look heah, boss, if it ain't, I've been skun out of foah bits!"—Exchange.

Not That Kind.

Margaret Morrison—"My, but it's getting warm in here."

Betty Capron—"Yes, somebody hum a little air."

True.

Miss Sheppe (in physiography class)—"Minnie, when do the leaves begin to turn?"

Minnie Caruthers—"The night before a quizz."

A Prude.

Margaret Duval—"Margaret Wherry is an awful prude."

Greyson Love—"News to me! Tell me why."

Margaret Duval—"Why, she refused to ride with Jack when he told her that his car's gears were stripped."

"Extras."

Ask Johnnie McGill about her telegram.

Ask Harriet McClure about her dogs.

IN THE MORNING.

When you wake up in the morning,
And your room is filled with smoke,
And you look into your pocketbook
To find that you are broke,
A feeling of disgust mingled with despair
Comes stealing softly o'er you as you
sink into a chair.

You cannot find your slipper,
Haven't time to lace your shoe,
While the breakfast bell is ringing
You wonder what to do,
Then looking round with hasty glance
Seize anything you see by chance.

After tossing back the covers,
Which are upon your bed,
You rush down stairs to breakfast
Before the blessing's said,
For if you do not get there
Before the doors are closed
You have to register as late,
And then you cannot go to town,
For this the rules do state,
So 'tis better to be up and dressed
And wander in with all the rest.

—Carline Stealey.

LOW-NECK GIRL.

Slowly and sadly she came across the dance hall with a solemn, sober-looking teacher on either side. I wondered what the terrible offense had been—probably at some Vandy chapter house or a dinner at the Hermitage unchaperoned—surely it must have been something terribly wrong, some sacred Ward-Belmont tradition. A long yellow tape measure gave me the clue, and when I moved closer I discovered one of those horrible un-Ward-Belmontesque creatures who had worn a dress two inches and one eighth from her collar line when she knew that two inches and two inches only was the limit.

But is this the only sacred Ward-Belmont tradition—how about this "cheek to cheek?" C. & A.

DEDICATED TO ———?

There is a young lady in school
About whom more than one is a fool.
Her walk's characteristic,
Her character mystic,
How is your last crush for a fool?
C. & A.

Cooking a Science.

Miss Cooper—"Shall I teach you how to make doughnuts today?"
Corinne Moore—"Yes, I'm terribly interested, but I can't quite understand how to fix the inner tubes."

Will Outgrow it.

"I know something I won't tell," sang Martha Perkins as she tripped in Mr. Potjes' studio.
"Never mind, child," said Mr. Potje.
"You'll get over that habit when you get bigger."

She Remembers.

Miss Thomas—"Of course you all have read 'Pilgrim's Progress?' Remember the place where Pilgrim got stuck in Slough of Despond?"
Ellen Johnson—"Oh, yes, I remember that—and his engine went dead right in the middle and he had to pay a farmer ten dollars to pull him out."

Declined with Thanks.

Bill—"Johnnie, I offer you my heart's first fresh young affections."
Johnnie McGill—"Bill, I have often thought I'd like to teach—but I never cared for kindergarten work."
Betty—"I wish that anatomy would pick up its feet and walk in here."
Jeanne—"Who's anatomy?"

Heard in Physiology.

"Where is the taste of smell located?"



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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1919.

NUMBER 7

SENIOR MIDDLES ENTERTAIN SENIORS

Delightful Banquet First Event of Season for Senior Class.

The most charming and unusual event of the year up to this time was the Valentine dinner dance, given Friday night, February 14, by the Senior Middles in honor of the Senior class. The committee which planned and executed the party surely deserves praise for their great success in its ends, decorations and entertainment.

Arriving in the dining room via the long procession from Recreation Hall with our very attractive Seniors on our arm, we gasped in amazement at the transformation wrought in the dining room by the chairmen of the Decoration Committee, Ruth Wine and Thelma Blossom. The room was bathed in a rose light (made by putting red paper over the lights), while from the chandeliers hung festoons of red hearts, that inevitable sign of a Valentine party. The tables were artistically laid. On a red heart in the center of each stood a basket flaunting a gay red maline bow, and containing red carnations and white narcissus. There were white candlesticks with red candles on either side of this, and at each place was the place-card, ornamented by cupid and the dance program in the shape of a red heart with cupid again very much in evidence. The favors were tiny Valentine cups full of those minute red candy hearts, which we all re-

(Continued on page 2.)

A. K. CLUB MEETING WEDNESDAY

Wednesday evening, February 12, of the A. K.'s greatly enjoyed their regular weekly meeting with its program and touches of the approaching Valentine's Day. On entering Mrs. Forrest's studio each girl was asked to take a red paper heart, with its picture of cupid, from the table. When the roll was called she read her fortune, which was written on the back of the heart, instead of answering "present." As many of these fortunes were original and quite true, they caused considerable laughter.

When all the fortunes had been read the highly appreciated program commenced. The first number was a reading by Simona Myers, "The Greasy Army Cook," and a short one. This was followed by a piano solo, "Joy to Autumn," by Meda Moon. Anne Anderson, so well known to every A. K. for her clever readings, then gave "A Strike in the Mines," and as encore, "The Suburbanites," both numbers given in Anne's characteristic style, and adding much to the evening's program. Hertha Witt sang "Can't Yo' Heah Me Callin', Caroline," by Caro Roma, accompanied by Ethel Shaw. Enid Yandell closed the program with her clever sketching of a Pierrot and a Pierrette.

At the conclusion of the program red candy hearts were passed around, which were again reminders of Valentine's Day. The success of the meeting is due to the Entertainment Committee, but most of the credit is due to Marjorie McGulkin and the President, Mary Hous.

A. K. REPORTER.

X. L.'S GO TO WOODY CREST

On Saturday afternoon, the 8th of February, the girls of the X. L. Club started on their way to Woody Crest. They enjoyed a merry ride out in the "rubber-neck." Saturday evening, after having enjoyed a delicious dinner, the more lively girls moved the victrola to their floor and had an exceedingly "peppy" dance, while those of a more scientific turn of mind practised concentration, hypnotizing everyone from our illustrious president to our "club jesteress," Lucile Moore. Later apples and toasted marshmallows were served. It is useless to say we enjoyed them immensely. Before going to bed we sat around the fire, with dimmed light, and related harrowing ghost stories. The result was that many an X. L. had rather disturbed slumbers. Some declared the next morning at breakfast that they heard clanking chains and ghostly hands clustered their throats.

Sunday morning an impressive service was led by Miss Lucile Moore and Miss Estelle McCuan, assisted with a solo.

A beautiful snow having fallen during the night the girls hastened out to take kodak pictures and developed marvelous appetites for dinner. Sunday afternoon found us lounging around the beautiful open fireplace, reading, writing letters, telling fortunes and playing checkers. That night we retired about 11 o'clock, most of us quite weary from strenuous use of the famous Woody Crest ponies.

Monday morning we sadly climbed into the "W. B. Limousine" and returned to school just in time for the swimming meet.

The club enjoyed having Miss Morrison, Mrs. Hall and Miss Beathie as their guests during this delightful week-end at Woody Crest.

ATHLETIC DANCE POSTPONED

On account of the school party to see "Going Up" last Saturday night, the Athletic Association's dance, which was to have been held then, had to be postponed. It is now planned to take place the 1st of March. A great many attractive features are being planned for this occasion, and it is to be looked forward to as one of the social events of the season. All members of the Athletic Association are cordially invited to be present.

THE FINAL SWIMMING MEET.

The Panthers and Regulars will hold the final meet on March 10, three weeks from the Panther preliminary. The contestants will be, for the Regulars: Margaret Gaines, June Fisher, Winnie Jenkins, Margaret Morrison and Betty Capron; for the Panthers, the winners of the Panther preliminary. A close and exciting contest is expected, as both teams are working hard and getting good results.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

February 24—Mischa Elman, Violinist, Ryman Auditorium.

February 28—Gulomar Novaes, Brazilian Pianist, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

ANTI-PANDORAS ENTERTAINED BY CLUB OFFICERS

Last Wednesday evening a crowd of comic Valentines met at West Side Cottage for an evening of fun and frolic, and they were not disappointed. After all the Valentines had surveyed each other and been surveyed to everyone's satisfaction, broken hearts were scattered about and hastily mended. Then dancing began. During the dancing a black-haired, black-eyed gypsy girl told fortunes (needless to say all fortunes were good as all present were Anti-Pans). Red mints were passed during the evening, and they surely were good, too.

At 9:15 dainty, delicate, delightful, delicious refreshments were served; in other words, chocolate marshmallow ice cream and wafers. After refreshments were finished there was a contest as to who was the most comic. A vote was taken and Inez Norris won the prize, a large heart-shaped satin-covered box of candy. Then dancing was resumed until the cold, cruel bell chimed out that it was time to go home. Everyone declared she had had a real "spiffy" time.

Reporter's note: All the sixty plates and spoons were washed and ready to go back to the kitchen.

Y. W. C. A. CO-LONIAL PARTY

It was a wonderful party—just the kind to make you forget you ever had a trouble, or was ever going to have one. All entered Heron looking very much like the people of Washington's time—dignity and all. The minut was that shocking cheek-to-cheek dancing, and do you suppose George and Martha ever did the tickle too?

The minute Veto started playing everyone was lost on those slick floors among a powdered and beauty spotted crowd. After several good dances all were showered in confetti, and then the program was presented. "The Birth of the Nation" was very cleverly given. The second part was a representation of Washington's trained army. George certainly showed his art as a commander, but Buck, the "I cannot tell a lie" expression wasn't good. After this two little girls each danced a solo, which everyone enjoyed heartily. Then, oh joy!—ice cream comes! They were real, sure enough creamy kind, too. After three or four a-piece of these, Veto started us to dancing again until he played the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

Miss T. (to Frank Montgomery): "What is the matter, Frank? Can't you speak louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

C. & A.

PLUNGING PANTHERS PRELIMINARY

They Swim All Over and Under the Pool—The Winners.

INDIANA CLUB TEA AT NASHVILLE COUNTRY CLUB

One of the most delightful affairs of the season was that which the Indiana Club—the real, for sure, Hoosiers—enjoyed on last Monday at the Nashville Country Club.

At 1:45 the girls promptly gathered at North Front, and with Miss Minch and Miss Masson (who claim to be Hoosiers) as chaperones, they started out on the car very joyful in spite of the fact that they must transfer in the dirty and crowded transfer station. About an hour later they arrived at the Country Club, and after having gone through the club-house and having purchased their allotment of candy, the girls went out on the veranda and "koddaked." A man on the golf course, putting on the green, brought signs from a few of the girls, who, themselves, would have liked to have made a few drives.

Back in the club-house again and in on the dancing floor. Strains of "Back Home Again in Indiana" and of "Moonlight on the Wabash" were greatly applauded by the girls. At 4 o'clock tea was served in the delightful luncheon room overlooking the veranda. Novel place-cards painted with Indiana colleges and authors in whose names the initials of the guests were found, puzzled the girls for a few moments in finding their places. Delicious frozen salad and dainty chicken and cheese sandwiches with hot chocolate were served at small tables. At each plate was a part of a puzzle which put together afterwards proved to be a man. While all the girls were gathered around the puzzle, Miss Louise Rapp read one of Riley's poems, "The Kind of a Man for Me," which was very appropriate for the puzzle.

It wasn't long until the chaperones announced that the car was coming, and so the girls hurriedly gathered things for their memory books and reluctantly boarded the car for "bounds again."

STUDENT COUNCIL FOR NEW SEMESTER

There are always great mid-year events, but one of the most momentous ones is that of the installation of the new officers of Student Council.

Friday morning Mrs. Bowen introduced to us the various members, who gave us short, but purposeful talks. Miss Annie Beth Crawford is President of Student Council, with May Rosa Ray as Vice-President, Margaret Tone as Second Vice-President, Virginia Ritiker as Secretary and Virginia Montgomery as Treasurer. The various proctors taking their place at this time are: Miss Catherine Cole of Pembroke, Irene Duffy of Heron, Mary Hibner of Piddlety, Bernice Cole of Founders, and Jacqueline Hills of the four cottages.

The only restraint the Panthers had in their preliminary trials yesterday was the sides and bottom of the pool, for they attempted every stunt possible except diving from the roof and staying under the water till the dinner bell rang.

Louisiana cat fish and Lake Erie trout had nothing on them, and when some had suggested that they be called "Flying Fish," the motion carried unanimously.

Watch out, you Regulars, for you will have to be everything from a minnow to a whale if you expect to list the championship in your club.

When the meet was over, the spectators looked as if they had been to a June baptizing, and the teachers as if they were glad it was over. Out of the foam came Annie Hamilton with the blue ribbon and Anita Lincoln with the red and Margaret Taylor had the third place.

The Athenians were among those present, and they too have some swimmers that could assist Robinson Crusoe get ashore without wetting his Easter bonnet, especially Leta Shaw, who won first honors and Marion Matthews, second.

But this is not the end of the contests, for another meet for those who could not enter in the preliminaries will take place next Friday, February 21, at 3:30 p.m. sharp.

A. K.'S AT COUNTRY CLUB

Monday, February 9, part of the A. K.'s enjoyed the afternoon at the Nashville Golf & Country Club. As they had to return in time for dinner, they left school in the early afternoon, which gave them several hours of pleasure at the club. They passed the time dancing and wandering through the club house and about the beautiful grounds, admiring everything. A delegation of ladies also entertained them with a musical program. Later, the most delicious lunch was served, which made such an impression on the girls that when they returned to school they made every-one hungry talking about it.

THE GOOD "OLE STU" COUNCIL.

Well, don't we all wish we were on the Student Council? This body of girls is the busiest, perhaps, in school, but then they really have the best time. They are invited to everything that takes place; they step out to dine at the Hermitage every now and then, and I believe they get more joy out of the "Packard" than any of us.

Thursday night the members of this famous body had dinner at the hotel and then went to see "Going Up," a musical comedy which they all enjoyed. Miss Mills was their chaperone, although they didn't really need one, and, of course, she is the best one in school, as she always enjoys being with the girls.

Here's to the brand new "Stu Council!" I hope you have as many good, old times, and I know you will.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

LOUELLA GEORGE.....Editor-in-Chief
SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Ass't Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN.....Expression
LOUISE MARKS.....Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE.....Music
ELIZABETH WOODS.....Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMBRY.....Hyphenettes
BETTY CAPION.....Society
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KATHERINE BARETT.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.
MARGARET TAYLOR.....Athletics
HELEN DOUGLAS.....Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

The other day after the last Hyphen had come out a prominent member of our student body came up to me and said: "I think the Hyphen is real this week." Of course some of the events mentioned are rather a long way past, but I fully realize you need to make use of all you can find of any value." After a few more meek remarks on how she hoped the Hyphen would come along all right, etc., she passed on, chewing her gum and reading the "Bulletin" in Middle March. Just using this thoughtless individual as an example, don't you all agree that it would have been better for us and a great deal more beneficial for her if she had taken that issue of the Hyphen as an inspiration and instead of offering old and useless advice gone to her room and made use of her talent and written some really clever and interesting material for the following week.

Forgetting this incident, let us turn to "C. & A.," whom I want to thank for the help and co-operation they are giving us. We like your work and your "pep," so please keep it up.

CORRECT DRESS.

Of course there are surprises and still surprises, but Thursday we had a really for sure surprise presented by Miss Plunkitt, the art teacher. She told us all the principal rules of combinations of color, appropriateness of color and effect of color and lines; she then brought these to our mind more vividly by having "live models" from the student body come out and represent these things. The girls who were such "good examples" were the Dunham twins, Barbara Davis, Mercedes Royce, Thelma Blossom, Rachel McGill and Bessie Buchanan.

I am sure that after this short, but impressive exhibit there will be less of clashing colors and more harmonious combination of colors in costumes seen on the campus and in the school-room now. Of course, we realize that most of these instances were greatly exaggerated, nevertheless, we all needed the lesson very badly, so let's all try to help out the other in doing away with this "dress-up" and "over-dress" fad for school.

SENIOR MIDDLE BANQUET FOR SENIORS—FIRST EVENT FOR SENIORS.

(Continued from page 1.)

member from our childhood so "long ago."

The chairmen of the Menu Committee, Esther Graves and Helen Skiles, were well rewarded for their strenuous labor by the way the girls devoured that delightful meal. The menu was:

Strawberries and Cream
Chicken a la King
Sweet Potato Croquettes
Stuffed Tomatoes
Hot Rolls Pickles and Olives
Pineapple Aspic
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream
Heart Shaped Cake

Mints Nuts

The food was delicious and was all the more appetizing on account of the daintiness of the service.

Between courses Verna Henry offered her charming and well-planned entertainment. When Miss Marie Buchanan and Mr. M. Cooper, the celebrated dancers, stepped onto the floor a round of applause met them, and well they deserved it, because Mr. Cooper was very handsome and distinguished looking in his well-tailored evening clothes, while Miss Buchanan's beauty was set off by an exquisite gown of rainbow hue which floated around her graceful figure as they swung off to the beautiful harmony of "Dear Old Pal O' Mine," played by Miss Elizabeth Baker, accomplished pianist. Then, too, very dainty and beautiful were the ten attractive girls, dressed in elaborate dinner gowns and black picture hats, who danced and sang for us. They were the Misses Verna Henry, Beth Holmes, Miriam Swartz, Florence Kelley, Gladys Newsum, Helen Ammerman, Florence Wright, Elizabeth Salter, Louise Andrews and Ellama Born. Two sweet little misses from town gave us a Valentine dance. They were Misses Dorothy Overall and Argie Sherrod Neal. Miss Henry's entertainment was very successful.

Mary Ashe, the Senior-Middle President, made a very clever speech of welcome. She then called upon Katherine Barrett, who gave a toast to the Seniors, which was answered by Lulu Vaughn Webb. She also called on Celeste Vincent, whose toast was to Ward-Belmont, and was answered by Mildred Cloyd.

After the eats had been properly "done away with," the entertainment finished and speeches made, the whole party adjourned to Recreation Hall to "trip the light fantastic," while everyone agreed that it was the "very best yet."

DISTRICT SCHOOL ENTERTAINS.

One of the most charming and amusing club events was at the week's meeting of the F. F. Club, when Vadis Norris had her class give an entertainment for their "parents."

The pupils reciting were Flossie Kelly, "Willie" Blakey, "Jake" Guider, "Margie" Stewart and Bessie Holmes. "Freckles" Barrier was forced to wear the dunce cap for being late as she was out buying bird-seed for the cuckoo clock. The most talented event of the evening, however, was the representation of Cupid by "Fuzzy" Cloyd. She was the dainty, plump little thing with her arrows and red hearts that we all know as the beloved Cupid.

After the various stunts of the school-room a spelling match was given and then old-fashioned stick candy and punch was served. The "parents" were certainly typical and I think Annie James House missed her calling a great deal when she decided to be a post-graduate of W. B. instead of following her natural talent.

GEORGE WASHINGTON THRIFT-GRAMS.

The 187th anniversary of George Washington's birthday is being celebrated today. Washington, the successful builder of a nation, gave voice to rules for personal and national success which are as applicable in this 1919 year of necessary thrift as in his day. Here are some of his words on the use of money and resources that might have been written for the present situation in America:

I am no more disposed to squander than to stint.

Economy makes happy homes and sound nations. Instill it deep.

It is not the lowest priced goods that are always the cheapest.

I cannot enjoin too strongly upon you a due observance of economy and frugality.

Keep an account book and enter therein every faithful of your receipts and expenditures.

Promote frugality and industry by example, encourage manufactures, and avoid dissipation.

Reason, too late, perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time.

There is no proverb in the whole catalogue of them more true than a penny saved is a penny got.

Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy nation.

These statements by George Washington as to wise personal economy might be paraphrased today in the injunction of the National Thrift Campaign—spend wisely, save intelligently, avoid waste—and invest safely; buy War Savings Stamps and Thrift Stamps.

Sophisticated maid at Truth meeting: How far have you ever gone with a boy?

Mary Kinney W.: Thirty miles out of Paris.

C. & A.

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PERSONALS

Jana Sharp spent the week-end at Gallatin, Tenn.

Louise Andrews spent the week-end in Sheffield, Ala.

Martha Baird and Avon Hail went home for the week-end.

Margaret Sander's father is visiting her this week-end.

Lois Hodge spent a delightful week-end at Franklin, Tenn.

Miss Cynthia Wall spent the week-end in Franklin, Tenn.

Lucille Oliver has as her guest for a few days her mother.

Lieut. W. Hall was the guest of Abidale Turner for a few days.

Anna Rose Keene has as her guests for a few days her mother and aunt.

Miss Margaret Gaines spent a few days at her home in Knoxville, Tenn.

Louella George and Mildred Cloyd spent Sunday with Mrs. George Hines.

June Fisher and Helen Prindell spent Sunday with Mrs. J. T. Lindsley.

Gladys Fite and Mary Douthitt spent a delightful afternoon in town Monday.

Lida Vickers went to Louisville to spend the week-end with her mother and father.

Mr. Chas. Clough has been here to see Miss Sybil Kell. Mr. Clough was from Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Caroline Copeland is spending a few days with her sister, Jennie Hammond Copeland.

Laura Shanklin and Thelma Wiles had dinner at the Hermitage Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Shanklin from St. Louis.

Maxine Buffington, Lois Hodge, Mary LaFollette, Susie King spent the week-end as guests of Miss Margaret Hodge at Franklin, Tenn.

Miss Gertrude Hecht and Mrs. D. H. Keene have been the guests of Miss Annie Rose Keene and Eleanor Perlstein.

The following girls gave a delightful birthday party for Catherine Cole at the Y. W. C. A. Monday: F. Bertram, Corine Garrett, Cordelia Gray and Miss Nellums Chaperone.

WORKING OVERTIME.

There has been added to the Hyphen staff

A company whose job is bound to last.

They deal in Hyphenettes:

Very personal and cutting jests.

They color up your bad features

And tone down your best,

'Till you feel like the worst of

creatures

That ever made material for jest.

This company is witty and wise,

And sugar with mirth their lies.

They laugh at your hat,

And the pin from his frat.

You're adhering to rule;

In fact, the whole school.

They scorn your crush,

And make you blush,

But will say, nevertheless,

They should not be so careless.

For we have noticed them spooning,

And with their own dear crushes

mooning.

But this is enough for today,

About this illustrious "C. & A."

"A. B."

NEW SHOP NEW GOODS

Spring Wearing
Apparel

is now complete [for] Ladies

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Come, look, whether you buy

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EXPRESSION.

We admit that the Expression Department hasn't been making very much "noise" lately, but, then, you know, one works harder when one is quiet, and "that's us all over." Miss Townsend has been very busy this past week making plans for the Senior-Middle (cheers from Section C.) We are absolutely ignorant of what these plans are, but they're lovely and mysterious, we know, and we're expecting most anything, from a European pageant on the campus to a Shakespearean tragedy in the Ryman Auditorium (we're afraid to say "The Barn" here). While Miss Townsend has been communing with the spirits, Miss Carter, a former graduate of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression, has been assisting Miss Middleton with the work at the studios, and we all feel that it is very helpful to receive criticism from some one who is not familiar with all our failings.

Now, perhaps you know that before a Senior in Expression can claim her "dip," she must give a recital. And it is on these recitals that the senior class is working. Some of the girls will read books, some plays, others groups of short stories, scenes and poems. We hope to be able to present these recitals before the final grand rush in May—so please, everybody, be prepared.

SUG. SEZ.

Yesterday afternoon I went To Miss Mills' office, and

Much to my

Surprise,

There was no one ahead

Of me.

Well, I walked in

And said,

Miss Mills I have a very

Good boy friend

In town today and

He wants

Me to have dinner down

Town with

Him, and I would

Like to go without

A chaperone,

If I may.

She looked so sweet,

I continued.

Of course, I haven't permission

From home,

But I don't think mother

Would object—much.

Miss Mills

Smiled

And said,

Dear, I'll be glad to grant this

Request, and as

A special favor, you won't

Have to wear uniform

Or

Get back before

Midnight.

About this time the girl

Shook me and said,

You have been late

To breakfast twice

Already.

Better get up.

I thank you.

BRIGHT PHYSICAL EDDER.

One thing essential in the personality of a good teacher is a physics.

Lucille—I see Joys have been coming out here all day because it is Valentine's Day.

Ann—I didn't get any Joy.

Friend—They expect you to remember everything—don't they?

Margaret—I'm no memory book.

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SPRING FEVER.

That glorious feeling that steals over us with the first days of spring and turns us all into utterly worthless creatures. Feeling I have called it, but in truth it is a disease—and a most dire one. Here is a cheerful and sunny disposition, never ruffled; let it suffer from this ailment a day or so, and it is not advisable to approach the individual too closely. The effect of the fever on one who has the general name of "grouch" at any time, I shall not attempt to describe, but will leave to your imagination. Children are usually the first to contract this disease. It is not difficult to discover, the main symptoms being—hopeless laziness, exasperating denseness, intense irritability and a mania for being out of doors.

Kites fill the air, sailed by small boys, who, by the way, are neglecting to empty the ashes for mother. Every dry plot of ground a foot in diameter is swarmed with dirty fingers shooting marbles. Girls jump themselves out of breath, after their forced "ropeless" days. As we stroll lazily along, in a state of unconsciousness dreaming, groups of young people pass us—all eagerly drinking in the mystic atmosphere of that slumbering day. All nature seems to awaken sleepily and smile approval. Everyone is possessed with an overwhelming desire to get "out"—to wander aimlessly about until dark. This longing to follow the gypsy in his endless travels has appropriately been termed the "wanderlust."

Those in their teens, finding their appetites gone, which is also one of the symptoms, immediately imagine themselves deeply in love. Hence, "In the spring a young man's fancies," etc. But mother, the quiet observer, understands, and wisely brings forth the family bottle of "Hood's Sarsaparilla." This is enough to waken anyone from his pleasant dreaming.

School work, of course, suffers greatly, much to the irritation of the teachers who are also under the influence of the narcotic atmosphere. In fact, this curious ailment can be found in persons of all ages and kind, merely varying as to degree of suffering. Even the family cat moves her "snoozing" place from behind the stove to the sunny porch, and dozes more intently than ever.

GENTLE HINTS TO AN AMATEUR.

We are simply burning with curiosity to know just where Miss Blossom "obtained" the "college" she spoke of in last week's *Hyphen*. How does she ever conceal it from the prying eyes of that head monitor? We are so glad, Miss Blossom, that your modesty did not prevent you from signing your name in full to your literary effort. We take it for granted that you are a beginner in this work; and, therefore, you will, of course, receive any small criticisms we may make, with the same generous spirit in which they are given. In the first place, since you mentioned the fact that you had developed your vocabulary greatly, it would have been quite effective to have given a few examples in proof. We beg to differ with you in regard to your statement that "college girls do not make many grammatical errors." You evidently did not read your essay very carefully, Miss Blossom. We admit that we never had "noticed" the faulty construction in vogue, until your article appeared. Now, we thoroughly agree with you that "some" have a "language all their own," and a few do not need to "go home" to be misunderstood. But "cheer up," Miss Blossom, you may improve your style with practice. All great writers have to begin sometime.

A READER.

ON BEING GOOD.

One of the first things we learn when we are old enough to walk shakily about, holding on to chairs, and lip out such words as "Mama," is to be good. As we grow older our ideas upon the subject enlarge, but our earliest impressions of good are ever with us. At the age of three our idea of being good is to avoid a scolding or a dark closet or a story about a little girl that got into her mother's pantry and ate so much cake that she died and a big goblin got her. Then, being good is not a joy, but simply the avoiding of unpleasant consequences.

But age comes upon us rapidly, and we put up our hair and strut off to high school. Being good comes to mean sitting quietly in the study hall and learning algebra, Caesar and Carlyle's *Essay on Burns*. We learn that Mary Smith is a bad girl, because her name has been sent to the principal's office for talking and throwing paper balls in class. Then we straighten the blue bow on our hair, sit up stiffly and begin to think on Mary's sins. How very self-satisfied we feel then, but we are only glad we avoided the result of such unruly actions, and not that we were too good to do likewise. Perhaps, we can remember when we did the same thing with a feeling of joy that we were not caught.

After graduating from high school, we are sent to Ward-Belmont, and we learn many things about being good. We learn that studying in the cubby after light bell is a grievous sin, and unless we go to church on Sunday we cannot go out the next day. Cutting classes sends us to Miss McDuffie, and this brings us back to the avoiding of unpleasant consequences. What girl would not rather stay in her own room during study hour than go up before Student Council in room 100? Who would not go to church in preference to missing that glorious Monday out in town with sane souls, your girl friend? Thus, all through life, we find people being good in order to avoid the awful consequences. People do not love to be good for goodness sake.

For my own part, when the spring days come and the campus is fairly alive with green trees and birds, and the spring sunshine warms the earth, I would far rather sit out under the trees and day dream than go to classes and learn Milton and Shakespeare. Then, in the mornings, when the bell warns me that I'll be late to breakfast unless I get up and dress quickly, how I long to lie in bed, turn my face to the wall and go back to my happily interrupted dreams. I usually do this, but my Guardian Angel of Being Good hits me a blow between the shoulders and says:

"You inexcusable, lazy, worthless human, get up and get dressed this very minute or you'll be late and get a D on punctuality."

Out I get and my dreams have all flown away. Nothing remains but that stern lady, Duty.

Thus, we mortals totter on from the earliest days down to caps and carpet slippers, the time we talk about "When I Was Young." The same stern slave driver, Consequences, watches over our good behavior and keeps us in the narrow path.

FRANK MONTGOMERY.

NOTE.

We wish to correct the strange misunderstanding which occurred through our poem, "Dedicated to —?" published in last week's *Hyphen*. It was NOT dedicated to Garrett.

(You're welcome, Garrett!)

C. & A.

ESSAY ON BARBER SHOPS.

Barber shops are the most interesting and most unrefined rendezvous of mystery in a city. I apply the term unrefined because I am speaking of them in regard to ladies. Ladies should be elegant and elegant ladies cannot even look into barber shops. How often as I go up the street and see that red, white and blue trade mark twirling around do I feel a sensation of eager curiosity to look in the window. But I must not, it is unladylike. I am well-bred, my mother sees to that, therefore, I must do nothing unladylike. Have you ever noticed the huge glass window which extends across the entire width of a barber shop front? Such an opportunity and yet it is lost, all because we are ladies. O, if I could only let my eyes wander on into those mysterious mirrors of fascination!

Why should not the most blasé person have a longing to enter a barber shop? One sees dirty men with unkempt hair and beards enter; then, presto! in half an hour they come out clean; no beards and hair shining out from beneath their hats. A faint odor of strong perfume floats out to you if you are nearby, and it seems as alluring as a siren's song. One eagerly raises one's eyes to the doorway of such a palace of miracles, but quickly one drops the eyes for one is a lady and ladies must not look into barber shops.

There is, no doubt, in my mind that this feeling is common to all nice girls, and—ladies. But we come by the realization of exemption from barber shops through different circumstances. I learned early in my life such pleasures were not to be mine, although my mother frequently took me when I was quite small to have my hair shingled. I loved the place where they had the big stick of peppermint candy. They had a big stick outside to denote such was served on the inside to all good children who sat still while the man cut your hair and tickled your neck. However, one sad day we children wake up and find ourselves too old to go to a barber shop. Then we have only the dim memories as years fly by when we were children and when we did go to a barber. Too old to go to a barber shop! Old men, what will you do with your beards when you become too feeble to walk over and be shaved? Ah me! 'Tis only then shall Fate let you know the heartaches of ostracized ladies!

A jolly young chemistry lass
While mixing a compound gas,
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a while
They found her "ganglia" in a mass.
C. & A.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1919.

NUMBER 3

STAFF PREPARING INTERESTING ANNUAL

Forthcoming Number Must Be Best of All Issues—
Kodak Pictures Wanted

Milestones is an expression of the spirit, the work and the play of W-B. It is a part of you and your best must go into it if you expect others to know you at your best. The staff of the *Milestones* has been elected to look after the detailed mechanical part of the annual, but this staff cannot do your work. When you are called upon for kodak pictures, for literary matter, and to have your pictures made for the classes, the sooner and more cheerfully you respond, the easier and more efficient the work of the staff will be.

The staff is putting out the annual as a favor to you, so that you and your school may be well represented in the book that stands as a monument to you and your work here for this year. Therefore if you wish this monument to be good and to do you justice, you must do whatever is asked of you quickly and well. It is only this way that the staff, instead of being worried unnecessarily, may bend its efforts to making the annual a complete success. Do not think that because you were not chosen as a member of the staff you have no responsibility in its success. Don't be a slacker. Do your duty.

WANTED—A large supply of kodak pictures for *Milestones*. If you write your name and dormitory number on the back of pictures we insure their safe return.—Editor, *Milestones*.

INTERESTING HEALTH LECTURES

For the girls who are not taking the Hygiene courses the lecture given in chapel Thursday morning by Dr. Hibbett, of the Nashville Public Health Department, was especially interesting. Although all of us really know the facts he put before us we are careless enough to never think of them. He gave us some very interesting, even though amazing percentages concerning illnesses and deaths. We never thought much about the dangers lurking in our own hands, but since this kind hint all the girls have awakened to the general and particular need in caution about ourselves and around others.

Dr. Hibbett congratulated us on how well we came through the "flu" epidemic, so let's not any of us do as he said some did, brag about being sick, but so keep ourselves as to never have such things to complain about.

MONDAY—A GREAT DAY.

I vote Monday the best day ever. Why? 'cause you are allowed to continue your slumbers after the rising bell rings. My! what a grand and glorious feeling to lie in bed with a clear conscience after said bell rings. It is so grand to weave your slumbers into the morning hours. Ten-fifty is the Limit for you must scramble to the Tea House or else remain existing until lunch time. It's for the Tea House every time, eh.

—XYZ.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

February 28—Gulomar Novaes, Brazilian Pianist, Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

ROOM-MATES AND ROOM-MATES AT SCHOOL

There are "roomies" and more "roomies" as I soon found out on entering boarding school for the first time in my youthful life. I believe the biggest question in a girl's mind as she starts out for aforesaid school is, "What under the shining stars" is her room-mate going to be like and act like? I am human like the rest, so that was what my thoughts first turned to after I left home, and, having nothing special to do to entertain myself on the train, I pictured my future room-mate in my mind. This is what that never-to-be-seen-to-exist room-mate was like: She was of medium height—five feet two, we'll say—

(Continued on page 3.)



MISS MARTHA

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB

Endorses "The Spice of Life." Interesting Program Each Week

TEXAS CLUB ENTERTAINS AGAIN

On Monday afternoon, February 17, at four thirty, girls began to assemble in Recreation Hall. Need we say they were Texas girls, for when the Texas bunch assembles it hardly needs announcing. The occasion for this gathering was a dance honoring Miss Anne Moseley, of Fort Worth, Texas, whose marriage is one of the events of the near future. Miss Moseley was at one time a Ward-Belmont girl, and later became Texas chaperon for the Ward-Belmont girls. She has always been a most charming and lovable person, and the Texas girls wish her the success in married life that she has had as chaperon of them. Due to protests from powers higher up, Recreation Hall could not be decorated as the committee wished it, but the laughing groups of girls with the background of ferns made in itself a beautiful picture. Dancing was enjoyed throughout the afternoon with Veto's orchestra furnishing the music. A salad course was served at five thirty. The dinner bell was heralded with groans by the club members, and after lingering to wish Miss Moseley the best of luck in her newly elected career, the members of the club dashed down to dinner in time to avoid signing in the "black book." But in their minds they retained the memory of another successful Texas affair.

ATHENIANS

The day students met several weeks ago and organized themselves into an athletic association, "The Athenians." Elizabeth Embry was chosen captain of the "Athenians." Mary Mathews was chosen captain of the swimming team. The basketball captain has not yet been chosen. Several day students will enter the swimming meet and the "Athenians" are looking forward to winning many points from the "Panthers" and "Regulars."

DINNER ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The old girls always say they know just what's coming, but the ones higher up fooled them this year by giving us something out of the ordinary, consisting of a George Washington dinner.

The girls came in couples, beaux and belles, and such fancy ancient frocks, you've never seen the like of before.

One of the main merits of this party was the fact that we were allowed to make up our own party and have what "Lords," "Sirs," and "Ladies" we especially wanted at our tables.

A delightful programme had been planned for throughout the dinner, after which the gay throng, unlike those they imitated, made way for dancing in house.

Here's to you girls of 1920, and hope you have another George Washington dinner.

The Twentieth Century Club is always sure of an interesting program as a different group each week is responsible for its success. At each meeting the group to have charge of the program for the following meeting is always introduced and pledged to do the best they can in the way of program pep.

The club room in its arrangement and decoration presents a different appearance at every meeting, in this way giving the zest of variety. Thus, when the "Literature Group" was in charge, we heard Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott and Robbie Burns smiling down upon us from large pictures that looked like "steel engravings" of other days. The "Travel Group" trimmed up with maps and historical pictures. The "Art Group," giving a fashion exhibit, fixed up the old room in the style of the display rostrums of the finest stores. The "Scholarship Group," with "Dr. Hollinhead on Hypnotism" as their program, decorated with dignified palms and installed their electric monogram, which added new luster to the evening. When we gathered for the evening in charge of the "Patriotism Group" we found that these enterprising six girls had borrowed Mrs. Blanton's soldier statuettes and her flags of the Allies, so that the atmosphere was thrilling to start with. The members of the Patriotism Group are: Miss Jimmie T. Jones, leader; Misses Bock, McCormick, Allene Taylor, Margaret Harris and Wilder. The program was a very interesting one, as every member took part. The following questions were put before the club for discussion:

(Continued on page 2.)

WEST VIRGINIA CLUB'S DAY OFF

The West Virginia Club, though small in numbers, is not lacking in "pep" and "ambition." In fact, on account of its small number of members it is capable of doing things which the larger state clubs cannot do.

Monday, February 17, saw a merry crowd of girls dressed in best "bib and tucker" board a down-town car. They alighted down in the city and, after doing a little shopping, went to the Hermitage Hotel for lunch, where a large table was already prepared and awaiting them.

After lunch they hastened to the "Princess" where they enjoyed the execution of an exceedingly good "bill." This jolly crowd then repaired to the Fifth Avenue Japanese Tea Room for refreshments. These girls were none other than the members of the West Virginia Club: Lillian Bell, President; Lucile Scott, Vice-President; Caroline Stealey, Secretary and Treasurer; Mary Titus, Mae Fitch, Mildred Peery, Lucile Shanklin, Kathryn MacBane and Onetha Morgan, with their sponsor, Miss Ross.

This is not the last time Ward-Belmont will hear of this club, because rumors are now afloat concerning a fine "peppy" dance (even better than the last one) to be given some time in April.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

LOUELLA GEORGE.....Editor-in-Chief
SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Ass't Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN.....Expression
LOUISE MARKS.....Order to receive consideration
CATHERINE SLEDGE.....Music
ELIZABETH WOODS.....Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMERY.....Hyphenettes
BETTY CAPPHON.....Society
THELMA PRICKETT.....Y. W. C. A.
MARY BUCHANAN.....Business Manager
KATHERINE BARRETT.....Ass't Bus. Mgr.
MARGARET TAYLOR.....Athletics
HELEN DOUGLAS.....Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

Several girls have asked about giving the names and addresses to whom other Hyphens are to be sent so we take this opportunity to tell you to leave them at the office of the Registrar.

Having overheard a remark recently to the effect that a school paper is not to give event to personal grudges we want to advise girls against putting too personal accounts in this paper. We appreciate everything handed in, but if not published you'll understand that it was for the improvement of the paper and to spare some one's feeling.

To "A Reader,"—who has not the courage to support her own convictions which were so valiantly stated in last week's Hyphen, but who did not remember that anonymous articles are not considered to have force by literary critics. As to my name appearing at the end of my "amateurish" effort at theme writing, I was oblivious to the publication of this until I saw it myself in the Hyphen. I realize that I am not a professional in a literary line, but there must have been some little force in the theme or it would not have been handed in by the English Department. This refusal is most difficult to answer, as so much of it is wrapped in obscurity, for instance, the reference to "concealing it(?) from the prying eyes of the head monitor," and the faulty construction in vogue. "These references I cannot fathom. Since I am a beginner I would gladly accept professional criticism, because the right kind of criticism is always strengthening."—Thelma Blossom.

LECTURE BY MISS RITTENHOUSE.

A delightful evening was given to us February 21 by Miss Jessie Rittenhouse, who lectured on "Modern Poetry," a subject which is of vital interest to everyone. Miss Rittenhouse comes here under the auspices of the Centennial Club and Ward-Belmont. Besides being a most interesting lecturer, she is an able critic and poet.

CHAPEL PROCTOR.

A Chapel Proctor was elected Thursday morning for the new session. Miss Lucy Hearst drew this honor and we all unite in wishing her all kinds of success and know that she'll have the best chapel assemblies ever.

WANTED---PEP

Spring is coming, girls, so muster up all your "pep" for a good and glorious season of athletics. Don't let the on-coming germ of spring fever discourage you; determine to overcome it and to bring laurels for your alma mater in the line of sports.

Soon there will come the swimming meet, and then all your swimmers will have a chance to show off. Don't think it's not worth the effort to take part in a swimming meet. Do you not realize that your name will appear in the HYPHEN and in the *Milestones* with great glory; that is, if you are successful? When you pass by on the campus, as in the halls, the other girls will whisper, "She's the girl who won so many points in the swimming meet."

Now get out your tennis rackets and good, live balls, for there are plenty of courts to accommodate you all, and play a few sets to get "oiled up." There's going to be a tennis tournament too, and even more chances for the stars to shine.

So talk about it all, girls, and get the live wires started toward gaining the "peppiest" and most brilliant sport season in our history.

INTERESTING SOCIAL EVENT.

Thursday afternoon at four thirty a very delightful tea was given in Hudson Cottage by Miriam Swartz. Mrs. Swartz, who is from Gary, Ind., has been visiting her daughter for several days. This tea was given so that Mrs. Swartz could meet some of the Ward-Belmont girls. Tea, cakes, and sandwiches were served, and then a little program was given:

Solo—Miss Dunne.

Reading—June Fisher.

Violin Solo—Sarah Betterton.

Solo—Miss Dunne.

After the program the noted Elizabeth Baker played the piano and everyone danced. Among those present were Mrs. Blanton, Mrs. Tarbox and Mrs. Baze. The following girls were present: June Fisher, Sarah Betterton, Elizabeth Baker, Frances Smith, Iola Vinson, Florence Mai, Thelma Blossom, Ellen Brendell, Mary Ash, Katherine Barrett, Elizabeth Woods, Margaret Morrison, Betty Capron, Johnny Magill, Priscilla Ar buckle, Elizabeth Allen and Frances Mae Daniel.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Appleby is now in Chicago, where she is attending a Y. W. C. A. conference. She will come back with many interesting things to tell. Miss Adine Lampton was asked to go with her, but on account of work she was unable to leave.

Just before Miss Appleby left the Social Service Committee arranged a program for the girls at the Y. W. C. A. in the city. The seven girls on the program played ukuleles, guitars and sang, and everybody had a good time, including the performers. But what really counted was the fact that the working girl found that the Ward-Belmont girl was not a snob, and the Ward-Belmont girl found that most of the working girls are sweet and refined.

The Tri-K's entertained and helped all those who were present Sunday night. Three of the girls spoke on *Courtesy* and *Courage*, which was certainly interesting as well as inspiring. Miss Sara Betterton played a beautiful piece at the close of the service, just before the closing hymn.

THE BACHELOR'S VIEW.

"Just back from the wedding trip, eh? Too bad you had such rotten weather! You couldn't have enjoyed yourself a particle."—Exchange.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB ENDORSES "THE SPICE OF LIFE."

(Continued from page 1.)

Is it unpatriotic to criticize the proposed Peace Plan and League of Nations?

What do you think of Senator Borah from Idaho, who refused President Wilson's invitation to dine with him and the Committee on Foreign Relations next Tuesday so they could talk over the League together?

Do you think women should have full suffrage?

On what matters are women naturally best prepared to vote?

If their husbands are able to support them, do you think married women ought to hold salaried positions? Why?

Should women now holding positions resign in favor of returned soldiers?

Readings were given by Misses Heidelberg, Bock and Harris. There was a great deal of "pep" and enthusiasm shown at this meeting, and we hope that the program for February 26th, led by the Art Group, will meet with such response from the club.

SUG SEZ—

I HAVE witnessed many GIVE-a-ways

IN MY life, but I believe MARY NEAL

GETS one of the seven WARD-Belmont

PUPS!

SHE drifted woefully to

THE table and said

DREAMILY,

YOU ALL must excuse

ME if my face

IS dirty,

BECAUSE HE just

LEFT last night

TO be gone a year,

AND I just

CAN'T

WASH my face so

SOON!

THEN she woke up—

TOO late!

I thank you.

THINGS WE LOOK FOR IN VAIN.

1. Dabney Terrell without her chewing gum.

2. Louise Lucas without a jeweled comb.

3. Harriet McClure without her dog-feed.

4. The physical-eds without their sensible shoes.

5. Louise Rapp without those coy curls.

6. Avon Hail without nine or ten frat pins.

7. Sophia Williams in a good humor.

8. Eva R. without a crush.

9. Elizabeth Overman without her majestic dignity.

10. A meal without an announcement by Mary Compton.

EVEN SO.

In spite of the fact that the Athletic dance was postponed the girls desire for dancing was not dampened the least bit, but instead Veto was "ushered" in and we had a good old subscription dance, commonly known as a "pay dance." Although at first some of the girls were disappointed in having to go to the theatre on Thursday they were later glad that they did so as to enjoy both events, including the Saturday night hop.

WARD-BELMONT'S NEW ENTERPRISE.

There has been installed on the campus a laundry for the house linen. It turns out daily 600 face towels, 600 bath towels, 400 sheets, 400 pillow cases, 1,200 napkins and 200 tablecloths. Mrs. Courtney is superintendent.

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PERSONALS.

Mildred Affeck's father was here for the week-end.

Marie Seelbach spent a few days in Louisville, Ky.

Marie Grace's mother is here spending a few days.

Verna Henry's mother was here over the week-end.

Thelma Wiles spent the week-end at her home in St. Louis.

Lucille Oliver had as her guest for the week-end her father.

Adine Lampton's father and sister were here for a few days.

Mary Louise Bliss had as her guest for a few days her father.

Miss Effie Rutherford, an old Ward Student, visited her sister, Ruth.

Miss Virginia Reicked spent last Sunday in town with Mrs. Menke.

Miriam Swartz has as her guest for a few days her mother, from Gary, Ind.

Margaret Gaines and Barbara Davis spent a few days in Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Amelia Haynes had as her guest Saturday evening Mr. Rigdon Stroud.

Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart spent the week-end with their daughter, Josephine.

Jennie Hammond Copeland returned after spending a few days with her sister.

Miss Grace Hall spent the day in town Sunday as the guest of Miss Rebecca Ward.

Gladys Fite, who has been visiting Mary Douthitt for a few days, left for home Wednesday.

Louise and Frances Lucas have returned after being home for some time on account of illness.

Mr. F. D. Judy was the guest of his daughter, Miss Anita, for a few days last week. Mr. Judy is from Illinois.

Katherine Garrett took the following girls to town Monday: Mercedes Royce, Irma Aikins, Mary Buchanan and Janie Mae Abbey.

Miss Mildred Cloyd and Louella George spent Monday in Nashville with Dr. and Mrs. Cloyd, who were here on their way to Florida.

On Wednesday evening, February 10th, Anna Rose Keene entertained her guests, Mrs. Keene and Miss Hecht, with a delightful dinner party.

Anna Rose Keene had as her guests last week her mother, Mrs. D. H. Keene, of Fort Worth, Texas, and her aunt, Miss Gertrude Hecht, of Chicago.

Mrs. Charles A. Morrison, of Pembroke, Ky., and Mrs. B. C. Crockett and Billy, of Evansville, Ind., spent Valentine's Day with Mrs. C. D. McComb. Ruby and Lizzie D. were former students of Ward-Belmont.

Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, of Pekin, Ill., spent the week-end with their daughter, Margaret, and they entertained the following girls at dinner at the Hermitage Sunday evening: Margaret Harris, Dorothy Whitehead, Edna Fisher and Margaret Bailey.

Miss Gertrude Hecht entertained the following at an attractive dinner party at the Hermitage Hotel Saturday night: Mrs. D. H. Keene, Mrs. C. D. McComb, Anna Rose Keene, Ruth Wine, Sonora Myers, Mary Cohn, Hilda Migel, Eleanor Perlestein and the hostess.

Valentine decorations and cut flowers adorned the table. The following were present: Madames D. H. Keene and Charlie D. McComb, Misses Gertrude Hecht, of Chicago; Aylmer Barriere, Mary Cohn, Hilda Migel, Catherine Sledge, Sonora Myers, Eleanor Perlestein and the hostess.

Mildred Hill, a student here two years ago, is studying Dramatic Art under Mme. Albertie, in New York City, and since the first of the year has been doing work with the Stuart Walker Company, as well as keeping up her school work.

Miss Hester Hill is taking three courses of art at Columbia University.

TRUTH MEETINGS.

What manner of things can't girls think up to pass away the time? One of the most obnoxious fruits of these thoughts, it seems, is a truth meeting. To a person unfamiliar with these orgies the name, *truth meeting*, conveys a false idea. It seems a blot on the name truth to call these things truth meetings, for the elements that go to make up truth are essentially lacking in these assemblies of vultures, for that is exactly what they are—a band of vultures tearing and scratching at a girl's character and appearance, one might say.

"We strive to tell a girl her faults and help her correct them." You and I know that is not true. Tell me this, is it a deed of friendliness to get a girl in a large crowd and lead an assault against her? Is it right and decent and helpful to so humiliate a girl that she leaves crying with nerves aching? If these things are right, then truth meetings deserve the name—truth. I have heard girls say, "I'd surely like to get her in a truth meeting some time. Believe me, I'd hand her a few." This is exactly the spirit nine out of ten girls display at these meetings. It is a place to work off grudges protected by the word, truth meeting. What is there in our nature which compels us to say: "Mary, you look exquisite in that dress," or "Mary, dear, I love you better than any girl in school," and then in a truth meeting we start in, "Mary, I like you, but you are the most disgustingly conceited creature in school, you are the weakest character I have ever seen and tell the greatest falsehoods in school?" Maybe this is the truth, but why, instead of these shallow compliments, didn't we tell her the truth in the first place, in private, and help her to overcome them? This, in my mind, is true friendship which has as its foundation—truth.—Madame X.

ALL IN VAIN.

"Dear Mabel, do you love me?"
"Oh, George!"
"Don't you, Mabel? Just a tiny little bit?"
"Well, y-e-s, George."
"And if I married you, would your father give us a separate establishment?"
"Yes, George."
"And would your mother keep away from us, except when I invited her?"
"Why certainly, George."
"And your brothers and sisters, too?"
"Why certainly, George."
"And, of course, the old gent would settle my debts?"
"Of course, George."
"Darling, will you marry me?"
"No, George."—Exchange.

Mrs. Davis to Teacher: "I'm afraid Catherine isn't trying much."
Teacher: "You're mistaken. I assure you Catherine is the most trying girl in class."

BEFORE ADAM.

Miss Munich—"Who is the first man mentioned in the Bible?"
Mildred Hager—"Chap. I."

New Girl: "Are you a Senior?"
Dabney: "No, I just talk loud so people'll think I'm one."

SMALL GAIN.

Employer—"Can you write shorthand?"
Mary Buchanan—"Oh, yes; only it takes me longer."

Browne Martin—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Mild Cloyd—"No wonder I flunked in all my exams.—C. & A."

ROOM-MATES AND ROOM-MATES.

(Continued from page 1.)

and rather slender. Her hair was—no, not like a moving picture star with a "wealth of golden curls which delicately outlined her face"—a rich dark brown with a slight wave in it, just enough to make it shine as the light fell on it from different angles. She did not wear it in an extreme fashion, but had it drawn back loosely from her face, over her ears, so that just the tips of her ears were in evidence and coiled and wound in the back so that one wondered if she could ever get the same combination again.

Her face was pretty—not beautiful, but just pretty—her features pleasant and well outlined. One would delight just to stand and watch her eyes of a light distinct Alice blue, which her light blue dress intensified, a clear complexion with only enough color in her cheeks to give life to her face, a saucy tip-tilted nose and a smile hidden but always ready to "pop out" at the least excuse—these were the qualities I saw in her face. Her dress was made simply in the latest fashion and in a style best becoming to her slender shape. Her shoes were high brown ones, very neat and sensible, and her hair. This room-mate if my reckoning was neatness and perfection personified, but, oh! such a contrast to the one I found waiting for me when I arrived at school.

I imagine I looked just as bad to her as she looked to me, but no one's dreams could have been any more shattered than mine were upon seeing her. To begin with, she was certainly tall enough—five feet eight, at least—but she was so thin as to be naturally ungainly. Her hair, yes, it was brown, but such a sandy and uneven shade and perfectly straight. She evidently had tried to arrange it in the latest fashion, but she hadn't succeeded very well. It was drawn back very tight except for one strand flat on one side of her forehead, but which had slipped down over her eye. She had pulled it out on the sides, but her hair was so thin that her ears were in plain view. The knob in back?—yes, it was there, but you had to look carefully before you could find it. In fact, it was very much like the one I used to see on the washwoman at home. Her face was thin, entirely too much so, her eyes a dull shade of brown, her complexion pale and spotted with pimples, her chin came much too soon in proportion to the rest of her face, and her whole expression was insipid looking. Her neck was long and thin, much unlike the gracefully-lined neck of my picture roomie. Her clothes were of good material but were so clumsily made as to be absolutely ridiculous. Everything on her several inches taller than she was, from the rows of buttons down her waist to the stripes of braid on her skirt. Her shoes were a dusty gray—probably bought with the idea that she wouldn't have to polish them very often—and were run down at the toes as well as at the heels. Such a sight as was this new roomie of mine, and such a sad contrast to the one I had pictured for myself!

WANTED.

A new crush. See J. Brewer. A Virgil pony for K. Greene. A new step to replace the "Tickle-Toe."

Something to eat at the diet tables.

THRILLING QUESTION SERIAL.

Two Parts.

Where does your lap go when you stand up? (To be concluded in our next.)—C. & A.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Every pupil and student in the United States has an opportunity to take part in helping Uncle Sam finish the war-job and carry out readjustment plans.

A vast amount of money is needed. Instead of restricting the financing of the government to the wealthy of the country, every American can share actively through the medium of very small securities, Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. Not only the actual money is needed, but if the prosperity of the nation is to be retained and the prosperity of the individual achieved, it is vital that careful habits of saving be developed from now on by each person.

To bring home to every man, every woman, and every child the personal and patriotic value of saving, the United States Treasury has organized a division, known as the Savings Division. This division will conduct a large part of its work through the governors of the Federal Reserve Districts, each one of whom has appointed a government savings director for his district. In turn, there is a state director of savings for each state in the district. At headquarters in Washington, the Savings Division is divided into several sections. One, that on schools and colleges, will keep in touch with educational institutions throughout the country.

It is pointed out that if only for motives of personal self-interest, wise buying, avoidable of waste, intelligent saving and safe investment in interest-bearing War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds should become the habits of everyday life. If War Savings Stamps cannot be bought outright, extra change can be put into twenty-five-cent Thrift Stamps. Sixteen of these are interchangeable for a War Savings Stamp.

Saving does not mean hoarding. It means avoidance of waste and balancing present needs against future needs. Money spent carelessly in the present, if put aside in safe investments such as the government securities offer, will mean an opportunity for further education, for a chance to get into some special line, perhaps a trip, or perhaps a substantial something which will be wanted in the future far more than trivialities now.

It is to accomplish the several objects of inculcating permanent habits of thrift for personal and national reasons, and of putting the results of that thrift into profitable government securities so that all war obligations can be met and the peace program effectively carried out that the United States is asking every American to save intelligently.

It is a privilege for the students of the country to do their part.

The nerve of the two damsels, A and B,

When with their feeble wit they criticize,
And with clumsy phrase they try to imitate

The well-known rising poets, A and B,
Is greater than we thought the two possessed.

We are not subject to vain flattery,
Nor do we seek the praise of those who know

Less of our habits than they do of verse,
But when it comes to a thing like carelessness,

Let us remind our hapless competitors
That they on one particular Sunday night

Were found (but, no! to tell would not be right).

Waste not your hours, but in the future days,

Repenting of this all too childish act,
Thank us, who know so well your many faults,

But who, through compassion, tell not all we know.—C. & A.

ALOYSIUS.

I've got a pet corn,
That I call Aloysius,
Or Al, for short,
And the other Sunday
I went to church with
The rest of W.B.;
And now I ask you,
How is a girl to grow in grace
With a shooting pain
In the midriff
Of her little toe?
But I sang three hymns
And said a prayer,
And was going strong,
When Aloysius
Took a new kind of a pain
That started with a twinge
And ended with a wallop
At the top of my head.
And I tried to think
Of other things,
And took off my hat,
And was told to put it
On again.

And I began counting
The little bits
Of colored glass
In the large window,
And I went up one side
And had reached 987
On the other side,
And I began to nod,
And I saw an Indian
Stick his head up
Over the top of the organ
And point his finger at me,
And then he slid away
And came back with his hand,
And they dragged me
Out through the aisle
And down a hill,
And across a river,
To the mouth of a cave;
And then they tied me
To a big stake,
And got some faggots
And set them afire,
And then started a war dance.
Then the chief
Got his bow and arrow
And went up on a hill,
And as the flames
Got nearer to me
He shot the arrow,
And it struck me
Right in the foot,
And I awoke with a start
And found out
It was Aloysius again.—C. & A.

SIDELIGHTS ON HISTORY.
A girl was required to write a brief sketch of Queen Elizabeth. Her paper contained this sentence: "Elizabeth was so dishonest that she stole her soldiers' food."

The teacher was puzzled and called the girl.
"Where did you get that notion?"
"Why, that's what it says in the history."

The book was sent for, and the passage was found. It read: "Elizabeth was so parsimonious that she even pinched her soldiers' rations."

CHAP AND CHAPERONE.

"What sort of a chap is a chaperon?"
"It isn't a chap at all, my son.

The regular kind's another gender,
Seldom young and never tender,
Who acts as a sort of living fender
Twixt you and the girl you love."

"Ward-Belmont certainly takes an interest in its graduates," said a former pupil to a friend.

Friend: "How's that?"
"Well, here I get a note from the dean saying she will be glad to learn of the death of any alumni."

Bug: "Why am I not a good dancer?"
Lucile W.: "Why, there's only two things wrong, and that's your feet."

Miss Ross: "I've lost so many of my penny postcards of Europe I guess I'll have to make a trip over there again soon to replace them."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

All the 3:15 gym class present.
Not having to wait at the end of a long line to see Miss Mills.
Having a perfect French lesson.
Not having study hour at night.
Finding seven letters in your mail box.

Being allowed to remain in bed during breakfast hour.
Having a telephone slip.
Being allowed to cut any classes you desired.

Having Thursday chapel without a whispered conversation beforehand.
Having "tea" with "tea." Entitled to be a privileged character.—XYZ.

THE "FLU."

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're doggone sure that you're going to die,
But you're skeered you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you through,
For you've got the "Flu," old top,
You've got the "Flu."

When your tongue curls up and your belt is flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat,
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled hearse,
When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz,
And nothing is as it ever was,
Here are my sad regrets to you,
You've got the "Flu," boy, you've got the "Flu."

What is it like, this Spanish "Flue?"
Ask me, brother, for I've been through.
A combination of misery and despair;
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,
It thins your blood and brays your bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groans,
And sometimes, maybe, you get well,
Some call it "Flu"; I call it h—!

HARD TO SAY.

Mozelle Stapp—"What makes this car run so slow?"
Irate Conductor—"If you don't like it you can get off and walk."
Mozelle Stapp—"I would, only Miss Fields wouldn't expect me so soon."

Helen Dunlap: Jennie Hammond, you ought to take out an accident policy.

J. H.—Why?
Helen D.—Some day a thought might strike you.—C. & A.

Heard in French class:
Oui, papa, la Voila a la porte.
Translated by a beginner:
Here, papa, is the door.
Well I have heard of friends being told that, but I never heard a papa told that.—XYZ.

Two new girls.
First new girl. Where is a good place to buy blouses?

Second new girl. I think Calhoun's the best blouse shop.—XYZ.

IT COMES AND GOES.

Betty Capron (in running around campus)—"Well, I guess I'll take a couple of laps around the track."

Jean Cooper—"How can you? You have only one lap, and it ain't when you stand up."

Blakey—Oh! I'm so worried about Louie. He has a Cadillac on his eye.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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TWO GIRLS AND CHAPERON GO TO TOWN

Our request was granted, and Helen and I were at last in line for a day in town. Our most important aim, as I then understood it, was to "eat gray care from us" and just enjoy ourselves. The program we had planned was luncheon at the Hermitage Hotel, and the movies, and Becker's. We had our favorite chaperon dated two weeks ahead of time and were looking forward to the event with high anticipations.

The fateful day at last arrived, and we started gayly forth, dressed in our best, and each quite sure in her innermost thoughts that she really was a very good-looking and attractive girl. Every prospect was pleasing; but, as usual, man (in this case a woman) had to be vile. Helen, when the outing had been discussed, had casually thrown in at the last moment that if there was any spare time she could attend to a little shopping, and I, trusting individual that was, did not realize the grave portent underlying the words, "a little shopping."

My awakening began on the street car, when I discovered that the "little shopping" meant buying a hat, looking at gingham dresses, and "a few other little things like that." The serpent already had his head in my Eden and was glaring malevolently, although the full significance of the situation had not, as yet, dawned upon my somewhat slow wits.

We got off at "Weinberger's," where I lost all hope that Helen would be as quick and merciful as possible. The whole stock was brought out and tried on, and the entire sales force was called into action, but all to no purpose. Helen liked some of the things, but was undecided and wanted to "look around a little." She would let them know later if she decided, she said.

This was but a forecast of what was to come. We covered the territory thoroughly and left havoc in our wake. I don't believe that we overlooked an establishment of the kind in town, and at each the occurrences at the first were duplicated.

I ran the gamut of uncomfortable emotions — doubt, disillusionment, rage, gloom, and resignation, until finally all those were forced out by the aching void in the center of my anatomy, and also by that decidedly not in accordance with the tenth commandment feeling which always assails me when I, being at the time economical by necessity, see other people buying ravishing creations as casually as though money grew on bushes.

At last, when I was on the verge of desperation, Helen allowed herself to be led out of the shop and toward luncheon. As we were walking along she remarked that she thought that we'd accomplished a lot that morning. I've an idea that my jaw sagged, and I know that I looked blank. She hadn't bought a thing, had tired out a good many clerks as well as the chaperon and myself, and yet had accomplished a lot! I did not see it. That luncheon made up both in quantity and quality for all I had suffered. I soothed my weary flesh as well as lulled my covetous and anguished spirit to rest.

It was three o'clock when we left the table. Therefore we had time (Continued on page 2.)

CHANGE OF EDITOR OF THE HYPHEN.

The "Hyphen" has suffered a severe blow this week in as much as Miss Louella George, former editor, was forced to resign because of her heavy course of study. Much of the success of this year's "Hyphen" is due to Miss George's tireless and capable efforts, and it is with great regret that we learn of her resignation. Miss Sophia Williams, former assistant editor, is now editor in chief and Miss Margaret James has been elected as assistant editor.

MISS MILLS ENTERTAINS WITH DINNER PARTY

The girls at Miss Mills' table this week were entertained by their hostess in her office at a dinner party Thursday evening. It was really a feast, for each guest helped to prepare it and acted as a maid voluntarily. But no guests at any dinner party ever had any more delicious "eats" than they.

Each girl had special work to do. Helen Chapman, Mary Frances Conover and Margaret Adams took great pains in measuring the ingredients for the Welsh rarebit, which when finished was perfect. Helen Birks and Catharine Barrett fried the steak over the grate and Mae Asbury and Kathryn Cole made the toast. Meanwhile Uncle Archie made several trips up from the kitchen with more good things. At last the girls announced to each other that "the banquet is served" and sat down to enjoy the products of their hard (?) work.

After the Welsh rarebit came the steak, toast, baked potatoes, pickles and coffee. Then appeared pineapple salad and "last but not least," brick ice cream and wafers. Miss Mills' beautiful china and silver were used. The conversation was not brilliant in the same way as it usually is at a dinner party, but it was interesting to the girls. They certainly enjoyed the evening and objected strongly to leaving the lovely party given by their most wonderful "head cook" and hostess.

VESPERS LED BY X. L. CLUB

On Saturday evening, February 20, the girls of the X. L. Club led a very impressive service at Vespers. Wearing the X. L. uniform, white dresses with purple or gold ties, they marched in singing a hymn played by Mary Lillian Merrifield.

Frances Davenport, the president, led the service. She was assisted by Estelle McCuan and Beryl Henry, who sang beautiful sacred songs. Elizabeth Overman read "The Happy Prince," which was enjoyed immensely by all.

The entire club wishes to express its gratitude for the large attendance at the service.

LOVING CUPS ARRIVE.

The championship loving cup for the winners of the swimming meet, the tennis tournament, and the basketball season have come, and are judged by every one who has seen them to be extremely good looking. The Panthers and Regulars are both very anxious for these, and it is expected that their arrival will create a great deal of fresh enthusiasm among all the contestants.

A DELIGHTFUL TALK BY CHAP- LAIN COUVE

Ward-Belmont received a most pleasant surprise Tuesday night, when Chaplain Couve, of the French army, made a short talk to us. Chaplain Couve came to America from France about four weeks ago to make a rather hurried tour of the country, and during this time he has already made fifty speeches. Ten years previous to his entrance into the army he was connected with the French government in Africa, but he has been in the army many months, for he wears several stripes on his left sleeve, each indicating six months' service. He also wears the croix de guerre, the highest honor that France can bestow upon a soldier. Chaplain Couve was very profuse in his praise of America—the spirit of the American boys and the splendid work done by the American people; but he also made very plain that what we had done for France in the past was very small compared to what we must do in the future. He said that both France and America had democracy, but that with it we had the supreme gift of Christianity, both together making a spirit and morale which France very much desired.

Chaplain Couve caused the hearts of many of the girls to miss a beat or two when he spoke of the fact that our American boys were marrying French girls and that there were 700,000 French girls still single who would probably never marry. We do not like to admit it, even to ourselves, but we are afraid that unless our boys return home soon there may not be so many old maids in France after all.

Chaplain Couve closed his address with a very impressive prayer in French.

NOVAES THRILLS WARD-BEL- MONT.

We will not soon forget the wonderful piano playing of Mlle. Guiomar Novaes, who thrilled us by her remarkable artistry last Friday night. It was evident that we were listening to a charming young woman whose performance was filled with the fire of genius, and who was able to translate for us every emotion, every impression in beautiful tone language. The great Brazilian artist proved to be away the best pianist heard upon our course and was given an ovation by students and townspeople, who filled to capacity our auditorium. Enthusiasm over her playing ran high during the evening.

MISCHA ELMAN.

One needs a strong incentive to spend the whole evening in the Ryman Auditorium, but I think we will all agree that an evening with Mischa Elman makes us oblivious to our surroundings. Mischa Elman, the wonderful Russian violinist, gave his concert on February 24. His program was all too short and there were many sighs of regret when he played his last encore, Dvorak's "Humoresque."

The Championship Swimming Meet has been postponed until Monday, March 24, 1919.

DR. HOLLINSHEAD SPEAKS TO THE PSYCHOLOGY CLASS.

We all went to psychology class Thursday in blissful ignorance of the great treat which was in store for us. We have all heard exciting tales of Dr. Hollinshead's talks on "Hypnotism." This talk certainly exceeded all our expectations. We all sat fascinated, and Dr. Hollinshead, please accept this invitation from one of the class, to speak to us again some time.

A. K.'S GIVE FIRST PICNIC OF SEASON

Wednesday, February 26, the A. K.'s gave the first picnic of the season, and with great success. This great event took place at the regular meeting Wednesday night in Mrs. Forrest's studio. The table, which stands in the center of the room, resembled a child's grocery store in a topsy-turvy condition at the beginning of the meeting. But who can say what it resembled at the close of the evening? Certainly not this writer, for such a stack of empty cake and cracker boxes, paper bags, olive and pickle jars, sardine and even tamales cans, cannot be compared to anything.

After a short business meeting several of the girls opened the boxes, bags, jars, and cans, and in a few seconds that table resembled a beehive, surrounded by a swarm of busy bees. And such mixtures as the girls did eat! They would go to the supply table, then run around the room with a dill or sour pickle in one hand and a wienie in the other, or crackers and cakes with peanut butter and mallow, or some kind of fruit. They could have whatever they wanted as long as the food of their choice lasted, which wasn't long.

Maybe this indoor picnic did cause many bad dreams that night, but it was fun while it lasted!

A. K. REPORTER.

WARD-BELMONT CASUALTY LIST

Killed in Action.
Jimmy T. Jones (chewing gum).
Ruth Counsel (making candy).
Catherine Compton (telephoning).
Amelia Ligon (writing to Dick).
Lorene Reban (calling "Hank").
Avon Hail (getting a frat pin).

Missing in Action.
Lyda Shelton (from English).
Abigale Turner (from gym).
Margaret Bickley (from History).
Mildred Chambliss (from A. M. exercise).

Louise Andrews (from swimming).
Jeanette Whitner (from breakfast).

"Tut" Kirkpatrick (from French).
Jonnie McGill (from P. O.).
Marie Stephens (from Lea House).
MADAME D.—

TENNIS AND BASKETBALL.

All those who are interested in tennis and basketball will be glad to hear that these two sports are finally to start in earnest. The tennis preliminaries began Wednesday, the 5th, and basketball practice at about the same time. All who can play are urged to come out and practice for the teams. We want some exciting times this spring; and, then, don't forget about those beautiful loving cups!

MR. BEASLEY TELLS OF "Y" WORK

The Twentieth Century Club was greatly honored in having Mr. Clarence C. Beasley, who has spent some time in France doing Y. M. C. A. work, talk on "The American Boys in the American Sector."

The talk furnished splendid news, because it was next to being in the places and seeing the people and towns he described so vividly.

Our boys have ideals based on right and justice, which are not lost even through all their suffering. Their faithfulness to these ideals makes them above the average soldier. One of the hardest things for the boys to do is to wait and get in readiness to go into battle, but their morale and ideals are so high and strong that their courage cannot fail.

Mr. Beasley confirmed the statement made by Chaplain Couve as to the treatment of the French by the American soldiers. They love our boys, and nothing is too good nor praise too high for them. Mr. Beasley gave us a remarkable view of the devastation wrought by the Hun. The many places where thriving villages used to be there is nothing but heaps of debris. There is work for every one to do that that once beautiful country may be built up again, and it is up to us to help in the reconstruction. Mr. Beasley told many anecdotes and humorous stories, which relieved the seriousness of some parts of his talk. I think one of the most beautiful tributes paid to our soldiers was made by a French woman, who, when asked if there was a Joan of Arc today, answered: "Oui, Monsieur, les American!" Our boys are wonderful, and every day we say more earnestly, "It's great to be an American."

After the talk, Mr. Beasley gave the girls an opportunity to ask questions, and no one hesitated to do so. The bell rang much too soon, but even so, some girls stayed to learn more of the speaker's experiences. Mr. Beasley is on furlough and expects to go back to France shortly. We wish the best luck and success possible.

NEW ATHLETIC BOARD MEMBERS

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held last Thursday after chapel exercises, several new officers were elected to assist those already composing the Athletic Board. These were Corresponding Secretary, Sarah Betterson; Cheer Leader, Catherine Cole; and Assistant Business Manager, Margaret Taylor.

The business of the Association has grown so large as to make it almost impossible for the original board to attend to it. However, with the assistance of these new members, it is expected that the board's work will be a great deal lighter.

ANTI-PANDORA'S NEW OFFICERS.

President—Hazel Wilburn.
Vice President—Pauline Hunter.
Secretary—Pauline Kerns.
Treasurer—Katherine McCabe.
Historian—Veda Jenkins.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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MARGARET JAMES, Editor-in-Chief
SOPHIA WILLIAMS, Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN, Expression
LOUISE MARKS, Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE, Music
ELIZABETH WOODS, Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMBRY, Hyphenettes
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MARY DUCHANAN, Business Manager
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MARGARET TAYLOR, Athletics
HELEN DOUGLAS, Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

I don't suppose these two words, "attitude" and "cooperation" will sufficiently stir your curiosity that you will peruse this article. However, what faint spark of originality there is in this will be due not to the words themselves but to their application. There was something said of this last week, but we need something every week in order to keep this fresh in our minds. Our annual is in a period of development now and the finished product depends absolutely on your attitude and cooperation. Let's help to make this the best annual ever by using our brains and a piece of paper and a pencil. This is an S. O. S. call from both the Hyphen and Annual staff for ideas and material. Let's show our attitude and cooperation now.

DEL VER'S KID PARTY.

With such an enthusiastic invitation as the following:

"Come! Del Vers Kid Carnival!
Come! Bring Your Kiddish Togs!
who could not have gone prepared to have one fine frolic. The entertainment was planned by the girls who were initiated since Christmas, consequently the old girls were very anxious.

All the kids were there. Some of the horrid little boys pretended that they didn't know how to do the tickle-toe and were very clumsy. After dancing, the kiddish toys were auctioned. Great excitement was aroused, for everyone wanted the largest packages, which usually proved the biggest "sells." Some Hind's Honey and Almond Cream sold for sixty-seven cents (67c). Oh! that wasn't a bargain. A perfectly good old perfumed box with a pin—a real pin—(?) platinum and diamonds went for eighty-three cents. Oh! It was fun—
Here's to the hours when we can be just kids again.

DINNER PARTY.

Among the delightful social functions of the week was a dinner party given by Ruth Elgutter. The table was very artistically decorated with pink and white carnations adding to the attractiveness of the table. Covers were laid for the following girls: Misses Ruth Elgutter, hostess; Mary Cohn, Sara Regensburger, Eleanor Perlestein, Sonora Meyer, Irene Wedeles, Sylvia Weinbaum and Marie Stevenson. As a guest favor each girl was presented with a carnation.

TWO GIRLS AND CHAPERON GO TO TOWN.

(Continued from page 1.)

for only one picture show, much to my disappointment. The battle was on again. Helen liked vampire pictures, and my taste inclined to the (as she termed it) "mush and milk" variety. However, I was victorious in the encounter, as the chaperon bore me out, and Helen grumbled through my "mush and milk" choice.

If I had thought that shopping was side-tracked, I was much mistaken, for Helen was determined to have what. It was five o'clock when the picture was over. We had half an hour before we would have to leave town. Helen, having discovered a store across the street that she had actually overlooked, made for it. I followed, growling in spirit, with the chaperon. Helen tried on hats wildly until five-twenty-five, when the chaperon announced firmly that we would have to leave at once.

Now whether that chaperon was a very clever woman or only intent on getting us back to the school on time, I shall probably never know. Suffice it to say that it took Helen three minutes to pick out her hat and give the woman her address.

A TRAGEDY OF MIDDLE MARCH

"What are you doing here?" she cried. "We've come to see Janie," a bold one lied.

"But you all know 'tis against the rule

Around this postoffice now to fool. See that clock, it is only nine-twenty. And after ten is time a-plenty To enter this majestic hall To see if you have any mail at all." The weary mob then wend their way, Resolving to return another day, Each one striving to conceal their identity.

Because if they're known, there's trouble a-plenty. The other day with stealthy step Lila Vicars to her mail box crept, Determined to gain those letters three Which in her mail box she did see. First she worked the combination And then in her box with determination

Her hand for her letter she did extend, When she found Miss Swift had the other end.

PENTA TAU JOKES.

Willie—You remind me of a hinga.
Lorena Rehman—Young man, explain your statement.
Willie—Something to adore.

Catherine Dana—John says he's mine till Niagara Falls. Isn't he cute?

M. Bickley—That's nothing. Chester says he's mine till cement walks.

Abigale T.—Father, Wilber says if I don't marry him he'll die.
Father—Well I'd rather pay his funeral expenses than support him the rest of his life.

LONG DISTANCE.

Margaret Thackalberry (telephoning to Sewanee): "Ten cents? Why, in Chicago we can telephone to Hades for a nickel."

Central: "But this is a long-distance call."

OVERHEARD.

Although we have a "whizz" of a Proctor, I heard two girls say they were going to present said Proctor with a pair of ear muffs and also a pair of smoked glasses.

A WHITE ELEPHANT PARTY.

"What are 'white elephants'?" did you ask. Well, the Agora Club had over fifty of them corralled in the gym last Wednesday night, yet had you been peeping in (as some lost Penta Taus were) you would have seen nary a beast from the African jungles, much less an albino of the herd. Nevertheless, there were fifty there, for each club member had brought one, and at a given signal each swapped her white elephant with her neighbor.

Must I explain that a "white elephant" is something that you have which you do not want, no one else wants and you cannot get rid of? At least, there was variety, ranging from books to boudoir caps, from can-openers to Christmas misfits. One girl brought a picture of her roommate, trading for a pair of mismatched hose—we fear she might have brought her roommate had she been more sizable for a convenient bundle.

Girls everywhere were tearing off the outside tissue paper to gaze ruefully, some at mouse-traps, others at invitations to Frut, dances, one at a pair of "rats"—evidently discarded by the donor when fashion decreed that hair be worn afloat on the ears—and even a sponge-cake that in the Domestic Science Class had failed to rise as a respectable sponge cake should. It was great sport, this exchange, for some articles were re-wrapped and swapped many times, and there was a mad scramble to see who could obtain "for keeps" the most ridiculous.

Dancing was enjoyed between times, and punch—no white elephants those!—although it is true the girls did contrive to "get rid" of them in short order.

SUG SEZ.

I hope you all enjoyed Miss Rittenhouse As much as I did. And do you remember What she said About those things She never got? Well, wouldn't A lot of you Like to join me in Asking a Certain Person You know about those— Letters you never get? The candy you never received. The specials that didn't come On Sunday. The flowers that weren't delivered. The ring you never wore On your third finger. And the burning Kiss That your Mother Wouldn't let you receive? I thank you.

Lucy: "Does Bug favor Harold's suit?"
Pearl: "No, she is in love with his uniform."

Ray: "How do you know that you are the first girl that Shorty ever kissed?"

Skeet: "Because he didn't tell me that I was."

Charles (proposing in a taxi): "Say yes, darling."
Sibyl: "Give me time to think."
Charles: "Yes, but good heavens, not in here!"

Marks: "That was a good joke you told me last week. I've been laughing over it all day."
Clairee: "So soon?"

George, in writing a letter home: "Dear Dad: Roses are red, violets are blue. Send me ten dollars, and I'll think of you."

Dad, in answer: "Dear Daughter: Roses are red, carnations are pink. Send you ten dollars, I don't think."



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Lives in English oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And by asking foolish questions
Take up all Miss Ross' time.

LITTLE REMARKS ON IMPORTANT TOPICS.

There's only one W-B. girl we envy, and that's Glad Horner. She left recently for distant parts.

Did we hear some one ask for a longer Easter vacation?

Our mistake!

When—Oh, when!—will people learn enough to stop criticizing that Blossoming literary genius?

Well, we wonder.

Ask Blakey who's name rhymes with "Lamb."

We're still in doubt as to what made Mr. Potjes laugh on the car Saturday night.

However, we hope for the best.

Paid your respects to the new Council yet? Or are you a snob too?

We wonder who the "poor unfortunate" is who broke her seat in chapel. Anyway, here's our sympathy.

Also, why did Mrs. White get the peculiar idea that Blakey's knees should come below the tops of her stockings?

However, two people at least believe in "service to others"—Jessie and Harriette.

Did some one mention morning exercise? C. and A.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

A little dried-up negro boy had become very much attached to his lieutenant. He had been heard to say that he would follow him through France or anywhere else. Our Camp Religious Work Director attended a religious meeting which was being held at the colored barracks. He noticed that Sam was very much interested in the service and asked him if he would like to go to heaven. Sam said: "No, sah, I jes' aims to go 'long wid de lieutenant."—Exchange.

CERTAINLY.

Mary Neal Donoho: "We had some spring lamb for dinner last night."

Mozelle Stapp: "Was it good?"

Mary Neal Donoho: "It was so awfully hard that a knife would not even penetrate the gravy. But then I suppose it must be tough to die so young."

AS USUAL.

Louise Andrews: "Ruth, can you lend me a dollar? I don't get my allowance until next week."

Ruth Johnson: "Sorry, I haven't a cent. I got mine yesterday."

We are sorry the way "a reader" treated Miss Thelma Blossom in the last issue. We wish to say that Miss Blossom informed US that "SHE never has failed in an Exam in her LIFE." Do you comprehend?

TOM, DICK & HARRY.

AN OBVIOUS CLUE.

Ada Mary Swaringer: "Dear me! I've lost two buttons off my dress."

Katherine McMullen: "I expect you'll find them in the dining room."

Musician—Don't you think you are not to sell things in here?

Salesman (gaily)—My mistake. We all make mistakes, you know. That's why they put erasers on pencils!

LITTLE PATRIOT!

All this talk of hyphenated citizenship has evidently had its effect upon a San Francisco youngster, American-born, who recently rebelled fiercely when his Italian father whipped him for some misdemeanor.

"But, Tommaso, your father has a right to whip you when you are bad," some one of the family said.

Tommaso's eyes flashed. "I am a citizen of the United States," he declared. "Do you think I am going to let any foreigner lick me?"—Exchange.

KEEPING UP WITH FATHER.

It was a Pike County woman who indited a note to the teacher concerning the punishment of her young hopeful. The note ran thus:

"Dear Miss —: You rite me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beat him up any time it is necessary to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound nolege into him. I want him to get it and don't pay no attention what his father says—I" handle him."—Exchange.

THE ANATOMY OF SUCCESS.

Get up on your toes.
Put the best foot forward.
Stiffen your backbone.
Throw back your shoulders.
Get abreast of the times.
Hold up your chin.
Keep a stiff upper lip.
Keep your eyes and ears open—
And your mouth shut.
Use your head.
Go ahead.
And get ahead.—Exchange.

STONES FOR CLASS RINGS.

Freshman—Emerald.
Sophomore—Blarney stone.
Junior—Grindstone.
Senior—Tombstone.

Miss Morrison was drilling a gym class and noticed one of the girls in the rear line was somewhat bow-legged.

"Stand at attention."
"I'm at attention."
"You look as if from your knees up you are at attention, but from your knees down you are at parade rest."

WAR OF CONQUEST

Miss Ross—Miss Tucker, do you believe the war was one of conquest?

Bug—Well, I know a lot of girls who got husbands by it.

For the benefit of the few, who through some "deafness" have not heard, we wish to announce that Miss Hazel Bissett passed her music exam. "unanimously"!!!!

TOM, DICK & HARRY.

The latest thing of importance on the campus is Marie G. and Beth H. All we want to know is where they have stowed Eleanor S.?

TOM, DICK & HARRY.

Old Bachelor: "I want you to help me spend my fortune."

Clairee: "Am I not doing so?"

Old B.: "No, I mean forever."

Clairee: "Oh, it won't take me so long as that."

Thelma Blossom: "Do you think a girl should ever propose?"

Ellen Jobson: "I hardly know, dear. Have you tried everything else?"

Miss Mills: "Jack is a close young man, isn't he, dear?"

Marian Hearne: "Why, Miss Mills, how do you know?"

Miss Morrison in gym to Mable Buck: "Mable, boys never turn loose hands!"




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Respectfully,

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ADVICE.
If the jokes are old,
And not worth your "gold,"
Then write some new.
If the jokes please you,
Do your bit and write a few.

WHERE IT ALL GOES IN THE END.

The Hyphen's a great invention.
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money
And the staff gets all the blame.

We editors may
Dig and toil
Till our finger
Tips are sore,
But some poor fool
Is sure to say,
"I've heard that
Joke before."

At the colonial dinner while Vito was playing State songs, a Georgia girl requested that the orchestra play "Marching Through Georgia."

Angelyn: "George, can you eat the rest of this ice cream?"
George: "No; but don't give it away."

Celeste V.—Gladys, I look upon you as a scoundrel.
Gladys H.—You may look upon me in any character you wish to assume.

Mary Hellburn (after finishing reading a letter)—I wonder what's the matter with me? I'm so hot and my face is just burning.
Gladys H.—Don't worry. They say love begins with a fever.


Gladys H. (reading theme)—The dog ate up the man's hat and he stood there wagging his tail.
Please explain to her why everyone laughed so.—Whose tail?

Curious One—And did it not get on your nerves terribly when a Hun plane started up in pursuit?
Aviator—Yeh, made me soar.

Eat and the girls eat with you;
Pay and you pay alone.


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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VII

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1919.

NUMBER 10

PROUD TEXAN TELLS OF DAYS IN THE WEST

I am a Texan and I am proud to say those words! They mean much, for "Texas" spells bigness; broadness, variety, freedom, infinite possibility.

Picture, if you will, a line of bluffs, which, crescent-shaped, embraces a lovely bay. Find a point about midway on the curve, a point commanding the most inspiring view of the contour and ends of the "crescent," and a misty chain of islands out beyond; a point where the breezes sweep is fullest and the water's voice, whether silent or soft or mighty, is always most appealing; where the sun fairies by day and the moon elves by night dance upon the water with a glory that gladdens your soul—here is Corpus Christi, and here I was born.

I was a lucky child. What more could one ask than such a birthplace as mine, and to be the "baby sister" in a family of four girls and four boys? Our home was a happy one, for my mother and father entered into all the fun enthusiastically—like the true sports they were. Naturally I was "petted" by my sisters and brothers and parents, but their love and interest would not allow them to be unreasonably indulgent, and their gladness and influence has followed me through nineteen years of happiness, years far happier because of them.

I think I was born with a passion for reading, but I did not deserve the title of "bookworm," for I loved just as well to play. Accordingly, I combined the delights of the two. Charles and Mary Lamb gave me Shakespeare in a form our juvenile mind could understand and I loved to dash about the garden or the cliffs, a busy Puck on errands for an exacting Oberon. Delicate Sniel was my favorite, and I flew up and down the beach on an imaginary bat's back, "after summer, merrily." I adored history, too, and my dolls, when I considered them at all, were Joans d'Arc, Elizabeth or Pocahontas, though I much preferred to leave the dolls—poor things—tucked in their beds, and play these parts myself.

Sometime in my early childhood I conceived the idea that I was born to be a writer of books, an "authoress," as I confided to mother. I might as well as successfully have aspired to the queenship of England, but I was very happy in my ambition, which endured a number of years.

At any rate I was allowed the freedom of a good library. I read the best of books, wholesome things, for literature that I was later able to read with intelligence and benefit, but which then would have given one a distorted idea of life, was not placed within my reach. I can remember when I was forced to give up the only book that was ever taken away from me. It was "The Three Guardsmen." I well remember the keenness of my grief at being deprived of that story when I had become so entirely thrilled with it.

I was rather a religious little soul. True, I played with the fairies, talked with them, and imagined them doing all manner of things. I would never have admitted that Queen Mab did not bring me all my dreams, but this was all delightful imagination to which I surrendered myself without hesitancy. But, in fact, God was very near to me.

I remember one early Sunday morn-
(Continued on page 8)

RYMAN CONCERT

Mr. Paul Ryman, pupil of Signor de Luca, gave a very successful recital last Monday evening at the Ryman Auditorium. His audience was most enthusiastic, fully appreciating his most creditable numbers and especially the selection from Aida. The work and advancement of Mr. Ryman is due not only to his talent, but to Signor de Luca's exceptional ability as a teacher.

Mr. Rose played several violin numbers in his usual interesting and artistic style.

Those who did not attend the recital missed a most enjoyable evening.

X. L.'S HAVE DELIGHTFUL CARNIVAL

Bab, Dearest: Your "bandit" friend certainly did enjoy the carnival! She looked the conventional "deep-dyed villain" in that black mask, fake whiskers, and smoking pistol (the cap-pistol Miss Hill uses to signal the "water-babies").

My guest was dressed as the demure girl of 1860, very dainty and alluring in her frills and furbelows. Will send you a kodak picture of myself holding up the stage-coach (Ward-Belmont mail wagon!), the demure Lucy alone escaping violence, she having "held-up" my heart after the manner of all "banditlike" episodes.

The carnival was given in the gym, which for once did not call to mind

"Right dress!" "Columb left!" Bab, we actually had a young Mardi Gras. The room was shaded in purple and gold tints, the dear old colors. Balloons, banners, pennants, pillows and ribbons obligingly hid that obnoxious gymnastic apparatus.

Frances and Bess were lovely in dainty "Butterfly" costumes, our "Shirley sisters" wore ballet dresses. Turks, cowboys, sailors, clowns, gypsies, Oriental beauties, a Dolly Varden and other costumes equally attractive made a spectacular scene of gaiety.

Of course we X. L. girls know each other so well scarcely any disguise is sufficient to hide us from each other, but as there were 150 guests, the masquerade idea was, after all, delightful.

To Vito's lively strains we danced the afternoon away until, confetti-covered and exhausted, we stopped for punch, or the delicious salad course.

At last we had the grand march. That seems to be an institution for all entertainments at W.-B. I hope when the dignified seniors have their reception they won't automatically grab their guests' arms and start the old G. M.

Write soon.

"MISS JESSIE JAMES."

VESPER SERVICES

The Vesper services on March 6 were held by the A. K.'s under the leadership of their president, Mary Titus.

The members, dressed in white, met in the studio of Mrs. Forest and marched to the chapel in a body. Florence Bartel opened the services with an organ prelude, which was followed by a most interesting talk by Miss Elizabeth Lawson, Y. W. C. A. field representative, of St. Louis. She told us how class distinctions in France had been broken down by the late war and also gave us a beautiful conception of foreign missions.

The A. K.'s are under many obligations to both Miss Bartel and Miss Lawson for their assistance in the services.

STUDENTS' RECITAL TUESDAY EVENING

On Tuesday evening in the chapel from five to six o'clock will be held another of the student recitals which have proved a source of pleasure to the student-body this year.

The following program will be offered:

March Grotesque Sending
Miss Elizabeth Sherley.
Mon Coeur Soupire Mozart
Miss Mary LaFollette.
Venitienne Barcarolle Godard
Miss Lucile Haggard.
Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal....
O For a Breath of the Moorland...
..... Whelpley
Miss Maurine Looan.

Intermezzo March (from suite)....
..... Rogers
Miss Mary Lillian Merrifield.
Gaily Chant the Summer Birds....
..... Gustary
Miss Evelyn Moore.
Lili Borowski
Adoration Miss
Grand Scherzo Gottschalk
Miss Willie Mae Sparks.
O Mio Fernando (from opera La Favorita)
Mrs. John Wilson.
Valse Caprice Chaminade
Miss Will Allen Byrn.

REPORT FROM Y. W. CONFERENCE

Miss Appleby has returned from the Y. W. conference a stronger and finer woman to lead the girls of Ward-Belmont in their religious life.

All the Y. W. C. A. secretaries of the United States were at this conference and all the big schools were represented there. Miss Appleby reports that there were some wonderfully inspiring talks; most of them were centered around these great questions we have asked ourselves many times.

Do we want to be parasites when we leave this school? Do we want to receive these great blessings and give nothing in return? What one thing can you do best of all so that you may make the world just a little better by your living in it? These are questions you cannot lightly pass by. You are not given blessings and opportunities because you are favored in the sight of God. He is only making your responsibility greater. These are things Miss Appleby has brought to the W.-B. girls from this conference. She has also secured for Ward-Belmont's entertainment a very magnetic French woman, Madame Bernard, who will speak to the student-body very soon.

The Y. W. C. A. calls you, her members, to stop and think seriously what is your vocation, and when this wonderful woman is here take all she has to give.

TWO MORE MONTHS.

School days at Ward-Belmont are nearly o'er,
And we will all be glad when they are no more.

No more tests, troubles, cares or strife,
Now then 'll we'd the gay life—
Of course we like school and have our fun,
But it's best to be free and on the run.

Every day we have teachers, books, lectures and lunch,
Get out in the world, girls, and meet a new bunch.

B. B.

CAN YOU PICTURE—

Girls cutting church now?
Eva without a crush?
Miss Lester not giving aspirin?
Not sleeping all Monday morning?
"Lib" Woods not in a good humor?
Mercedes in South America?
Jeane remembering anything?
Betty without M. M.?
Jamie without her sense of humor?
Johnny without a wire from Bill?
Lucile Witherspoon without something to do?
Stu Council not sending out little slips?

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB IDEALS

"To live pure, speak truth, right the wrong and honor the king. Else wherefore vow?" This is the vow of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, and it embodies the ideals of the Twentieth Century Club. To live pure, to have no unclear thought or deed, to mar our life with our fellowman, to stand for the best and trust in our life at Ward-Belmont and in the future, is a principle dear to the hearts of true womanhood. To speak the truth is a covenant to be made with ourselves, as well as our fellowman. In the days of the Table Round, to right the wrong meant to destroy all evil, make the crooked straight, put down the oppressor and restore justice to the oppressed. For this ideal our boys have spent their blood, and we have spent our money. Righting the wrong has been endeared to us through the past years by the people who have given all to preserve right. To honor the king is to honor our Heavenly King for His goodness to us. The ideal of the Twentieth Century Club is that all our girls may wear the white flower of a blameless life.

WARD-BELMONT CASUALTY LIST

Killed in Action.
Mary Compton (making announcement).
Jama Griffen (kissing H. B. goodnight).
Harriet McClure (feeding "pups").
"Bugs" Tucker (taking to Harold).
Eugenia Blakey (at Student Council).
"Ditty" Mann (seeing "Sandy Bill").
Claire Bonnell (singing).
Irma Aikens (bobbing hair).
Missing in Action.
Emma Lou Wheeler (from infirmity).
A. Acenedo (from seeing Ravion).
Helen Killebrew (from chemistry).
Catherine Davis (from seeing "John").
Myra Rogers (from Heron Hall).
Martha Lynn Buchanan (from orchestra practice).

MADAME D. DEL VERS FAVORED CLUB.

The greatest pleasure was afforded the Del Vers by Miss Ross at two of the recent club meetings. Some stereopticon pictures were very much enjoyed, because Miss Ross linked Paris and all the wonderful places with our boys and the center of interest today. The entertainment almost made us feel that we were truly seeing "gay Paris."

EXPRESSION STUDENTS' RECITALS

On Thursday, February 28, Misses Heidelberg and Fisher gave in the Expression Studio to an interested audience graduate recitals.

Miss Heidelberg chose for her theme, Woman and Her Moods, using readings showing four moods portrayed in Scott's lines:

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou!"
Her poems, lyrics and stories showed careful preparation and appreciation of the value of tone color, conception and dramatic intent.

Miss Fisher gave a dainty two-part play of Hartley Manners called "Just as Well," and gave a clever portrayal of the two lovers who, even in the face of numerous wedding gifts, were not sure they loved each other, but decided to marry, saying it was "Just as Well."

Her characterization was clean-cut and appreciative of sunlit points and her audience was enthusiastic.

On Saturday, March 8, at 6:45, the Expression Department presented Misses Hughes and Compton in costume recitals of plays and stories. Miss Hughes in XVIII Century Virginia. Miss Compton in The Little White Horse.

Interested friends filled the studio, and as the studio holds only 180, those invited came directly from dinner to be sure of a seat.

Miss Hughes was very exquisite in her rendition of Dobson's Vignettes. Her portrayal of the young girl, the gossip and the shrew was true and artistic and showed a knowledge of the spirit of the eighteenth century.

Miss Compton, who has done such fine creative work in such parts as Japon in Beau Brummel and "Grandma" in Neighbors, struck a fine note in her original arrangement from Leif-Edo Hearn's "Japan." Miss Compton's work always shows sympathy and appreciation of her subject.

On Thursday, March 13, at 3:15, Misses Rapp of Indiana, and Grider, of Arizona, gave a program—Types of National Character and Out of a Clear Sky.

The clubs to which Misses Grider and Rapp belong are invited to be the guests of the Expression Class.

On Saturday, March 15, at 3:15, Miss Springer, of Illinois, gives an original arrangement of the popular play, "The Cinderella Man."

Her club and the Senior Middle Class are invited to be the guests.

MUSICAL TREAT

No club meeting of the year has been more enjoyed than that held by the A. K.'s on March 5, in the studio of Mr. Browne-Martin, and the mere mention of his studio means music in its fullest sense.

They were first entertained by a selected program of new Duo Art numbers by such artists as Hoffman and Paderewski, which have not as yet been put on sale.

Then followed several violin and vocal solos by Elman and Caruso on the Victrola, which greatly added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

All of the A. K.'s thoroughly enjoyed the program and the efforts of Mr. Browne-Martin.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Editor-In-Chief
MARGARET GARNER.....Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN.....Expression
LOUISE MARKS.....Art
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HELEN DOUGLAS.....Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

Did it ever occur to you why so many people are neglecting their work, wishing for a change of studies, making hurried visits home and otherwise giving evidence of dissatisfaction? After due deliberation, and an interview with Mrs. Lester, we have found that a serious epidemic of "spring fever"—an exceedingly contagious malady—has entered Ward-Belmont and is becoming more and more dangerous. This epidemic is usually scorned and ridiculed because it is an annual visitor, but it is having such a decided influence upon the entire school that it really should not be ignored.

There is but one remedy for this malady—it is to get interested in something. Spring athletics, tennis, basketball and swimming should serve to prevent that ever-to-be avoided state of ennui, and many classes are changing their courses of study enough to create new interest. But if all methods fail—if you are still irrevocably bored—just try to compose a poem for the Hyphen. This remedy is guaranteed to cure the worst case of spring fever—and incidentally a slight touch of home-sickness—that anyone ever had. If you are skeptical, try it and see!

DISSATISFIED.

If for changes you do pine,
Come to Nashville's variable clime.
You may call it "Sunny South,"
But when you see it you'll close your mouth.

Off there comes a sunny spell
Which makes you want to go pell-mell
Down a good old country road
In a car which has its load
Of laughing boys and maidens sweet,
With its share of things to eat.
And to think of such a spree
Makes you fuss and fume and pout
To know that you cannot get out,
Because you go to W.-B.
But then again the weathers' bad,
With rain and mud just everywhere,
Which makes us just a wee bit sad.
And then we say, "Well, I'll declare!
The rain, the rain, this awful rain!
I do believe I'll go insane!"
For rainy days and a gloomy sky
Just makes one want to cry and cry!"
It's very hard on homesick girls
And also artificial curls.
But the weather we cannot rule,
Be we at home or boarding school.

Frances D.—"You gave me a nasty look."

Ella L.—"You certainly have a nasty look, but I didn't give it to you."

SPRING POEM NO. 1

It is an evil thing to swear, however pained by grief and care. It really doesn't soothe your mind to hand out language unrefined.

When I go jogging o'er the sea and slam my car against a tree, and bust the axles and the wheels, much agony my spirit feels. I drag myself from out the wreck and do not even say, "By heck!" I call to mind the text and rule I learned when at the Sunday school; I comb the splinters from my hair, and merely cry, "Well, I declare!" And that relieves me just as much as though I cussed in Greek and Dutch.

I sometimes find myself astray, the nearest town nine leagues away, no help or refuge on the scene—and I am out of gasoline. My car is stalled there in the road, and far away is my abode. No doubt if you were in such plight you'd swear at everything in sight; you'd cuss the road, you'd cuss your car, and all the landscape near and far, and you would vent your godless spleen upon all kinds of gasoline. But when such things occur to me, my calmness is a sight to see. I think of pious tracts I read, in childhood, ere I went to bed. The moral lessons they conveyed will never in my bosom fade; and so I mop my streaming brow, and gently smile, and say "I swear!"

That soothes me just as much as though with smoking words I voiced my woe.

When summer brings the flies and fleas, the chiggers, ants and pests like these, which bite and sting and drill and bore, and make all human beings sore, the man profane makes frightful fuss; he sits up nights to rave and cuss. You've heard him, in the solemn dusks, *cavort around and gnash his tusks*, consigning all the pests he hates to regions with the red hot gates.

But when the chiggers bite my limbs, I keep on singing cheerful hymns. And when the skeeters and the bees, the bugs, the hornets and the fleas, are driving people to despair, you never hear me rant or swear. I think of truths my pastor sprung, long years ago, when I was young, and with a saintly smile I say, "My goodness, little fleas, go 'way!"

My halo's always on display; drop in and see it some fine day.—Exchange.

Miss Fields—"You're late again, young lady. What excuse have you to offer this time?"

Madylene Underwood—"The slippery pavements, Miss Fields. Every time I took a step I slipped back two."

Miss Fields—"You did, did you? Then how did you ever get here?"

Madylene U.—"I started back home."

NOSEGAY.

Marian Hearne—"Hi, there, Liz, I certainly am glad you are going to stay for dinner. We're going to have tableaux this evening."

Embry—"Yes, I know; I could smell 'em when I first came in."

CORRECT.

Chapel Lecturer—"The man who gives in when he is wrong is a wise man, but he who gives in when he is right is—"

Meek Voice in Audience—"Married."

Margaret O.—"I have a splinter in my finger."
Frances D.—"Been scratching your head?"

If eggs cost ten cents a dozen, what would one be?
Rotten.

MORNING CONCERT

Last Tuesday morning a delightful recital was given in the chapel by a number of the Conservatory pupils, and the program which follows was enjoyed by a large audience.

Romance.....Gleri
Miss Elizabeth Coggins.
I Think.....d'Hardelet
Miss Velma Forgy.
Elfin Serenade.....Widener
Miss Whitfield Morelli.
Ernani Involami.....Oberthur
Miss Marian Hearne.
Barcarolle.....Grodzky
Miss Louise Mendelsohn.
Birds' Song.....Ferrari
The Climbing White Rose.....
Reinhold Herman
Miss Estelle McCuan.
The Mist.....Gaul
Miss Vivian Lane.
In the Starlight.....Huerta
Miss Gladys Griffin.
Robin, Robin, Sing Me a Song....
Spross
Miss Margaret Stoner.
Arabesque.....Schumann
Miss Mary Ashe.
Felice.....Thurlof Licurance
Miss Isobel Dunn.
Valse de Concert.....Frans La Forge
Miss Louise Simpson.

WISE BRIDE.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride, when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice-president of the society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, my dear?"

"Treasurer"—Exchange.

TOO REFINED FOR THAT.

Harriet—"My dog has gone off and left her puppies."

Lola May—"Are they old enough to eat yet?"

Harriet—"No, we don't eat puppies."

SO TO SPEAK.

Florence Mai—"Those are queer scales you have there. I suppose they are of the ambuscade kind?"

Miss Hill—"The ambuscade kind?"

Florence Mai—"Yes, they lie in weight, so to speak."

Speaking of music we all know Jamie and Betty put the harm in harmony.

W. B.
So close, so close the faces drew
The lips had touched before they knew,
And ere they parted in disgrace
She left a stain on the mirror face.—E.E.

Eleanor O.—Does my hair look nice?

Florence McMurray—Say, Eleanor, if conceit was consumption you would have died long ago.

Lola V.—"What's the only well thing in W.-B.?"

Jeane—"What is it?"

Lola V.—"The ink well."

"Lib."—"Let's talk about light subjects for awhile."
Boe-Be—"All right, what about the electric lights?"

Good Girl—"Pray, what lead you wrong, dear?"
Bad Girl—"The lead pencil."

Not a word had Mary said,
But Mary's looks were killing.
Mary's lips were rosy red,
And Mary was quite willing.
—Exchange.



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SUG. SEZ—

OF COURSE boys is
KINDA useful.
BUT we have found that they
ISN'T essential to a
W-B. SHE-DANCE.
THO "Izzie," "Coop" and
SOME more may not lead
QUITE as well as
TICKLE Toe Tom,
SHIMMYING Shorty or
BATTLE Bounce Byron, well
I SAY they mortally step!
OF COURSE if we
WAS INVITED to vote on
"SHALL we have boys at W-B.
DANCES?" I'm not saying
THAT a few (?) of those
MASCAR-eyed, pipe-stem,
SKIRTED, near-vamps
WOULDN'T treacherously
VOTE "Yea," but I feel sure
YOU ALL will agree
THAT at least
ONE
WOULD uphold all our
FINE principles by
CASTING a redeeming
"NAY." If there IS such a
ONE in school, she mxy
CALL at the office for one
of Jessie's pups, with
HARRIET'S
PERMISSION (of course).
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PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Marks are visiting
their daughter Louise.

Verna Henry has as her guest for
a few days her mother.

Imo Arrowsmith has as her guest
for a few days her mother.

Ellen Jobson returned after spend-
ing a few days in Danville, Ill.

Ethel Wallace was at her home in
Hopkinsville, Ky., last week-end.

Amelia Ligon spent the week-end
at her home in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

Sarah Gosselt had as her guests
for a few days her mother and father.

Elizabeth Woods and Betty Capron
spent Monday in town with Miss Hill.

Will Allen Byrn has as her guest
for several weeks her mother, Mrs.
Byrn.

Mildred Cloyd has as her guests
for the week-end her mother and
father.

Christine Price enjoyed a visit to
her home in Bowling Green, Ky., for
a few days.

Martha Baird, Avon Hall and Dab-
ney Terrell spent the week-end with
Katherine Davis.

Elsie Witte, Laura Shanklin and
Norma Herman had dinner at the
Hermitage Monday.

Edna Fisher will leave Friday for
her home in Newport, Tenn., where
she will spend several days.

We are all very sorry to hear that
Marlon Brown has been so ill and we
hope she will be well very soon.

Mabel Buchanan and Mary Buch-
anan spent the week-end at the Her-
mitage with Mabel's mother and
father.

Mrs. Henry took a crowd of girls
riding Sunday: Verna Henry, Lulie
Vaughn Webb, Christine Maxwell and
Beulah Kimbro.

Lorena Rebman and Margaret
Bickley had lunch at the Hermitage

Monday with Mr. Presely Rebman,
Lorena's brother.

Mabel Buchanan entertained the
following girls at the Hermitage Sun-
day: Mary Buchanan, Betty Holmes,
Helen Hyman and Eleanor Steward.

Maude Berger, Katherine Greene,
Katherine Barrett and Virginia Mont-
gomery had lunch with Thelma and
Mrs. Blossom at the Hermitage Mon-
day.

Saturday night the following girls
went to a party at Dr. Neal's: Thelma
Blossom, Ellen Jobson, Mary Louise
Bliss, Lois Hodge and Virginia Mont-
gomery.

Ella Lewis and Ella Cornett have
returned from Louisville, where they
were called because of the severe ill-
ness of the former's brother. We are
glad to hear that her brother is re-
covering quickly from influenza and
pneumonia.

Allene Taylor and Helen Prindell
gave a delightful birthday party for
Jeanette Witmer Tuesday evening.

The following were the guests: Flor-
ence Mai, Jeanne Cooper, Mildred
Affleck, Lola Vinson and Rachel Mc-
Gill.

A delightful dinner party was given
for Mrs. Henry Thursday evening.

The following were present: Verna
Henry, Louise Lucas, Mary Compton,
Katherine Barrett, Dot Moser, Lulie
Vaughn Webb, Christine Maxwell,
Helen Ammerman and Beulah Kim-
bro.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A small
black and white dog. One of the
Ward-Belmont seven pups. Answers
to the name of "Heron." Reward for
any information concerning his where-
abouts. Please notify its owner, Har-
riet McClure.

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BARN DANCE.

"Wal, Si, did ye ever see sich shuf-
fin' of feet as took place in Zeke
Heron's barn on Saturday night? I
done forgot ye couldn't go, could ye,
and ye shore missed the time of your
old life. I've seed clogs and I've seed
square dances and reels, but I ain't
never saw none that could come a
durned sight near those!" An' all the
old folks looked so spry, too. I was
right sprised to see Jeb Fisher thar;
he's been sufferin' right smart with
the rheumatism lately. Oh, yes, he
went, though. Yer couldn't keep him
away with a train of mules and he
capered around like he never had
heard the word rheumatism.

"Isaac Compton an' Mis' Cary Ross
(the new school marm, ye know)
shore made a sprightly couple. Lor',
Mis' Cary was dressed fit to make an
old fellow like me sit up an' take
notice; I ain't never seed her look so
good."

"You wanted to know what we folks
did, though, didn't ye, Si? First we
had the grand march, same as usual,
with Jeb and his purty little daughter
Margaret leading. When all the com-
pany got spread out that-a-way it
shore was a sight fer sore eyes. Tor-
rectly after Heza Rapp gave out the
prizes fer the best-lookin' people on
the floor and he shore did it in a what-
you might call a downright dignified
manner."

"Then for a while the orchestra,
with Pa Vito leading, gave us some
cheerful tunes and everybody cavorted
around as they pleased. But I ain't
yet told you the grand surprise of
the even'! Zeke, Lor', bless you, had
got some of them city chops to give
us a stunt; them what they calls vol-
lidge singers, ye know. They was
perdy good, but between you and me,
Si, them city 'singers' weren't no fol-
lows. Why one of 'em even tickled Sis Hop-
kins under the chin!"

"Wal, the even' hours were away in
this wise all about about half after
nine, the party broke up an' every-
body went hum sayin' that they hadn't
had sich a good time in many a blue
moon."

IN HISTORY CLASS.

Miss Rhean—"Miss Fulliville, will
you tell us something about the Battle
of Trafalgar?"

Evelyn—"Well—er—all I know
about it is that Trafalgar was killed."

A NEW IDEA.

Miss Ferry—"What is the connect-
ing link between the animal and vege-
table kingdoms?"

Elizabeth Coyle—"Hash!"

"I have been to a funeral."

"Who is dead?"

"I don't know; just went for the
ride."

"They say rain makes everything
beautiful."

"You must be from a very dry
state."

Annie Greyson—"Oh, Ethel, did he
say anything dove-like about me last
night?"

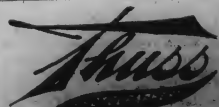
Ethel—"Yes, he said you were
pigeon-toed."

Co-Ed—"I saw Gertie getting into
her Chalmers."

Private—"what are Chalmers?"—
Exchange.

She—How's the world treating
you?

He—Not very much.



**PROUD TEXAN TELLS OF DAYS
IN THE WEST.**

(Continued from page 1.)

ing I lay awake on the sleeping porch listening to a mocking bird whose song came up with the rising sun. I could see him perched upon a fence post on the edge of our lawn, his head stretched toward the sky. The song was one of gratitude, promise, love. A few hours later I sat in church listening to a man's message. He, too, told of gratitude, promise, love. I compared the minister with his formal pulpit, his stilled words, with my little bird of the early morning, which, with a post, for a pulpit and a song for a sermon, had given me far more of God than had the man. The bird, I knew, had flown straight so have I always felt God most deeply in the closeness and silent music from Heaven with his message. And of the stars, the depth or the lap of the water, the sea-wind that enfolds and caresses, the sunshine and flowers and birds that awaken a song in my heart. I have known that wherever there is beauty there is God, and beauty is everywhere. This is my religion.

Intervened with memories of my play, and the realization and development of the spiritual within me, are the dear, dear recollections of school days. My grammar school days were just—grammar school days, but my high school life was full of interest in work and pleasure, and all the best experiences that come to a girl in her early teens.

While a sophomore I was seized with my first love—I laugh as I read over a paragraph from my diary, written in April, 1915: "I am only fifteen, but I am years older than that in my thoughts and feelings. What can they know of a young girl's love? Some girls are frivolous and don't know their own mind at fifteen and later. But, though they think I am like that, I know my own mind and know my love is real. If they try to make us part, of course maybe they can exert temporary authority, but that is small beside the power of real love—that will endure forever and time will show them their mistake when we proclaim to the world that ours are kindred souls!" This affair—the first and last of its kind—was of short duration, for my sisters soon gave me the benefit of their superior knowledge regarding such matters, while my brothers made the thing ridiculous in my sight. Besides, I was not naturally sentimental, and the inconvenience and responsibility of love were too great for me to bear long. Since then I have escaped any very serious complications of like nature.

It could hardly be said that I was inclined to overwork in high school, but I seldom had cause to be ashamed of what I accomplished. And there was yet time for other things—those which should brighten and broaden and balance a girl's life. I took keen interest in the dramatic club, literary societies, glee clubs. I contributed often should for school publications. I never missed a football game nor a dancing club affair, while I would have given up my life before I'd have forfeited the privilege of playing in a basketball match. My chief delight lay in amateur theatricals. I loved an audience, a make-up, a striking costume, the rush and excitement of the performance. I gloried in applause and flowers from loyal friends. Nothing ever disconcerted me on the stage—Snow White, Puck, the Good Fairy, the Lady of Lyons—I did them all, and many others. And it was not unnatural that my second great ambition was to become an actress. I saw my name in electric lights, I dreamed of purifying and raising the standard of the modern stage. *Prig*: do not smile—or, at least, before you do, show me a girl

who has not at some time entertained such visions as mine.

After my graduation from high school I spent a gloriously happy summer, but as the season drew to its close I became very busy with various sorts of war work. In the fall I decided, for many reasons, not to go away to school, and I labored more earnestly for Uncle Sam.

While visiting in a small but progressive up-to-date little town, I staged a "Society Vaudeville," modeled after one I had had a hand in at home. I had the co-operation of the officers of the regiment stationed in the place, the Colonel lent his regimental orchestra and any talented individuals in his organization, therefore the thing was a huge success. I recall my gratification when one captain whose approval I particularly appreciated, congratulated me with, "Why, 'Lanna, I honestly thought I was at the Hippodrome!" We took the "troupe" to neighboring towns and army posts, and with the profits realized put the local Red Cross organization "on its feet."

The winter and summer that followed were very full of work and play. My time I gave up to Uncle Sam, but he seemed to require that a good deal of it be spent in entertaining the boys in khaki, accordingly, besides less enjoyable pursuits, there were horseback rides, wonderful military dinners and dances, boating, swimming and the thrill of my first ride in an aeroplane, while I visited a great deal in various Texas cities and army posts and spent much of my time with house parties on ranches—all the time trying to show the army of Northern, Southern, Western and Eastern men in Texas what a great place Texas is.

The direct and personal influences of the war upon me, and the forces that I felt during those stressful times would fill a volume, but here let me make mention of a few of the changes that were made in my life during later 1917 and the most of 1918.

What Southern girl was not broadened by the association with so many men that "hailed" from all parts of this broad country of ours? There were many that were entirely different from the people we were accustomed to seeing every day, and though we had met every type before, we had never until now had the opportunity to know them so well, we could never otherwise have reached them so entirely. Why, we had all the United States at our doors! So it was that, just as to the man in the army were revealed many things that, before, he had not known in his brother, we, too, were benefited and broadened by, if not the same, an equally enlightening association.

Then there was the lesson of sacrifice—a part of my education that had heretofore been neglected. I learned to sacrifice my food, clothes, time, strength, my whole self, for the great cause, when customs and habits of a lifetime were given up.

(To be concluded next week.)

Ah! he kissed me—what a shame! And such a kiss with a whim. But, after all, I'm not to blame. He took the kiss! I do like men.

"How would you tell a chicken's age?"

"By the teeth."

"A chicken hasn't any teeth."

"No, but I have."

If you're older than your yore,

Forget it!

If you're rooming with a bore,

Forget it!

LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR.
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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1919.

NUMBER 11

MADAME BERNARD'S LECTURES

Ward-Belmont was highly honored last week by a series of talks by Madame Bernard, a French novelist, who is lecturing in this country in behalf of the war fund. Her first talk, given Saturday afternoon, was on "France and the World of Today." Her inspiring personality and her mastery of the English language kept the close attention of her audience, who were well rewarded, for from her rich store of experiences, she told us realistic stories which made us wish that we, too, were war workers in France. But, underlying all, there was a note of seriousness when she gave us a graphic account of the suffering which France has so nobly endured, not only in the present war, but also in the Franco-Prussian war of 1871. When her talk was finished about France than we had previously known, and above all, we appreciated, has never before, the part which France and Belgium played in stopping the onslaught of the Huns early in the war.

Her next lecture was given at Bible Class Sunday morning on "Christ in You." In this talk she presented to us the truth that Christ's agent within us is our conscience, and emphasized that the good in us is buried in the dark ground, which must be brought to the surface, by triumphing over all opposing forces. The last lecture of the series was given at the church hour Sunday morning, on "The New Consciousness of God." The theme was the new awakening of the world to spiritual matters, likened by Madame Bernard to "rays of light, breaking across the horizon." This deeper realization is in all probability the result of the war, which has created new ideals for every nation of the world.

At 2:30 Sunday afternoon Madame Bernard held an informal reception in the Y. W. C. A. room, which enabled many of the girls to become acquainted with her. Her lectures were enjoyed and appreciated by the entire household, and Ward-Belmont would gladly welcome another visit in the future.

"ACE OF ACES" INTERESTING

Friday night the Ward-Belmont girls assembled in the Ryman Auditorium to hear Col. Bishop of the Canadian air force speak. Col. Bishop is the recipient of many military honors, among them being the French and English crosses of war. He is also the world's greatest ace. Col. Bishop showed us pictures of daring fights in the air and told us many interesting stories concerning his experiences in France.

We all enjoyed it exceedingly and hope that some day we may have the opportunity of hearing Col. Bishop again.

ABOUT THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

It is much regretted that the Tennis Tournament has had to be put off, but on account of the bad weather lately this was made necessary. The tournament will be held, however, at the very earliest opportunity, the exact date to be announced later on.

CALIFORNIA CLUB ORGANIZED.

Those California girls are far from home, but they are strong on organization, and though few in numbers, they will be heard from as a state club before the year is over. Last week they met and organized the California Club with Miss Koelker as sponsor and Frances Smith President, Evelyn Dodson Vice-President and Lois Rockhold Secretary and Treasurer.

SUCCESSFUL A. K. DANCE

Probably the most successful dance of this school year was given by the A. K. Saturday evening, March 8. The dance was held in the gym, which was prettily decorated with green and white crepe paper draped about the lights, large A. K. banners and comfortable seats and benches covered with blankets and pillows. Vito's orchestra stationed in one corner furnished the music, which every one enjoyed, while John served punch near by.

At 8:30 the girls formed four abreast for a short march. At one end of the gym they were each given a sparkler, then marched to the opposite end and given a light from candles which Mrs. Forrest, club sponsor, and Janna Sharp were holding. Then the candles danced away. This "Sparkler Dance" certainly was a great attraction, for with an electric lights turned off the sparkling light was beautiful.

During the next dance bags of confetti and rolls of serpentine were passed out. As always the confetti "pepped up" the party and the jolly spirit prevailed till the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard.

THE FINAL MEET

The final swimming meet takes place next Monday, the 24th, with the Regulars and Panthers competing for the school cup. This meet is a most important one; how important you probably do not know. The Panthers having won the cup for two successive years, become its owners if they again win it. While the Regulars, if they win, get a good start for it, besides keeping it away from the Panthers.

The meet will be held in the afternoon just after lunch, at 2:30 sharp. Those entering for the Regulars are: Margaret Gaines, June Fisher, Winnie Jenkins, Betty Capron, Margaret Morrison and Ruby Page. The Panthers entering are: Ann Hamilton, Anita Lincoln, Ruth Gray, Sophia Williams, Corinne Garrett, Irma Aikens and Margaret Taylor.

MARGUERITE CLARK AT W.B.

The faithful "fans" who attended the movie last Saturday evening were well rewarded by seeing ever-popular Marguerite Clark play "Lovey Mary" in the screen arrangement of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Despite the many jerks and interruptions for a movie would not be a movie at Ward-Belmont if the film didn't mysteriously break off at the most thrilling moments—until the traditional Ward-Belmont sign marked the ending of the picture. But there was also a slight murmur of disappointment, for there were decided indications that the last of the picture had been "cut"—and we can but wonder what the censored ending must have been!

MARION BROWN

No saying is truer than "Death loves a shining mark," and not one of us was prepared for the shock that came last Friday when the sweet spirit of Marion Brown went home to its maker. We had all missed her from her accustomed place and we knew that she was very ill, but who believed that she would be taken from our midst?

In the two years that she had spent with us she had won a place of high standing, both with the faculty and student body, and she would have finished her education this spring with a general diploma and certificates in Domestic Science and Home Economics. Her tasks for the graduation year were heavy and her schedule was a difficult one, but nobody ever heard Marion Brown complain, and she went about her work with a smile that helped others over the rough places of college life. Lovableness was just the word to best describe her and her influence will long be felt at Ward-Belmont.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Brown, and her brother and sister were with her when the end came and they accompanied her remains to their home at Pappillon, Neb. She was on the Honor Committee of the school and was Vice President of the X. L. Club.

All school duties were suspended for the day and simple but beautiful services were held in the chapel at five o'clock, after which the remains were taken to her home in Nebraska for interment.

IN MEMORIAM.

She went and left us,
That charming lass.
Having only friends, no foes,
She went up to the great beyond
Where every good soul goes.

Ah, yes, she was happy,
That little lass,
With us whom she called "friend,"
But now she must be happier still,
With her suffering at an end.

She would not have us mourn for her,
Our charming little friend,
For she, up in that great beyond,
With all her troubles at an end
Is happy, ah! yes, she must be happy.

Y. M. C. A. TEA.

Monday the girls were given an opportunity to go down town to a tea, given by the Y. W. C. A. Those who went praised their good judgment and those who stayed at home regretted their indiscretion. Vanderbilt, Peabody, the girls "prep" school and Ward-Belmont were represented there. This gave us a chance to become acquainted with students of other schools. Each school presented a stunt. The girls' "prep" school presented a burlesque tragedy of "The Merchant of Venice," which was very clever, indeed. Peabody presented a beautiful fancy dance, Vanderbilt a little play and Ward-Belmont gave a grand opera, in which Miss Elizabeth Lane sung the tenor (yes, in Italian!) Miss Helen Douglas sang bass (in Chinese, we think), and Miss Nez Norris, the prima donna, took the soprano part. At the close of the afternoon delicious chocolate ice cream and kisses (merely egg kisses, don't be alarmed!) were served.

DEL VERS ENJOY A TRIP.

The Del Vers had a wonderful picnic on the sands of Miss Clements room beside a sea of red ink amid much splashing and sunburn.

Each girl brought a share of the dinner and when it was spread under the moonlight it looked as though a Piggly-Wiggly store had moved in and opened up for business. And when it was all over it seemed that the store had moved away. Dancing was also indulged in and the evening passed away rapidly.

MEETING OF OSIRON CLUB

Wednesday evening, March 12, at the meeting of the Osiron Club they had the pleasure of hearing an inspiring talk by Miss Goodwin of Nashville. She told them of the pathetic conditions of the orphan children of France and she spoke of the privilege that had been conferred upon the American people by having the opportunity of adopting an orphan.

The regular program of the evening was in charge of the Misses Elsie Hall and Louise Mason. They had arranged an entertainment in the form of a district school with Miss Addie Hughes as teacher. A number of girls who came dressed as children represented the pupils and the remaining girls played the parts of the

parents. The following program was furnished by the bright children.

Blossoms on the Trees—Sammy and Susie Perkins.

"Fishes in the Brook"—Mary Jane Jones.

Essay on Girls—Ezra Hopkins.

Vocal solo—Percival Roberts.

A spelling match concluded the program, which was greatly enjoyed by everybody.

EXPRESSION CERTIFICATE CLASS

The activities of the Senior Class in no way hide those of the Certificate Class, who are now recording three hours weekly practicing on technique. They have begun their plays for a recital soon and will give several one-act numbers, including "In the Name of Charity," an English comedy of playboys by Jones, "The Maker of Dreams," a lyric play, and "Petticoat Perfidy," a society sketch.

The first year students for interest and real digging for roots of voice and pantomime are not to be surpassed. They have had recitals in the studio on forms of literature and there is much fine material in the first year class, if one is to judge by their work and interest in the subject.

ATTENTION!

All Regulars and Panthers who play basketball!

The try-outs for the teams are now going on. The Panthers meet for practice on Tuesdays and Fridays at 3:45 and the Regulars on Wednesdays and Saturdays at the same time. If you have not come out for these, you are urged to do so before it is too late.

Both clubs need all good players, so be sure and show your club and school spirit by coming out for practice the very next time and giving an idea of what you can do.

PENTA TAU CLUB IDEALS

The ideals of the Penta Tau Club are embodied in the very name itself, for Tau stands for the club motto—think, act and use. First, to think, and how many different things this one word implies! It means that we must use our minds in the wisest and best way, broadening them at every opportunity, until we can look back at what we were a year ago and say, "How far I have come from where I then stood!" There are thoughts for other people, too; thoughts for their happiness, for to live well in a community it is necessary to think of the happiness of others. Second, to act, and by this is meant, not only to have the desire to do noble things, but to have the force and the power to let action speak for itself. It means that we must not stop with intending to be kind, or intending to do something for some one else. It means that we must go forward and with "eyes front," do the thing we know to be right. Third, to use, and this may mean any number of things. For us, it says to use our personality in the best way, and to use our strength and our power in upholding the ideals of Ward-Belmont. It means to use our talents and graces so that other people may enjoy our training, and feel a delight in the art for which we have worked. And so the ideals of the Penta Tau Club are found in those three short words—think, act and use. Perhaps there is a proof that these girls are looking toward their ideal in that, a few days ago, a large number adopted a French baby for a year. Other French orphans were adopted by groups of the girls, and as god-mothers of these fatherless children of France one of the highest ideals of the club is carried on. A tiny little word, Tau, yet the meaning underneath it all is as big as the world itself when one looks deep into the ideals of think, act and use.

MUSIC—"IN LIGHTER VEIN"

The last meeting of the Twentieth Century Club was under the auspices of the music group. Hazel Bassett, leader; Ruth Driver, Margaret Walls, Dorothy Whitehead, Pauline Wisk. A very unique program was offered.

1. "The Latest Musical Hits," Addie Hughes, Osiron Club.
2. "The Sunshine Sisters," June Fisher & Co., Tri-K. Club.
3. Popular People Play Popular Pieces, Sarah Betterton (Tri-K), Elizabeth Baker (Osiron).
4. The modern "Light Fantastic," Majorie Cooper, Hazel Bissett (Twentieth Century).
5. A Little R. T., Louise Simpson (day student).

After the program was ended the whole club was invited to partake in a very informal dance.

It is needless to say how much the girls enjoyed themselves and we look forward to programs of this sort more often.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE.

- 1. Blakely in "Tears."
- Barbara Davis and Beth Holmes with a little "Pep."
- Erma Alken "Warmly Smoother."
- Zulia Jones "Dancing Gladly."
- Q. T.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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 MARGARET GARNER...Asst. Editor
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 LOUISE MARKS...Art
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 HELEN DOUGLAS...Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

"BE A SPORT."

Spring is the time of the year in which to prove your "pep." There are several ways of proving it—tennis, basketball, baseball or swimming. Don't get the idea that you have to be an expert tennis player in order to enter the tournament,—"crack" or "some oval" and "F's." Basketball player to try out for the team or a champion swimmer to boost the meet. Far from it. Authorities admit that the best athlete is not the person who does one thing and excels in that, but the person who goes in for all branches of athletics. You are doing your cub a great deal more good if you play basketball, tennis and go in for swimming than if you specialize in only one line. Come on out! Show your "pep" and good sportsmanship.

SPRING IS HERE!

Spring has come. I am sure of it. Now were "C. and A." I would write some beautiful fantasy in free verse on spring (I believe "C. and A." are some unusual geniuses in the gentle art of the free verse which Miss Rittenhouse spoke of), but I am decidedly not "C. and A." (don't lay the blame of this at their door), so I cannot expound free verse for if I tried it would be as Miss Rittenhouse said, only differing from prose in the length of the lines. I do not base my groundings on such unstable things as soundhogs, neither do I say it because the grass is getting green, the birds are twittering, the hyacinths springing up or even because of the appearance of spring hats, for I have seen that spring hats are in no sense heralds of spring, but I still maintain spring is here—I have counted dozens of girls ordering lavender Hoffer suits with purple ties.

HE KNEW IT ALL.

Officer—Who taught you how to present arms?

Private—Nobody; I always knowed how.

Officer—Where's the balance of your rifle?

Private—This is all they gave me, sir.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

The Senior Expression Class, composed of Misses M. Compton, Fisher, Grider, Heidleberg, Hughes, Lucas, Meeds, F. Montgomery, Overman, Rapp and Springer, next out invitations to their recitals through an artistic program in folder form containing all the senior programs which are varied and interesting.

On Saturday evening Misses Hughes and Compton gave recitals of interest. Thursday, March 13, Miss Gladys Grider of Arizona gave a beautiful interpretation of Miss Davie's book, "Out of a Clear Sky." There was charm, simplicity, sweetness and understanding of the human heart in her interpretation and one will long remember her portrayal of Celeste the young Belgian countess and "That Meester Bob Lawrence." Miss Grider was happy in both her choice and representation.

Miss Louise Rapp of Indiana gave a program of national types. The stage in the artistic studio was decorated with the Allied flags. Miss Rapp showed great histrionic ability in the skillful handling of the Italian, French and Irish types. Gesture and attitude, tone and modulation were clear cut and true and her spontaneity was delightful. There is a future for her if she follows the hard, upward path of artistic study.

On Saturday, March 15, at 3:15 the studio was again a-light with flowers and youth to hear Miss Charlotte Springer of Illinois give that delicate lyric of youth and love "The Cinderella Man." From beginning to end Miss Springer handled her characters with a sure hand. Her imagination was supported by her own instinct for portraying the characters ideally. She recognized her characters' needs and penetrated to the heart of youth and her recital was both artistic and pleasing.

On Thursday at 3:15, March 20, Miss Charlotte Marie Meeds will give a program, "That Which Is France," and on Saturday 22nd Miss Lucas will give "Life's Scales, Major and Minor." Any interested friends are invited.

HERE AND THERE.

Cherie Madeline.

This naughty girl of the U. S.

To me is "tout fini."

You take her place with me, I guess,

"Ma fiancée, compri?"

Perhaps it is this 'ah oui' of thine

I fall for 'cause it's new,

But if you "compri" my "frog" line

"Ah chérie, elle est vous."

Dear Mary.

This oui-oui girl of sunny France

To me is quite a "dud."

She neither knocks me with her

glance

Nor holds me like her mud.

Perhaps-it's just this oui-oui stuff

I'm not accustomed to,

But if you really call my bluff,

It isn't oui—it's you.

—Plane Neus, France.

ODE TO CHEMISTRY.

An hour of constant craining toward

the clock;

A period of an attempt of intelligent

expressions;

Moments of befuddled searching of

the brain;

An hour that seems like two.

Education! Chemistry!

What could be sweeter?

Ethel Wallace—My nose shines;

give me some powder!"

"Beds" Lane—"Well, you have to

shine some place."

Miss Smith (calling roll and getting

no answer)—Is she ill?

M. Sue—No; she's sick.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

Monday afternoon W. B. enjoyed seeing "Come Out of the Kitchen," a Southern play of four children of an aristocratic Southern family under reversed conditions financially. The story is worked out by showing the we all felt that we had learned more novel plan of Olivia Dangerfield, the eldest daughter. The way in which the novelty wears off and the manner in which these young Dangerfields adapt themselves to circumstances kept the audience in a pleased tension. Olivia's idea was to rent their old homestead and have the young Dangerfields as servants, with her as Jane Ellen, the cook. Her plan proved most interesting when the renter turned out to be a young Yankee lawyer, Mr. Crane, whose taste was developed so that he found the kitchen the most delightful place of the homestead. The plan would have been perfectly satisfactory if the new staff of servants had proved competent, but an elderly guest of Mr. Crane found herself so insulted that a final dismissal of three of the Dangerfields, and her departure resulted.

This dismissal brought about Mr. Crane's statement to Jane Ellen, cook, of his intention to break the lease. Since the attaining of the rent money was essential for payment of the father of the Dangerfields, Jane Ellen consented to take charge of entire work. During a dinner of Mr. Crane and his three gentlemen guests a discussion took place concerning Miss Olivia Dangerfield. Not thinking, when the name "Olivia" was spoken, Jane Ellen answered "yes." This confirmed Mr. Crane's suspicions concerning her identity, and after the guests left, the play ended as we expected.

However, the usual ending was made keenly interesting to the last minute by the adorable characterization of Olivia alias Jane Ellen. The cast was unusually good. It may be interesting to know that Miss Clarke is an Atlanta girl who went to school with Miss Stephenson of the English Department here. (She is Kappa Alpha Theta and was entertained by that chapter in Nashville while here.)

"COME ON IN."

There are wonderful things in this world to see;

And one of these things is W-B.

Now, why it is thus, we must confess,

Is a question too far beyond our guess.

It may be the teachers; it may be the

girls;

It may be the standards Ward-Belmont unfurls;

But whatever the answer, we think, as a rule,

You'll find that it's simply a great old school.

I. WOODBE.

TRAGEDY.

Scene—Anywhere on the campus.

Enter a pale girl waving a letter in one hand, "Ah, woe is me; woe is me!"

Squirrel—Lost something?

Pale Nut—I have just undergone a most annoying operation.

Squirrel—What was it?

Pale Nut—I had my allowance cut off.

Ada Stephens—"It is a wonder the government don't draft all the carpenters and make aviators out of 'em."

Mary Ellen—"But why would carpenters make good aviators?"

Ada S.—"Because they know how to use a plane."

Bedo L.—Sophia, that girl certainly has got long eyelashes.

Sophia W.—Well, they tell me she platts them when she chews gum.

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PROUD TEXAN TELLS OF DAYS IN THE WEST

(CONCLUSION.)

I do not think it had ever before occurred to the average American girl to be extremely patriotic. But when the need came we were all willing to meet it, each one doing what occasion demanded. But when four brothers all volunteered to don the khaki I felt nothing I could do was too much. The four service flags that fluttered from the hood of my car would have been inspiration enough for anyone. My dearest desire was to become a nurse, though I was not quite old enough to enter training. However, there were many excellent reasons why this would have been unwise. I knew I could be of more service at home, where, without doubt, I was needed. Accordingly, I gave up this third great ambition. About this time the editor of the "leading daily" in Corpus Christi asked me to take a position with his paper to fill the place of a young man who had gone to join the colors. After a few hours of rather ardent reasoning with my fam-

ily, during which they were finally convinced that the work would not hurt me, and that it was "the patriotic thing to do," I accepted the editor's offer. My work was decidedly varied, ranging from "Society" to writing "ads." Full of pride because I was the possessor of a desk and telephone all my own, I was soon seized by the "bug of journalism"—I determined to become a newspaper woman. My employer (an old friend of the family, whom I called "John W" with utter freedom) was most encouraging, and I believe I was succeeding fairly, when a need came for my services that drove all that of "newspaper" from my head. I gave the kind editor not an hour's notice, but immediately gave up my work in a most "ladylike," unbusinesslike manner.

For to this most urgent call, what could I do, but say "yes?" Boys in army camps dying of pneumonia and influenza; no one to give them so much as a glass of water." I thought of my brothers—all other girl's brothers—with many more that were dear to me, facing death every day in the trenches, in the air, and in hospitals where other men's sisters were caring for them. What was a small sacrifice and risk like mine would be? What was my too fearful mother's "no," intensely though I loved and respected her? I could not be a slacker. I went, of course. It was terrible to watch men die—and I had never before seen anyone really ill; never been inside a hospital, never looked upon the face of the dead. It was hard when the head nurse said, "Miss Born, number 23 is dying. Remain with him and give him water with a spoon until he goes!" And I was very young, and had never seen any but the happy side of life—that that night I watched six soldier boys "go west." I cannot dwell upon this experience, for it, too, would make a long—and sad—story.

However, I will not ignore the fact that I learned much of life in two weeks that I had never known before. I lived years in one of those long night watches. I saw, for the first time, real sorrow, made genuine sacrifices, struggled for self-control as I had never had to struggle before; summoned strength that I never knew I possessed; prayed with more earnestness than I had ever felt in all my previous life. I saw God and eternity in a new, a bigger, a far more compelling light.

This was in October, 1918. The months that followed flew by, bringing scores of blessings; greatest among them, of course, the end of the war, with the assurance that hopes and dreams that had been fraught with uncertainty were now realized.

Now, after some travel, a great deal of fun, and a case of "flu," that nearly upset my plans entirely, I find myself in Ward-Belmont, very busy and quite happy! I am aware that I am being benefitted, prepared for the future, by the work, the associations, the refining atmosphere and environment here.

But at this time of my life, is there not some definite ambition to dominate, to rule me as there has been heretofore? No, for I realize that those mad desires were mere outgrowths of the thoughts that absorbed me most at various times, and though I was sincere in them all, I no longer meant to be, I was never intended to be any of those great things that I dreamed of being. So here I am this twentieth day of February, 1919, with most of life yet beyond me. "And no shall to strive for," you say. Ah, but yes, for through it all, the changes of mind, the indecisions and uncertainties of my little nineteen years I have maintained the same ideas, the same ideals of life. I will be able, if ever it is necessary, to support myself financially, and by a

work that will not be altogether selfish, but a service to others, as well as a joy to me. But I do not dream of a brilliant career, a name and fame. For there are so many "every day" people and so few really great. The world needs both. Therefore, my ideal is—I tell you, for this is "my life," and without ideals, all life is dead—my ideal is to be a woman—a real woman—with breadth, strength, an open mind, a good influence, versatility and a vitality of body, mind and spirit. I shall strive to make my life complete with happiness, service, love and an ever increasing, ever strengthening faith in God and man.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO DIS- POSE OF.

Margaret Stoner's "Plaid Skirt"
Ruth Council's "Conceit."
Margaret Morrison's "Sensible Shoes."
Hazel Bisset's "Ecgotistical Line."
Eleanor Stewart's "Baby Talk."
Abigail Turner's "Innocence."
Q. T.

ANATOMY.

We're studying anatomy, we say,
And we'll know all about you some day.
We read about muscles, bones and such,
No wonder we know so very much.
We name each part and place each one,
And we'll be glad when this subject is done.
B. C.

TO THE LETTER!

Said A 2 B
I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J
Said B 2 A
U'r mind I C
Shows signs of slight D K.

Mr. Johnson (in Spanish)—Talking about talking, I've been talking about talking and teaching about talking for ten years.

Mr. Johnson—Please don't forget to remember what the lesson is for Thursday.

Florrie McMurray—What country has the shortest year?
Mildred Chambliss—I don't know.
Florrie McMurray—Italy; every time you turn around you see a "Day-go!"

HIS PROPOSAL.

She—Kisses are intoxicating.
He—Let's get soured.

C. Sledge—Lois can't speak; she has lost her voice.
M. Cloyd—Where did she lose it?

Lucille—Got a minute to spare?
Bugs—Yeah, why?
Lucille—Tell me all you know.

Josephine—What was that noise?
Louise—Just some one falling asleep.

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Prettier Flowers

than those from JOY'S
NOT-NOW

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A FINANCIAL CATASTROPHE.

I had ten dollars the other day,
The photographer came and took one
away.
When I had my photograph taken fine,
I looked in my purse and found there
were nine.
I had nine only left then, you see
But down at the tea room I had to be.
I went in and ate and ate—and ate;
I came outside and then there were
eight.
There, (at "Piggly-Wiggly") I
thought I was in heaven,
But in my "counting-house" that
night I found but seven.
The next day, my books were in an
awful fix,
So I spent some at the book-room and
then there were six.
Six little dollars, alone, did survive.
I took one down to George's, and then
there were five.
Five old "bones" seemed an awful
bore,
I spent one on the "Cosmo"—"Vogue,"
and then there were four.
Four times twenty nickels were a lot
to me,
So I took one to Decker's—and then
there were three.
Three big, round dollars still—so, just
for fun,
I spent them on "Incidentals" (?)—
and then there were none.
None left to tell the tale—gone and
'twas too late;
I took an aspirin or two and tried to
concentrate!

The kindergarten had been studying
the wind all week—its powers, effects,
etc.—until the subject had been pretty
well exhausted. To stimulate interest,
the kindergarten said, in her
most enthusiastic manner:
"Choo, choo, choo, come to school to-
day in the trolley car, and the door
opened and something came softly in and
kissed me on the cheek. What do
you think it was?"
And the children joyfully answered,
"The conductor!"—Harper's Magazine.

WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE IT GAS?

One hears a great deal about the
absent-minded professor, but it would
be hard to find one more absent-minded
than the dentist, who said soothingly,
as he applied a tool to his auto-
mobile, under which he lay: "Now,
this is going to hurt just a little."—
Atlanta Journal.

Some people are like the little grey
mouse, who, after lapping up the re-
mains of an upset whiskey bottle, sat
up on a box and squeaked:
"Come on, you old boob of a cat!"

Her Little Plan—"I see you a good
deal with young Flubbub."
"Yes, auntie."
"I hope you are not going to marry
a spendthrift."
"Oh, no. I don't think I'll marry
him. But it's nice going around with
one."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A teacher asked her class the difference
between "results" and "consequences."
A bright girl replies: "Re-
sults are what you expect and conse-
quences are what you get."—Argo-
naut.

"I studied painting abroad," said the
artist, with conscious pride.
"That explains it," said his rustic
critic. "I knew I had never seen a
cow like that in this country."

Ladies' Fine Garments
Armstrong's
210 FIFTH AVENUE N.

PERSONALS

Katherine Garrett's mother is visit-
ing her for a few days.
Esther Graves entertained Miss
Leslie McCarthy Sunday.
Elizabeth Salter left for Danville,
Ky., where she will spend a few days.
Miss Ferry's mother from Louis-
ville, Ky., is visiting her for a few
days.
Geraldine Armstrong and Marjorie
Smith spent Sunday with friends in
Nashville.
Ann Hamilton and Blondell Van
Arsdel had dinner at the Hermitage
with Mrs. Van Arsdell Sunday.
Margaret Adams, Margaret Daw-
son and Myrtle Clark went to their
homes in Louisville, Ky., for the week-
end.
Lella Vickers, Jimmie T. Jones and
Lyda Shelton spent the week-end in
Knoxville, Tenn., with George Mc-
Combe.
Vivian Lane, Mary Douthitt and
Catherine Sledge spent a delightful
day in town Monday with Miss Sarah
Hitchcock.
Mrs. Arrowsmith and daughter,
Imo, entertained Helen Birks, Nellie
Townsend, Ruth Brewer and Marjorie
Smith in town Monday.
India Jones and Pearl Mann spent
a most enjoyable week-end at Spring-
hill, Tenn., where they were the guests
of Mrs. A. E. Greenlaw.
Mr. Alfred Swann, Jr., had as his
guests Wednesday afternoon to a
matinee and Wednesday evening to
the Hermitage for dinner the follow-
ing: Misses Edna, Billie Sparks and
Mrs. Anthony Morelli.

ARMY DEFINITIONS.

This man's army has its own idea of
the use and meaning of pronouns.
Here's the way they're understood:
I—the rookie.
You—the Sergeant.
He—the Colonel.
We—the gang.
They—the Huns.
It—the war.
His—What the Kaiser will get.
Theirs—What the Huns will get.

A NUT TO CRACK.

Marie—"Do nuts grow on trees?"
Jane—"They do."
Marie—"Then what tree does the
doughnut grow on?"
Jane—"On the pantree. I think."

NEW IDEAS IN GEOGRAPHY.

Evelyn Fullilove—"Where is Ma-
rid? (accent on first syllable).
"Isn't it in South America?"
Evelyn Fullilove—Have you ever
heard that song, "Floating Down That
Old Gray River?"

Anyone can learn to be congenial.
For lessons apply to Marie Barker
and Gladys Griffin.

Q. T.

IN HISTORY.

Teacher—Describe the manners of
the Germans.
Ellen—They have none.
Senior—Have you kept up with
your studies?
Freshman—Yes, but haven't passed
them.
Margaret—Have an awful cold!
Jean—How did you get it?
Margaret—From using a damp
glass.



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quality.

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pleteness of our stocks, but in-
dicates our desire to become better
acquainted with the
Faculty and Students of
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TIMOTHY

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1919.

NUMBER 12

DEL VERS GIVE ANNUAL DANCE

Celebrating St. Patrick's Day—Gymnasium Decorated for Occasion.

Just a little bit of Ireland was to be found in the gymnasium last Saturday night, March 21. The transformation was due to a very clever St. Patrick's Dance, given by the Del Vers. It had been planned for the previous week, but the delay did not detract from its pleasure.

In this way, the club again celebrated Paddy's day, which is one of the dearest traditions that Irish-Americans have handed down to their posterity. Its celebration dates back to the settlement of Maryland, when the Colonists of Lord Baltimore remembered on their plantations. The King of Great Britain set his seal of approval on the occasion, and George Washington also, recognized the significance of the day to the Irishmen in his army. It is with great pleasure that each year the Del Vers observe the event in a popular manner.

The usual color scheme of green for St. Patrick and a touch of orange for William of Orange was carried out in many charming ways. The invitations were printed with green ink and enclosed in very effective folders.

They read:
Darlint—
Can yer attind a tay drinkin' and ginerel diversion on Paddy's day in the evenin', to meet Pat? Shure, 'tis wilkin' ye'll be, and that heartily. Hopin' to see ye praisint.

Pat was there in all his glory of green hat and trousers with cane and clay pipe. He gave all the glad "wilkin'", and lead the grand march, which opened one of the most successful dances of the season. Beneath the bower of green decorations which was emphasized by a bright new electric club sign, and amid the quantities of serpentine, the dancing lasted until 9:30.

Refreshments, consisting of ice cream, over which floated a small silk flag of Ireland, and cakes were served to 190 guests.

There seemed to be on everyone's lips a cry of joy, for the spirit of the entertainment. Perhaps if the cry had been put with words, it would have been a toast like this:

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green;
Here's to each lord and his darling colleen;
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
And may God save old Ireland—that's everyone's toast.

SENIOR PLANS.

At a meeting of the Senior Class last week we had a delightful surprise when we learned that Misses Hood and Heron had invited the class out for some Monday afternoon, the exact date to be fixed by the class or Miss Mills. We also spoke of our graduation dresses and decided to wear either a simple white dress or a white skirt and waist.

NEW COURSES IN W.B.'S CURRICULUM.

Blufling—Taught by J. Cooper.
Flirting—Taught by E. Stuart.

HARRY LAUDER ENTERTAINS LARGE CROWD

Thursday evening the Vendome was crowded with people, all anxious to hear Harry Lauder, and Ward-Belmont occupied its customary place of honor—"the shelves," to quote Mr. Lauder. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a series of vaudeville acts, one of which will, without doubt, never be forgotten by Ward-Belmont, for, when the acrobat leaped from the top of his insecure perch a horrified shriek rose from the balcony, greatly amusing both the parterre and the performer himself.

But all such thrills were forgotten when the famous little Scotchman tripped out on the stage to the music of "Back, Back to Where the Heather Grows," and Mr. Lauder "rolled" the r's in a truly Scotch burr, which instantly captivated the audience. He followed this with "There Is Somebody Waiting for Me," "When I Was Twenty-One," "I Love a Lassie," "Wee Hoose 'Mang the Heather," and his new "Peace Song," written by himself on the way over to America after the war ended. He interspersed his songs with delightful bits of witty conversation, keeping his audience in gales of laughter. His various Scotch costumes, with his humorous artistic (Continued on page 2.)

MR. DAVID MORGAN HOOVER.

Last Monday a terrible shock came to all of us when we learned of the death of Mr. David Morgan Hoover. Mr. Hoover had been our night watchman here at Ward-Belmont for twelve years, and although a man of few words, he always performed his duty most faithfully. Mr. Hoover was stricken with paralysis at the Bank & Trust Company, from which he was immediately removed to the Woman's Hospital, where he died a few hours afterward without ever having regained consciousness. Mr. Courtney, Dr. Blanton and Mr. Hoover's family were with him when he passed away. Mr. Hoover is survived by his wife, daughter and son. It is, indeed, a true saying that we realize one's worth after they are gone.

PANTHERS WIN SWIMMING MEET

Many Exciting Events in Contest to Decide Championship.

PRELIMINARIES FOR TOURNAMENT

The brilliant weather of the last few days making conditions favorable at last, the tennis preliminaries have begun and are going on full tilt. Much enthusiasm is being shown and some close games have been played. Among the winners of the first of the singles are: Panthers, Marjorie Cooper, Celeste Vincent, Jean Cooper, Margaret Cleveland; Regulars, Janet Whitmer, June Fisher.

As soon as the two club teams are lined up the real inter-club contests will begin. As the preliminaries are being played off as fast as possible, these should be held very soon.

TRI K DANCE

On Monday, March 17, the Tri K's gave their annual dance. The St. Patrick decorations were carried out, together with Tri K banners. During the dance mint punch was served and about 5 o'clock there came an intermission with delicious refreshments, brick cream with a shamrock in the center and mint sticks. Once the dinner bell was not welcomed for everyone seemed to be enjoying the dance immensely. At any rate, the visitors pronounced the affair a most successful one.

"BOOTS."

We had a delightful surprise Saturday night. We saw Dorothy Gish in her latest release, "Boots." We saw Miss Gish for the first time in her brunette fire. She is indeed versatile, for she makes an equally charming blonde or brunette. Of course, all interest did not settle on Miss Gish, for her leading man was "just too sweet." We'd like more movies of this kind.

If the Secretary of the Navy had only known what a wonderful equipment there was at Ward-Belmont the winning of the war would have been a much easier task. For here we have most everything from a human submarine to a diving belle, in fact quite a number of them.

This was fully demonstrated when on Monday Erma Aikens went under the water for the longest dive known to college women and she went 157 feet and one inch before her periscope showed above the waves. The Ward-Belmont record was 150 feet, made by Eunice Spicer, of Minnesota, but Miss Aikens went her seven feet better and now holds the record.

The occasion was the annual swimming championship meet and the Panthers and Regulars were there in force with their cheer leaders and everything else to keep things swimming. The rivalry was great for the Panthers had won the cup twice in succession and to win it once more was to win it "for keeps." When the scorers had finished their count and it was found that the Panthers had 159 points to their rivals 107½, pandemonium broke loose and the cup went finally to the Panthers. The Athenians had only two entries in the meet who succeeded in scoring twenty-five points.

As to individual records the seaweed goes to Anne Hamilton, of the Panthers with sixty-three points, and Margaret Gaines, of the Regulars came next with forty-seven points, and Anita Lincoln, of the Panthers was third with thirty-one points.

The winners in the several different events were as follows:

Fifty-foot dash—First, Gaines, Regular, ten seconds; second, Jenkins, Regular, eleven and one-half seconds; third, Fisher, Regular, fourteen seconds.

Strokes—First, Hamilton, Panthers; second, Lincoln, Panther; third, Shaw, Athenians.

(Continued on page 3.)

WARD-BELMONT'S SPLENDID CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN FUND

THE WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL		No. 19987
NASHVILLE, TENN.		Mar 15 1919
COUNTERSIGNED BY <i>[Signature]</i>		
PAY TO THE ORDER OF <i>United War Work Fund</i>		\$ 15,000
<i>Fifteen Thousand</i>		DOLLARS
FOR <i>Subscription of Ward-Belmont Students and Faculty</i>		
WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL		
THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK,		
87-3	NASHVILLE, TENN.	BY <i>[Signature]</i>

That Nashville has been able to make such brilliant showings in all campaigns of a patriotic nature since the beginning of the war is due as much as anything else that may be mentioned to the patriotism of Nashville's schools and colleges. Another manifestation of this spirit is the response of these institutions to the last United war work fund. Acknowledgment of the above check for \$15,000, covering the subscription of the student body and faculty of Ward-Belmont College to the fund has just been made. Ward-Belmont may justly be proud of its record in this and all previous campaigns, for no institution in the country has more nobly responded on every opportunity that has presented itself to help the country in its hour of need.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

SOPHIA WILLIAMS Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET GARNER Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN Expression
LOUISE MARKS Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE Music
ELIZABETH WOODS Home Economics
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HELEN DOUGLAS Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

THE KNOCKER.

A knocker is a person who is always armed with a hammer in case of emergency, just to play safe, you understand. Another thing about knockers, they are always very careful people; they never let a good opportunity slip by to knock. The hammers they use differ with the personality of the knocker; sometimes their tongues condense the hammer and there is no louder hammer than this one. Then, again, it is a closed purse. In all good causes this knocker simply shuts his purse and sets a bad example to others thereby dealing a deadly blow to the cause. Sometimes the hammer is merely a frown, but one can deal a very dampening blow by this hammer. What kind of hammer do you carry? Let's all cast our hammers away.

WE WONDER.

I have observed recently several sonnets, ballads, lyrics and compositions on "Signs of Spring"—but I believe, although it would seem that the subject has been exhausted, that I can suggest still another "sign." Have you noticed that undercurrent of wonder and supposition that is flowing through the school, concerning what the commencement play is to be this year? And aren't you rather curious, too? Well, the School of Expression is, decidedly! Miss Townsend has given us hints! We are quite sure there is going to be one!—but that is all. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could give our play down at the Vendome again this year? Well, maybe we'll have the "uniopportunity!" ("Scuse me, Mr. Lauder.)

ANTI-PANDORA HOLDS VESPERS.

Did you go to vespers March 20? You don't know what you missed (if you didn't go early to get a seat).

The subject, "Pack Up Your Troubles," was ably handled by the president, Hazel Wilburn. Mary Compton's talk on "Smile," brief and to the point, drove many a thought home. Other members who assisted in the program were Helen Skiles, Mildred Juhl and Elizabeth Mead.

Sophia W.—You have circles under your eyes.

Anita L.—That's from loss of sleep; my room-mate snores. (True.)

HARRY LAUDER.

(Continued from page 1.)

novelties in the way of walking sticks, together with the various scenes created a setting which enhanced, if possible, the charm of his songs.

But Mr. Lauder grew serious, after his "Peace Song," and graphically told us of his journey in France, along the western front. He told us of the injured, who, although maimed for life, still have the fighting spirit and want to be given a chance to "make good again." Mr. Lauder has begun a \$5,000,000 fund to aid these wounded soldiers, and it is for this that he is making this tour of the world. All the money that he makes goes to swell this fund, and he told us of the good it will do in such a manner that we could hardly resist the desire to aid him. A great floral creation was given him and with it a \$100 check from the "Red Ticket." This was the second \$100 check he had received in that day, the other being a gift of the Rotary Club.

Mr. Lauder then brought out a copy of his book of experiences at the front, and promised to autograph it for the highest bidder. Great rivalry between the "Reds" and the "Blues" ensued, the book finally being sold for \$150. Then Mr. Lauder produced a large picture of himself, also to be auctioned. The contest between the "Reds" and the "Blues" began again, but this time Ward-Belmont entered the lists. When the amount reached \$150, we thought that we were sure of winning the photograph, when suddenly someone shouted "One hundred and sixty!" This last bidder was almost victorious, when a last despairing groan from the entire "shelves" aroused Dr. Blanton, who was bidding for us to his duty, and Ward-Belmont's blue and gold evidently triumphed over the other colors represented, for we secured the photograph for \$200.

When Mr. Lauder found that it was the Ward-Belmont lassies who had secured his picture, he made a flattering little speech, accompanied by one coy kiss thrown to our balcony, which won our hearts forever. We then went down to the stage, where everyone crowded about Mr. Lauder, eager to shake his hand. He sent his love to every one of the "bonnie lassies of Belmont lassies' school," and promised us a visit if he should ever return to Nashville.

Mr. Lauder's work is one of the most noble tasks that any man could undertake, that of relieving the suffering of his injured fellowmen, and we can earnestly agree with James Heron, in his "Welcome to Harry Lauder,"

"Aye, ye sing for love, an' love tae sing
For happiness that it will bring,
The sufferin' that the world's gone through
Was tempered by these songs from you."

GOING HIM SEVERAL BETTER.

The oldest good story is about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city, says the San Francisco Argonaut. He wrote a letter to his brother, who elected to stick by the farm, telling of the joys of city life, in which he said:

"Thursday we auto'd out to the country club, where we golfed until dark, then we motored to the beach and Friday there."

The brother on the farm wrote back:

"Yesterday we bugied to town and baseball all afternoon. Then we went to Med's and pokered till morning. Today we muled out to the corn field and gehawed until sundown. Then we suppered, and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock flew."

VACHEL LINDSEY.

How much Ward-Belmont appreciated Vachel Lindsay again could well be expressed by the same means which the Literary Digest uses, because everyone has given an opinion of the poet.

The best of critics say that he is a genius. We also could see that he has a wonderful imagination, poetic force, a ready vocabulary including many impressive words, and a flow of expression which he has steeped in rhythm. "He reminds me of the descriptions of what the Greek and the Roman must have done on the stage," said one of our instructors, who also compared or likened him to a caricaturist. As the purpose of such is to emphasize the main feature even to exaggerate it, so Lindsay makes strong the new kind of poetry. Careful attention must be given to him to get the object of his poetry. His comparisons are most marvelous. The varied sounds and odd notes introduced are apt to arouse humor if one does not realize the greatness of his work, but once having gained his idea, one could never laugh at Lindsey's reading because of his marvelous mastery of an exquisite art.

Mr. Lindsey recited for us "Andrew Jackson" first, which he followed by "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba." We are now doubly anxious to meet Mr. Nichols so we can surprise him by "doing our bit" in the poem, "Damien Jazz," which Mr. Lindsay coached us on so thoroughly. Mr. Lindsey gave his age away when he recited, or better still, sang, "When I Was Nine Years Old in 1889." He also recited a beautiful tribute to Lincoln and also to the sons of Mr. Roosevelt, in which he likened them to the sons of Saul. By request we were favored with passages from the "Chinese Nightingale," and the "Calliope." Mr. Lindsey recited for his favorite, "The Ghosts of the Buffaloes," a beautiful tribute to the old West. We are very grateful to Mr. Lindsey for allowing us a personal knowledge of one of if not the greatest poet of the day.

MUSICAL PROGRAM GIVEN BY X. L's.

The X. L. Club met in the Y. W. C. A. room on March 19, through the courtesy of the Osirons. The following program, which was conducted by Elizabeth Whipple, was enjoyed immensely by all the club members:

- I. The Octave.—Ruby Page, Celeste Regard, Kitty Parker, Sue Chenuault, May Ellen Driggers, Grace Hall, Helen Smitholy, Margaret Hamilton.
- II. Humoresque.—Marion Sullivan.
- III. Reading.—Bess Reader.
- IV. My Little Red Rose.—Ruth Donlan.
- V. Schubert's Impromptu.—Willia McLenore.
- VI. "Her Choice"—Nancy McKinney.
- VII. La Grante.—Willie Lois Moore.
- VIII. "Surprise"—The Octave.

Mother—"You were a long time in the conservatory with your teacher last night, my child. What was going on?"

Daughter—"Did you ever sit in the conservatory with father before you married him?"

Mother—"I suppose I did."

Daughter—"Well, mother, it's the same old world."

Why is a kiss like a bottle of olives?

Because, after you get the first one, the rest come easy.

Hostess—"Is this beef too rare for you, Frances?"

Frances—"Since you ask me, I would like it a little oftener."



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PERSONALS

Mary Neal Donoho went home for the week end.

Florence Mai went to Chattanooga for a few days.

Mae Tucker went to Dallas, Tex., for a few days.

Esther Caldwell's mother is here for a few days.

Myra Rogers has as her guest for a few days her mother.

Johnny McGill went to Chattanooga over the week-end.

Katherine Barrett's mother is spending a few days with her.

Helen Hyman and Eleanor Stewart went to Memphis for a few days.

Maude Berger left for Peoria, Ill., where she will spend the week-end.

Thelma Crickett went home for a few days to be with her mother, who is ill.

Charlotte Meads had as her guests for a few days her mother and father.

Captain W. P. Driskell, Jr., spent several days with his sister, Irene Driskell, recently.

Beulah Kimbrough and Corine Gernett spent Sunday in town with Mrs. W. H. Parks.

Myrtle Clear, Margaret Dawson and Margaret Adams returned after spending a few days in Louisville, Ky.

Margaret Morrison, Jannie Griffin, Mary Titus, Mercedes Royce, Margaret Taylor and Betty Capron spent Sunday in town with Hazel and Leta Snod.

Miss Lillian Bell spent the past week in Cincinnati with her mother and father. While there she was entertained by her cousin, Miss Leslie Williams, of Walnut Hills.

The following girls had lunch in town Monday with Mrs. Barrett and Katherine: Thelma Blossom, Mercedes Royce, Johnny McGill, Virginia Montgomery, Helen Wilson and Mary Louise Bliss.

Nellie Townsend gave a surprise dinner party Saturday evening in honor of Charlotte Springer. Those present were Mrs. Springer, Mrs. Meads and daughter, Charlotte, Lucy Lee Winberlee, Geraldine Armstrong, Gladys Craig and Marjorie Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck entertained for their daughter, Angelyn, and a few of her friends, with a lovely dinner party at the Hermitage Wednesday evening. Afterward they enjoyed seeing "Reviera Girl" at the Vendome. The guests were: Katherine Buck, George Niecey, Irene Duffey, Farley Bertram, Kathryn Cole, Corine Gernett and Cordelia Gray.

TO THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

Add this as number eight—
Why some girls' hair curl in front
But in the back grows straight.

—Exchange.

EXCUSED.

"Didn't I hear you swear while in the dentist's chair?"

"Yes, you did. The dentist put a dam in my mouth."—Exchange.

Mary Ellen E. (while listening to the Brouwer's play "Till We Meet Again")—"What is that they are playing?"

Bess R.—"That's 'Comin' Thro' the Rye.'"

The Bride-to-be—"My only worry is about mother. She'll miss me so."

Friend of the family—"Ah, well, she can't complain. After all, she's had you longer than most mothers keep their daughters."

We should like to hear a little more about this cup Enid Yandell won for tennis. Perhaps it was one of those cups like Caroline Ross won for the old fashioned waltz at the Athletic dance?

EXPRESSION.

Two Senior Expression students gave several delightful numbers to the Girls' Club of the Y. M. C. A. this week. They were Misses Oyerman and Rapp, and gave the stories, "Emigration of Mary Ann and Jeannette of the Seventh Floor." These young women were pleased to add pleasure to the program on which other W.-B. girls appeared.

The Senior Expression will give at the auditorium of the Central High School in April, under the auspices of the College Club of Nashville, the plays, "Neighbors" and "Fan and Two Candlesticks" and "Beau Nash."

The girls will be chaperoned by Miss Thomas of the English Department of Ward-Belmont.

The Senior recital of Thursday, March 20, was of great interest to the audience and especially invited guests.

The studio was decorated in spring flowers, yellow being the predominant color, jonquils and forsythia were in big brass bowls and long stemmed vases.

Miss Meeds wore a charming rose dress. Her program was "The Land Which is France," using stories illustrating the loyalty and bravery of the French peasant and poet. Her study of the French-Canadian in Pe-lang showed depth of feeling and technical skill, and her "Soul of Jeanne D'Arc" was given with exquisite lyric touch.

Miss Meeds entertained the Senior Expression Class after her recital in the small studio, and gave, by request, with the assistance of Miss Montgomery and Hughes, "A Fan and Two Candlesticks" to her mother and father and aunts who came to her recital.

EXPRESSION.

Miss Charlotte Marie Meeds had as guests at her recital Tuesday afternoon her mother and father of Hermidian, Miss, and two aunts, one from Tennessee, the other from Indianapolis. After the recital, Mrs. Meeds entertained the guests and the members of the senior class of the School of Expression at a tea in the small studio. Delicious punch, ice cream and cake were served, and you know how Ward-Belmont girls appreciate things like that. After the refreshments were over, we returned to the large studio, where Misses Hughes, Montgomery and Meeds gave that delightful play, "A Fan and Two Candlesticks."

Mr. and Mrs. Meeds left Thursday night and Charlotte Marie accompanied them for a week-end in Alabama.

SUG SEZ

DO you remember

THOSE

NEAR-VAMPS that I told
YOU ABOUT
LAST WEEK?

WELL, just look those
SAME would-be-Thedas
OVER as they

MOVE towards the
TEA HOUSE

ON Monday morning.

THEIR sleepy eyes
MINUS the Mascaro

THEIR pipe stemmed
SKIRTS replaced

BY seven sided
SEA sailin'

SLUE, simple, sorry, soiled
SKIRT 'N SHIRT.

THEY seem to forget to
ROLL their

VAMPY EYES—there's a reason—
NO big gaps niti—

CHICKEN HASH and
COLD CHOCOLATE!

I THANK YOU.

PANTHERS WIN SWIMMING MEET.

(Continued from page 1.)

One hundred-foot dash—First, Gaines, Regular, twenty-four seconds, second, Hamilton, Panther, twenty-seven and one-half seconds.

Plain Dive—First, Lincoln, Panther; second, Gaines and Williams tied.

Underwater Dive—First, Aikens, Panther, 157 feet one inch; second, Hamilton, Panther, 113 feet nine inch; third, Gaines and Capron tied, one hundred feet.

Fancy Dives—First, Hamilton, Panthers; second, Lincoln, Panthers; third, Williams, Panthers.

Plunge—First Gray, Panthers, fifty feet; second, Gaines, Regular, forty-six feet seven inches; third, Fisher, Regular, forty-four feet ten inches.

Relay—Regular team winner in fifty-one and one-half seconds.

Life Saving—First, Hamilton, Panther; second, Gaines, Regular; third, Lincoln, Panther.

Disrobing in Water—First, Hamilton, Panther, 27 seconds; second, Lincoln and Gaines, tied, 34 seconds.

In the last event Anne Hamilton also broke the college record for disrobing in water by six seconds.

In the plunge Ruth Gray tied last year's plunge record of 50 feet, and in the relay the Panther team exceeded last year's relay record.

The officials were: Clerk of Course, Miss Sisson; Starter, Miss Hill; Judges, Misses Morrison, Gordon and Rindfoos; Timers, Misses Morrison, Payne and M. Hill; Recorder, Miss Mary Titus; Assistant Recorder, Miss Jennie Griffin; Assistants to Judges, Misses Royce and Cooper.

"IS THERE?"

Is there ever a time when you feel so blue,
That you simply don't know what to do?

You try to write letters, but there's nothing to say,
So you throw down your pen and think far away.

Evidently he's not thinking for your thoughts will not meet,
And you think that possibly he's with some little "freak."

It makes you feel worse and you think "What's the use,
I'm just trying to find some little excuse."

You know that it's your fault no one else makes you blue,
Then you think of the letters the mail may bring through.

What a blessing the mail is to a girl in your plight,
If just one little letter can make you more bright.

I. C.

WOULDN'T YOU BE SURPRISED IF YOU SAW—

Katherine Garret in an evening dress?

Louise Lucas acting "unaffected"?

Margaret Taylor in a bad humor?

Ada Stephens without a little "Howard"?

Luella Drake fully dressed at breakfast?

Billie Sparks without her music?

Dabney Terrel and Mary Buchanan talking in a whisper?

Celeste Vincent without her tennis racquet?

Helen Prindell with her "mussed up"?

Marion Morrow not looking "bored"?

Margaret—What was that crash?
Jamie—Only the break of day.

UNDER THE TOP.

"Hi, Tubby; come here, quick!" shouted Skinny Carpenter to a fat boy across the street.

"What's the excitement?" puffed Tubby, as he came closer.

"Jus' look here! A man is puttin' up circus posters! We're goin' to have a real circus in our town!"

"How is know?"

"I asked that man. See, here it says, 'July 14, Greatest Show on Earth.' Look at th' pictures of the elephants an' bears—"

"An' tigers," interrupted Tubby.

"O-o-h! let's go tell the other fellows."

And from this moment the peace of this quite little village was greatly disturbed. Skinny carefully studied the gaudy posters which the circus man had posted in every conspicuous place. How marvelous they were. Oh, the joys of circus life! If only he might belong to that fortunate group who lived under the top. He would some day, of that he was quite sure. Maybe this circus would let him join their numbers. He would practice on the trapeze, and maybe, some day, his picture would shine from every street corner. And in the days following, each spare minute was spent in the loft of a barn, where a trapeze had been swung.

The morning of July, the fourteenth dawned bright and clear. The radiant blue sky and warm gentle breeze seemed to reflect the joy in every boyish heart on this morning. Since the first posters had appeared proclaiming July the Fourteenth to be the most important day of the year, the candy stores of the village had felt a distinct lapse in trade, as every penny was saved for the big day. When the day finally came, Skinny was up with the sun. For the first great event was to watch the elephants unload, when the circus train pulled in. He strolled down the quiet street whistling a shrill, nameless tune. Leonard Carpenter, widely known as Skinny, was an unusually tall boy for eleven years of age. His hair was light brown, parted on the side, but it never had the appearance of being combed. His eyes were gray, and a close observation showed a mischievous twinkle in their clear depths. Just now a few faint wrinkles on the forehead showed that he was in deep thought. His mind was fully made up. He would find the head clown, of course the head clown would be president of the circus. He would ask to join the illustrious company. Perhaps when the circus left town he would be with it. The whistle of the circus train interrupted his thoughts, and with a bound he was off for the station. The most perfect day of the year had really begun at last.

Ah, the joy unutterable when, before his watching eyes, the first elephant awkwardly lumbered down the plank! Others followed the first one. There was the sound of wild roars from several enclosed cages, which sent delicious shivers of awe up a certain boyish spine. Most of the treasures were under cover, and could be just half seen and guessed it, until the parade during the morning disclosed the beauties to an admiring world. There was no time to go home for something to eat, but a weiner sandwich, a pickle, and some popcorn balls, bought from a street stand, satisfied his appetite for the moment. He followed the wagons to the circus ground, and with eyes and ears wide open saw the marvels of tent life. There was hurry and noise everywhere. With a heave, ho, the tent was raised. Men rushed about shouting orders. It seemed that there were animals everywhere. Skinny could not watch hard enough. And to think that perhaps this world would soon be home to him!

At last the hour for the parade arrived. By this time the town was gay

with hundreds of people from surrounding villages and farms. A handsome knight on a prancing charger led the parade, and he was followed by one army of famous personages. There was the lion tamer with his wild beasts, the snake eater, the bareback riders, the strong man, and last, but not least, the clowns.

"See that one in the donkey cart," whispered Skinny with reverent awe to a boy who was standing near. I'm goin' to follow him."

And this clown had a bodyguard of one admiring boy to assist him back to the circus grounds. Skinny decided it would be better to speak to the head clown after the performance. There were several hours to be spent in some way. Skinny found that he was very hungry. He bought a slice of watermelon and some peanuts and ate them as he wandered around into every nook and corner.

The afternoon performance was a marvel beyond all words. Skinny felt as if he were dreaming when wonders on wonders were acted before his very eyes. But the clowns were the most wonderful of all. Perhaps soon he would be among their number. How perfect the days would then be; no school, no duties, just play all the time! After the performance he found the tent of the head clown.

"Please, sir," and his voice trembled in spite of all his efforts to control it. "Please, sir; I want to talk to you."

"Why, hello, son; come on in," answered the clown as he wiped the grease paint from his face.

"Please, sir; I want to be a clown, too. Take me with you."

The clown laughed. He had heard this plea before. "Well, son; what can you do?"

"Oh, I can swing on a trapeze, and walk on a wire, a little, and I'm strong; just feel my muscle."

The clown was in a hurry. "Well, my lad, we can't take all the boys along with us who would like to go. Got all the performers we need, anyhow." Then he added kindly, as Skinny's face showed his disappointment. "Better plan to stay home for a while. Plenty time to work later on."

Skinny found himself outside of the tent. He winked and swallowed hard to keep the tears back. There wasn't much use in living any more. He felt rather queer, sort of sick all over. He trudged home; there wasn't much use in staying around the old circus. He felt rather tired as he walked into the house. No, he didn't want any dinner. He had had several weiner sandwiches and some other things. Mother helped him upstairs, and he didn't ask to stay up longer when she said he must go to bed. He felt queer every minute. Maybe he had eaten too many peanuts and ice cream, or perhaps it was the red lemonade that made him feel so strange. Maybe he was going to die. It wouldn't matter much if he did. He was too tired to care. Mother gave him something warm and soothing. What was it she said about the sandman? He did feel a little bit sleepy.

NUT.

In Bible class Billie Clower was asked to read Luke 17:2 aloud.

"It were well for him if a Milestone were hanged about his neck," etc.

And she wondered why they laughed.

Hertha Witt—You should rise by your own efforts.

Pauline Butts—Why?

Hertha W.—There's no telling when the alarm clock will go wrong.

Lucille—Why are you so far back in all your studies?

Dot—I'll tell you, so I can pursue them better.

NEW STUDENT COUNCIL RULES.

1. Don't roll your stockings; it affects you psychologically, also your privileges socially.

2. Don't recline your cheek against another's cheek; use an asbestos pad.

3. Don't whisper after light bell or any other time—talk.

4. Above all things, don't allow your mother to take you to town without Miss Mills' permission.

5. Last, but not least. If you are a musician, Sunday afternoon is supposed to be your afternoon off.

WHY, OH WHY!

The things we read in this fast age

Are crude, unpolished, "rare,"

And if we find on every page,

No adventures which do raise our

hair,

Or showy plots and thrilling deeds,

We cast the book down in despair,

Then wonder why one usually reads

Such taudry, worthless fiction

And many precious minutes wastes,

While stories of far better diction,

Would cultivate the finer tastes.

SPRING HAS CAME!!!

The birds are singing!

(So Mrs. Bowen says.)

The crushes are here!

(So everybody says.)

Go to church or go home!

(So Miss Mills says.)

We are his sweethearts!

(Vacha Lindsey says.)

Therefore, spring has came!!!

(So we say.)

LOVE—

Love is a wonderful thing! Who

knows

Where loves comes from and where it goes?

One really can't explain it or tell,

But when one's in love they know very well.

Love may be great or it may be small,

But what's the real use of love after all?

B. C.

Gob—She called me a worm.

She—Perhaps she saw a chicken

pick you up.



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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1919.

NUMBER 12

GLEE CLUB SCORES BIG SUCCESS

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club made its first public appearance last Thursday morning at assembly, when a program of exceptional merit was given by the organization. Under the direction of Mr. Browne Martin the club of twenty-four voices made a decided impression at this their first public offering. The voices blend well together, and the general ensemble effect is excellent. In the shading of the voice parts, the precision of attack, and the quality of tone produced, the club showed the results of fine work done. Especially enjoyable were the "Darky Lullaby" and the old negro spiritual "Deep River." The melody in the latter was beautifully sung by Misses Gracy and Stoner, whose rich, deep voices stood out in fine contrast to the club accompaniment. Ward-Belmont is proud of its Glee Club and hopes that another opportunity will be given to hear it sing.

First Sopranos—Velma Forgy, Cecile Gibbs, Della Jeffries, Evelyn Moore, Estelle McCuan, Mary Lillian Merrifield, Elizabeth Overman, Catherine Sledge, Willie Mae Sparks.
Second Sopranos—Geraldine Armstrong, Mary Louise Bliss, Helen Douthett, Beryl Hervey, Mary LaFollette, Eleanor Poynter, Helen Skiles.
Altos—Florence Bartel, Lillian Bell, Mary Douthett, Grace Gilman, Maurine Gracy, Jacqueline Hill, Maurine Loonan, Margaret Stoner.
Browne Martin—Director.
Florence Bartel—Accompanist.
Program.

Amorylls
.....Old French Air of Louis XIII
Lullaby Brahms
Lullaby, arranged from
"Humoresque" Dvorak
Cribbabin (Canoe Song)
..... Pestalozza
Deep River, Old American Negro
Spiritual Arranged by O'Hare
Melody by Misses Gracy and Stoner.

SENIOR EXPRESSION RECITAL

That art, creative art, is the only means by which a human soul may reveal itself in its hidden ideals and aspirations, has been proven from the prehistoric to the present day. Rodin. To create by so temporary a medium as the tone of voice and pantomimic action is much harder than by painting and form in the plastic arts. One of the plans of the School of Expression is to train the student to use all his powers of voice, body and mind and correlate them to form and color and rhythm of the plastic arts. This is not easy, because a tone, a movement, is an ephemeral thing, yet, if it is supported by technical training and the use of imagination, it may create the realities of time and plan with verity.

The last of the ten Senior Expression recitals was given Thursday, April 17, in the expression studio, by Miss Louise Lucas, of San Antonio, Texas. The characterization of the Italian shoemaker in one of the year's best stories, "A Pair of Shoes," was wonderfully true. In "Her Flance" she played upon our hearts by her understanding and portrayal of the gamut of emotion with a touch of mas-

(Continued on page 2.)

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Dr. J. D. Blanton, Ward-Belmont, City:

My Dear Doctor:
I wish to thank you—not alone for our committee, but for the whole people of Nashville for what you did yesterday: To look after the needs of your own people and at the same time to take care of nearly one thousand soldiers with scarcely one-half a day's notice and to do it as you did, speaks wonders for Ward-Belmont, its management and its organization and for its patriotism as well. I really do not know what we should have done but for you. The boys voted unanimously that they never had a better dinner or a finer time and if any of them ever did, I want to be directed to the place.

The very best thing about the whole entertainment is that yourself and your associates seemed to enjoy it as much, if not more, than did your guests, and we thank you.

Very truly yours,
Tennessee Soldiers' Entertainment Committee,

E. C. FAIRCLOTH,
Chairman.

Dr. J. D. Blanton, Ward-Belmont, City:

Dear Dr. Blanton:
As I promised Mr. Faircloth, I am enclosing his letter to you, and I wish the privilege of supplementing his appreciation of your splendid hospitality of which I have had the good fortune to participate on other occasions.

You surely entertained the boys of the 114th Machine Gun Battalion royally, and rendered a great public service. Of course, there is nothing that would appeal to them more, or make their welcome more genuine, than a good meal, such as your institution served, and added to this was the priv-

(Continued on page 2.)

ORCHESTRA DELIGHTS AUDIENCE

The Ward-Belmont Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Kenneth Rose, gave its annual concert last night in the school auditorium before a large audience. The public appearances of this excellent organization have always been welcomed with delight by its many admirers, and the offering last evening served to add another triumph to its many successes. From the opening number of Boileau's "Calif of Bagdad" Overture to the Carmen selection, Mr. Rose piloted his band of forty players through a program which was beautifully played. Under his tutelage and authoritative baton, the orchestra displayed a fine finish, excellent tone quality, and a spirit and attack which stamped its work as attaining unusual perfection in an amateur body. The Henry VIII. dances were played with much charm and taste, while the Canonetta by D'Ambrosio and the Gavotte from Mikson brought enthusiastic applause for their delightful rendering. The Gavotte was repeated in response to the enthusiastic demands of the audience.

The soloist of the evening, Miss Martha Lynn Buchanan, violinist, gave Wienlawski's Polonaise, displaying excellent command of her instrument. She draws a beautiful tone, and displays a surety of technic, brilliancy and excellence of style which won her hearers. She was accorded warm applause for her artistic play-

Mr. Rose may feel justly proud of his efforts last night. His work in molding together a body of instrumentalists into such an excellent ensemble reflects much credit upon his ability.

NASHVILLE AS MUSICAL CENTER

A courtesy of such sweeping proportions as that extended by Dr. J. D. Blanton, of Ward-Belmont, to music-loving Nashville in the recent Stracciari concert necessarily arouses interest as to the factors bringing about musical bounty on a scale of such magnitude, says the Nashville Banner of April 20. It was an act of graciousness without any local precedent whatever that a conservatory of music offered so rare a favor to a guest list embracing practically the entire local and cultural organizations of the city; and the causes leading up to so notable an effect are such as to place Nashville permanently in the ranks of cities where music culture is a serious pursuit.

From the voice department of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music with Signor Gaetano S. de Luca as director, two professional debuts have been made within the past month. A detailed story might be told of the new life which this department has shown recently, a rejuvenescence surpassing anything known in the previous history of the school; but nothing else could give the incontestable evidence of activity furnished by this announcement of two professional debuts.

In after years Nashville will glory in the recollection of the Paul Ryan concert last month, for there are now none so reluctant of praise as to doubt that the young tenor is on his way to national fame. The test accorded Miss Aldea Waggoner in assisting Stracciari in his recent concert here drew equally upon the affectionate interest which this city holds for its own gifted artists. It was an honor such as comes seldom in the early career of a singer, and Miss Waggoner radiantly justified the confidence which her instructor, Signor de Luca, placed in her. More than this, she astonished

(Continued on page 3.)

REGULARS WIN FROM PANTHERS

The first basketball game of the season took place last Saturday afternoon, the 12th, ending with a final score of 17 to 6 in favor of the Regulars. In spite of the rather unequal score, the game was a fast and interesting one; the splendid team work of the Regulars and their pretty forward passes and goals mounting up their score. The forwards and centers did especially fine work.

The Panthers' forwards also made some very pretty plays, but the Regular guards succeeded in not letting them get the ball very often.

The first half of the game was the least exciting, most of the scores being made in the third and fourth quarters.

Besides this game, there are two more games to be played off between the Regulars and the Panthers—the final one to be played about May Day, and the others sometime before. It is expected that these will be even more exciting than the first.

The lineup of Saturday's game was as follows:

Regulars.

Vadis Norris—Forward.
Irene Duffey—Forward.
Celeste Regard—Forward.
Betty Capron—Guard.
Jamilie Griffin—Guard.
Eva Robinson—Guard.
Margaret Morrison—Jumping Center.
Winnie Jenkins—Side Center.
Mary Lillian Merrifield—Side Center.

Panthers.

Ann Hamilton—Forward.
Margaret Cleveland—Forward.
Marjorie Cooper—Forward.
Jean Cooper—Guard.
Virginia Montgomery—Guard.
Helen Myman—Guard.
Florence Mal—Guard.
Geraldine Armstrong—Jumping Center.
Myra Wells—Side Center.
Irma Atkins—Side Center.
Score—Regulars, 17; Panthers, 6.

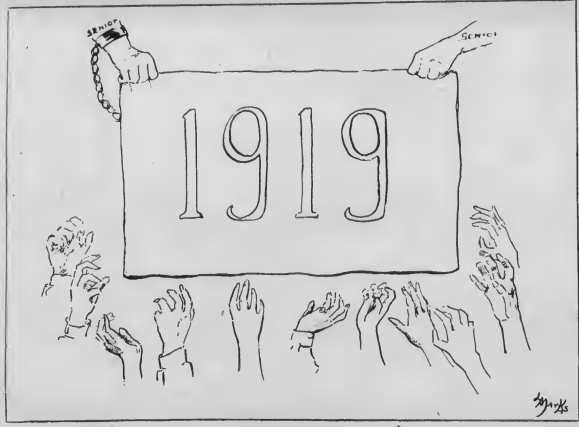
X. L. CLUB GIVES COUNTRY FAIR

The X. L. Club enjoyed a pocket edition of a country fair Wednesday evening last. To Miss Josephine Wilson is due the honor of infusing hearty, jovial enthusiasm peculiar to such small-town celebrations. The exhibits, staged by Lucille Moore, were original conceptions of the "Seven Wonders of the World," with Peck, Page, Parker, Hill, Hervey, Harry and McCuan performing marvelous feats as hypnotists, high divers, warblers, women, etc.

Side shows, fortune tellers plus popcorn, candy and soda water left nothing to be wished for by county fair folks which, for once, we were all surprised to discover ourselves.

DEL VERS AND A. K. CLUBS.

A very delightful hour was enjoyed by the Der Ver and A. K. Clubs Wednesday night when they met in the swimming pool. Very few let the opportunity of a first swim pass, consequently the fun was founded on the old fact, "the more the merrier."



SUG SEZ.

Them Senior Middle!
They are awful sweet girls an'
All that, but
You know, even
The best of folks
Can
Aim
Too high!
An' I'll say

If they are
Aiming to get that
Banner,
Then they are aiming
Too high!
An' they made
One vital mistake
This time, an' that is
Challenging them Seniors
To a basket ball
Game without

First making
Margaret Morrison
A Senior Middle.
Them Senior Middle
Is shore slick, but
The pore
Lil' things ain't got much
Chance
How 'bout it, Lucy?
—I thank you.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by The Students of Ward-Belmont

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SOPHIA WILLIAMS Editor-in-Chief
 MARGARET GARNER Asst. Editor
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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

FRIENDLY ENMITY!

Ward-Belmont has for the past week been overrun with a spirit of "friendly enmity," which has divided the student body (and faculty also) into two parties. These two parties can best be described by their slogan, "Get the Banner!" and "Keep the Banner!" As yet this class spirit has not brought on any "duels," or divided room mates and it is to be hoped that it will not. The seniors have shown themselves to be loyal defenders of their banner and in spite of the fact that the Senior Middles are a good deal more than double in number to the Seniors, the banner still proudly remains in ———? (Nobody knows, but at any rate, it is still in its proper hands).

SENIOR EXPRESSION RECITAL.

(Continued from page 1.)

tery. One lost the sense of a slim young girl telling a story and was awayed by the magic of her imagination following Marie in her romance of Pere La Chaise, Hernias in his struggle for Truth, and Phidias in his suffering and triumph of Art.

Not only does Miss Lucas read with skill and understanding, but we remember with satisfaction the active part she took in the War Fund Campaign in September and October, 1918, going out on speaking tours several times a week, yet keeping up her school work satisfactorily, thus showing a high grade of citizenship which husbands its resources, yet uses them in many directions.

Her guests at her recital were her Tri K. Club sisters.

The School of Expression teachers feel a sense of joy that ten students have successfully given original recitals to appreciative audiences.

SUBSCRIPTION DANCE.

Saturday night a crowd of girls gave a dance down in the gym. "Veto" played, of course, and who can't dance and have a grand old time when there is good jazz music? The stags and the ones who took the part of boys were all dressed in white and the girls "dodged up" just whatever they pleased.

The guest this evening was Miss Charmian Aikens, formerly a Ward-Belmont girl and now she is here for a short stay. After the dance refreshments were served and they were enjoyed by all.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB.

The last meeting of the Twentieth Century Club started off with a great deal of pep, for response to roll call, was made by giving the title of one of the most interesting books ever read. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Amazing Interlude" easily held first place.

The theme of the meeting was "Our Club." Bess Heidelberg, one of the first members, told the history of the club from its beginning as a family of ten, how the club was named, why the tower is always seen on our T. C. C. stationery, who designed the pin and all sorts of interesting facts about our club.

After the history, the club pledge was read responsively.

In order that we might understand this better, the main points were explained in several papers, the first of which was "The Best in Twentieth Century Life," by Myrtle Clar. She spoke principally on the effect of club ideals on our life after we leave school and how we should help spread these ideals. Beulah Kimbrough then explained what is meant by "The Best in Music;" Christine Barnes, "The Best in Literature," and Eva Robinson, "The Best in Amusements."

After the latter, the club discussed how to entertain people who were too crippled to dance and did not like to play cards. Finally, the suggestion of progressive story telling was carried out. Marjorie Cooper started a wild, mysterious tale about a tramp and an empty house. The story was continued, many distressing complications ensued, such as dead men groaning and threats being signed with blood. Unfortunately because of lack of time the hero and the heroine had to be left in the most horrible of situations.

Ray Beck talked on what "School Friendships May Mean to a Club Girl." I am sure that all the club girls now have a higher conception of the meaning and the benefits to be gained from school friendships.

Miss Masson then brought the fact to mind that our memory book for '18 and '19 was practically empty and that if we were going to be remembered very long we should get busy with the memory book.

The meeting closed with a preparatory vote for President and Treasurer.

MEETING OF OSIRON CLUB.

This week the Osiron Club enjoyed a talk which was given by Miss Allen of the Wesley Settlement Home of Nashville. She told us that, when she came to Nashville that section of the city in which the settlement is located was called "Varmint Town." It had more calls for poor relief and the poorest health record in the city. Today, as the result of the work of the Settlement it had the fewest calls this winter for poor relief and the best health record in the city. She pointed out the great need for settlement workers and she inspired many of us with the desire to prepare for social work.

W.-B. COULD DO WITHOUT—

Lucy: Without "believe my story, etc."
 Skeet: Without the four curls.
 Marks: Without a new dress.
 Syba: Without yelling.
 Clairee: Without the giggle.
 Sug: Without a pair of new shoes.
 May Rosa: Without a book.
 Dot: Without her hair falling down.
 Bug: Without a wire from Happy.
 Pearl: Without the "rouge."
 Gale: Without "Pratt said—"

Life is a joke,
 All things show it.
 Look at "Coop."
 And then you'll know it.

NOTES OF FORMER W.-B. TEACHER AND STUDENT.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Topics has this announcement, which is of interest because Miss Whitelaw is a former Ward-Belmont student:

"Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whitelaw, 2669 Euclid Height Boulevard, announce the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. E. Kenneth Reese, son of Mrs. E. Shriver Reese, 2280 Belfield Avenue, Cleveland."

Born on March 26, a daughter, Barbara Brennan, to Mr. and Mrs. George Brennan, 2042 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Brennan is best known as Miss Miriam Applebee, who was both student and teacher at Ward-Belmont.

Her acting as Jeanne D'Arc will long be remembered by W.-B. girls, and we congratulate her on her new and important role. Barbara is a fortunate baby to have chosen our beloved "Miss Applebee" as mother.

Miss Mary Fletcher Cox, also of the Expression Department, left her place she filled so admirably here to go into Red Cross reconstruction nursing. She is now located at United States General Hospital No. 9, Lakewood, New Jersey, where wounded soldiers are treated. She says the work is very interesting. We wish she would send a letter to the Hyphen.

Ward-Belmont still laments the loss of Miss Cox and Miss Miriam Applebee, but congratulates them both in their new fields of usefulness.

AN APPRECIATION.

(Continued from page 1.)

ilege of dining with the beautiful Ward-Belmont girls.

It was an entertainment that was unique and to the liking of the boys, and your wonderful generosity and cordial hospitality, should be acknowledged by every citizen of Nashville.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. ALLISON.

THINGS WE HAVE TO ENDURE.

Thursday talks in chapel.

Flash.

Various and sundry "campuses."

Expression recitals.

Criticisms.

Firedrill.

Quarterly Exams.

Miss Morrison (to Miss Hill)—"Will you rock 'Dixie'?"
 Miss Hill—"I certainly would if I had some rocks."

God made the star-hung skies for us.
 The singing birds, bees, hills and lakes.

Of course, he made mosquitoes, too.
 But everybody makes mistakes.

On the Level.

"Stout people, they say are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

"Well, you see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low."—Exchange.

"Did you ever use 'Art Gum'?"
 "No, I always chew 'Spearmint.'"

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PERSONALS

Martha Baird went home for Easter.

Dorothy Rogers went home for the week-end.

Virginia Priest spent the week-end in St. Louis.

Ruth Brewer has returned after a visit to her home.

Anna Marie McDermond spent a few days in Attica, Ind.

Mary Louise Bliss returned after a short visit in Rushville, Ind.

Lucille Oliver has returned from a visit home over the week-end.

Katherine Davis had dinner at the Witherspoons Monday evening.

Mabel Buchanan's mother and father spent the week-end with her.

Mary Neil Donoho and Katherine Davis had tea at Mrs. Craig's Sunday.

Thelma Blossom left Friday for home, where she will spend a few days.

Katherine McEane had as her guests for a few days her mother and father.

Miss Charman Alkens, formerly a Ward-Belmont girl, is visiting her sister, Irma.

Lillian Bell was the week-end guest of her aunt, Mrs. John A. Bell, of Nashville.

Miss Maline Murrey had as her guests her mother and father from Richmond, Ind.

Jewel Parker, Billie Clower, Frances Davenport and Evelyn Hill went to Franklin Sunday.

Mary Ellen Driggs, Jennie Duggers and Katherine Keene had dinner with Miss Appleby Saturday.

Louise Sconce and Josephine Cathcart left for Danville, Ill., where they will spend the week-end.

Mary Titus and Lillian Bell spent Sunday at the Nashville Golf and Country Club as guests of Mrs. John Bell.

Edith Holman, Margaret Love, Lois Hodge and Marian Hutchinson spent the week-end with Miss Cooper in town.

Miss Ross, Frances Stone, Marguerite Ross and Helen Douglass spent a most delightful week-end in Dr. Brower's boat.

Miss Clemmens took the following girls to a movie Thursday: Anna Marie McDermond, Hazel Wilburn and Harriet Blackburn.

Miss Sophia Williams had as her guest last week, Miss. Earle Evans, who for the past eight months has been in France with the air service.

Misses Evelyn Fullilove, Ruth

Johnson and Elizabeth Burgess spent a delightful week-end with Miss Elizabeth Hord in Florence, Tenn.

The following girls went out to Dr. Nell's Sunday evening: Thelma Blossom, Margaret Morrison, Ellen Johnson and Virginia Montgomery.

The following girls went riding with Mrs. Blakey and Eugenia Sunday: Marjorie Cooper, Janie Mae Abbey, Sug Gossett and Irma Alkins. The following girls had dinner and went riding with Miss Mills Sunday: Katherine Green, Maude Briggs, Helen Wilson, Ellen Johnson, Rachael McGill and Mary Louise Ellis.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodge spent Monday in Nashville with their daughter, stopping over on their day home from Washington. They entertained Miss Mary Buchanan, Edith Hanlon, Marian Hutchinson and Mrs. McCombs at lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. George Conover, from Illinois, spent the week-end with their daughter, Mary Frances. Mr. and Mrs. Conover entertained for their daughter Monday afternoon with a movie party and a delightful automobile ride. They had as their guests Misses Clara Bell, Nancy Anna Pauley, Mildred Dickey and Kathryn Shettel.

NASHVILLE AS MUSICAL CENTER

(Continued from page 1.)

the famous baritone singing with her. It is likely that Signor Stracclari had expected to meet for his Nashville assistant a student of extraordinary promise; and he graciously expressed his admiration when he encountered a soprano of marvelous range and flexibility.

This past year has seen Miss Waggoner emerge from the status of a church soloist to that of a lyric artist possessing a technique almost without fault. It is remarkable when a coloratura can not only enliven her audience with the beauty of her upper register, but can soothe and hold them with her loyal tones in the mezzo voice. The scope of Miss Waggoner's ability showed in this concert with "Qui la Voce" from "I Puritani" as the one extreme and the lovely Welsh fragment, "When Morning Is Breaking," as the other.

Adding much to the pleasure of the hearers, and doubtless quite as much to Miss Waggoner's sense of security, was the presence of Miss Alberta Reeves at the piano. The delicate beauty of her touch renders her an ideal accompanist.

Signor Stracclari was necessarily much impressed with the school of voice culture which had staged for him so genuine a surprise upon his visit to Nashville; and quite as necessarily was he gratified at finding that his fellow-countryman, Signor de Luca, was putting to use here the exacting standards and the faultless methods of vocal art as taught in Italy.

The consensus of opinion as gleaned from voice students at the Ward-Belmont Conservatory is that Signor de Luca is too magnetic by far for the term martinet; yet they coincide and his faults prove that he is a whole-hearted devotee to hard work. It is rather by his own enthusiasm for the art he has mastered that this zealous young Italian aways his followers to effort.

His own indefatigable spirit is evidenced by the finishing European knowledge to his students he never permits a deviation from the rules by which he himself became so distinguished a master.

REALLY TRUE.

Mary Hilner—"I'm not going to swim any more."

Betty—"Why not?"

Mary—"Oh, because I have an iron constitution and when I swallow water, I'm liable to get rusty."

A WOULD-BE BUTTERFLY.

Those hills—all her life had been spent within their prison-like heights. Even now, as she looked out of the window of their tiny sitting-room, she could see Cold Hill rising impudently before her, as if defying her to break through and explore the wonders of that unknown world beyond. Janet turned from the hated view with a grunt of disgust. The dusting had to be finished before "The Happy Circle" gathered for their weekly hour of sewing and gossip.

At last every book in the prim little bookcase was in place, every "tidy" fastened securely and the three well-worn blinds at exactly the right distance from the sill. Satisfied with her work, Janet took her duster and went out to help her mother with the cakes, pulling the door to behind her, so that no odor of cooking might invade the immaculate room.

"Janet, you might try those drop-cakes and see if they aren't almost done. They've been in over time now, but the fire must be poor or something. That last load of coal Jim Ferguson bro't us is plumb full of slate."

Janet obediently pulled one of the straws from the card on the wall by the big range, and after trying the cakes, announced that they were done. She turned them out of the pans onto the board to cool. This done, she went upstairs to dress. She hated these meetings and always escaped if possible. This afternoon she had persuaded her mother that quite a little marketing was necessary and she intended to make her errands last as long as she could.

It was a very neat, although severe looking Janet, which left the cozy yellow cottage about half an hour later. Her blue linen dress with its white pique collars and cuffs was starched to its utmost capacity. The low-heeled black slippers and the cotton stockings were most offending to Janet. The stiff little black sailor, too, was so different from those marvelous creations that she saw in the fashion books.

The Gramhams lived on the west side of Clearford, so Janet had to cross the bridge to get into the business part of town. As she reached the middle of the bridge a crowd of girls passed her, laughing and reading aloud bits from letters. Janet caught the words, "overseas mail." Evidently some foreign mail had come in, but, of course, she wouldn't have any. Not a boy that had left Clearford knew more of quiet little Janet Gramham than to say "hello" to her on the street, because of acquaintance in school, or some such impersonal reason. She never had had a "date" in her life.

Janet thought of all this as she did her marketing, and was moved to the utter recklessness of indulging in a sundae at McCarty's. She was unusually quiet as she helped her mother with supper later on, and during the meal she still seemed deep in thought.

"What's the matter, daughter?" questioned her father, teasingly. "I never saw you day-dreaming so solemnly before."

"I'm just tired, father. The sun was very hot today, didn't you think?"

But still she was not roused from her ponderings. After the dishes were washed up and the table set for breakfast, she settled herself on the front porch with the evening "Spirit." The news was uninteresting and she barely glanced at the headlines. Suddenly a line caught her eye. It was this, "Soldiers who are lonely. Write." She hurriedly read the whole article. It was a petition for girls to write to soldiers in France who had no home folks. The name of a soldier would be sent on request, and

(Continued on page 4.)

A WOULD BE BUTTERFLY.
(Continued from page 3.)

only one girl was allowed to each man.

The whole idea struck Janet as being interesting and unusual. Here was a chance for her to do something. She ran upstairs to write the letter. She lighted the gas jet over her desk, and opened the box of pink paper she had gotten last Christmas. The letter was soon written, stamped and hurried down to the corner box.

The next few days Mrs. Graham worried quite a lot over her only child.

"I declare," she confided to her husband one night, "if I didn't know, I would swear to goodness Janet was in love. I can't make her out."

"Young folks are just moody, mother. Don't worry about Janet—nothin' ails her. She'll come 'round in a few days—you just see." And so the subject was dropped.

Janet did "come 'round"—with the arrival of her letter from the city branch of the Red Cross. His name was Robert L. Nevling. He was a private in the Rainbow Division, and was an orphan.

Robert L. Nevling—already she could picture the tall young bearer of that romantic name. He was tall, very tall and had the most bewitching black hair and blue eyes. And she just knew he had a moustache before the war. Janet adored moustaches.

The correspondence was established within six weeks or so and Janet was thrilled to the depths of her romantic little heart. She had thought the whole thing over carefully, and decided that she would pretend to her unknown friend that she was a very gay, social butterfly, for who would be interested in the drab life of Janet Graham? She scanned the "society columns" earnestly each evening and then carefully wrote the account to Robert with herself in the debutante's place, whoever it happened to be. Sometimes she even forced herself to keep from writing for a few days that she might tell him in the next letter that she "had just so much going on that week" that she hadn't a minute to spare. "The house party at 'The Terraces' was terribly boring" she would write; or "the opera last night was rather fair, though I don't care for such heavy things."

Thus she kept up her poor little showing of wealth and popularity. Indeed, through her constant use of these subterfuges, she really changed herself. She rebelled against the plain, unadorned clothes that her mother had always selected for her. Her hats were less severe; high heels were at last acquired; and her hair was patiently copied from various pictures of city girls.

One morning, without a moment's warning, she received a letter postmarked Camp Merrit, New Jersey! Of course, it was from Robert, and he wanted her picture and permission to come to see her. The picture could be managed. Janet raced to a mirror to scan her countenance. It was a very pleasant face which gazed back at her. Her grey eyes were full of youth and fun, and wide enough apart to speak favorably for their owner's honesty. Her nose was a little turned up, to be sure, but not enough to mar her looks—just enough to give her a piquant impudence. A large mouth came next, and a decided chin. But it was her hair which made her unusual. It was red gold, and was now piled becomingly in sleek coils over her head. A few months before it had been severely slicked back and braided before being made into a knot. Janet had studied for hours, however, over the fascinating head of Miss Edna Sarah Bertram, and had worked wonders on her own prim self.

"Yes," she decided to herself, "I'll send him my picture. But I never will

allow him to come to see me. I can't after those awful letters I wrote—why, what would he think of me?"

She had the picture taken and sent to him. It was a very nice looking picture, not so much unlike the ones Janet pored over so endlessly. Then she wrote Robert L. Nevling and said that since he was back in his own country he no longer needed her letters, and she would, therefore, say "good-bye" to him. With the sending of this letter Janet considered the matter closed and never expected to hear told of Private Robert L. Nevling.

But the object of all this concern was a most determined young man. Her fine talk had rather scared him at first, for he was just an ordinary American boy with no startling family tree or lengthy pedigree to burden him. But he decided to see the thing through and as soon as he landed he expected to become personally acquainted with this girl who had written to him so faithfully.

When he received the picture he saw that, at least, she had not been ruined by society. He saw the sweet, girlish personality shining through her eyes, entirely too wide awake to belong to the blaise young creature of the letters. Of course, he didn't suspect all of her plot. But he realized that she was a real human girl—and when her letter came telling of her desire to stop corresponding, he said nothing.

The train that brought the usual number of salesmen, eye specialists and so forth, to Clearfield the next Monday night also carried a medium-sized young man in a private's uniform. The uniform was carefully brushed and pressed. Robert L. Nevling, for that was who it was, alternately read his paper and peered out of the car window. It seemed that jerky trip from Lyrene would never end. But at last they passed the "brick-works" and drew into Clearfield station. He knew nothing, of course, of the train stopping again at Market street, which would have been much nearer. So he swung off and a few moments later was riding in the bus to the Duneling Hotel. Here he registered for the night.

The next morning, after making numerous inquiries, he set off for the Graham's place. No one had mentioned to him the fact that "Graham's place" was a tiny yellow cottage with pink and yellow ramblers running riotously over its walls, and that the whole was in the center of a lawn overgrown with flowers of every kind and description. A low, white fence enclosed the miniature estate, and at the half opened gate Robert halted.

Should he go on in, now and make this Janet girl confess? Or would it be the fairer thing to go back to the hotel and send her word of his coming?

As he stood thus pondering at the gate, Janet came around the side of the house with a broom and a bucket of water. At sight of the stranger she stopped short. Realization of who he was finally dawned on her, and then she laughed. He joined her rather nervous laugh with a deep, good natured one of his own. Explanations followed, so many that it took several whole evenings on the little front porch to clear everything up.

Clearfield pricked up its curious ears at the news of the "little Graham girl's" visitor. However, they grew quite accustomed to the broad shoulders and city air of the young man, as the weeks passed. Everyone agreed that the simple wedding that fell was one of the prettiest of the year. Strangely enough, Janet faced the window during the ceremony and as the minister spoke the last words, she raised her happy eyes and saw—those hills.

A BARE FACT.

Two ladies gay met a boy one day
His legs were brier scratched,
His clothes were blue, but a nut brown hue

Marked the place where his pants were patched.

They bubbled with joy at the blue clad boy

With his spot of nut brown hue.

Why didn't you patch with a color to match?

They chuckled, "Why not blue?"

"Come, don't be coy, my blue brown boy,

Speak out," and they laughed with glee

And he blushed rose-red while he bashfully said,

"That ain't a patch; that's me."

—Exchange.

W.B. SLANG FAILS!—GREAT TRAGEDY!

Time—Dinner.

Place—Mrs. Tarbox's table.

Setting—Chicken a la King, also a la bone).

Louise Rapp overhears remark: "I was so ashamed; I never pulled such a bone in my life."

Louise speaks—"Why, if your chicken is full of bones, I am sure you can find a better portion."

Quick Curtain.

Mr. Killebrew (to Joe)—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for not working harder. Why, when George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Joe—"Well, when he was your age he was President of the United States."

WANTED!

To know the derivation of the term, "Mama's Cave." It didn't seem very appropriate to me.—Signor de Luca.

Desirable, Anyway.

Miss Cooper—"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

Esther Lehman—"Breakfast, dinner and supper."



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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1919.

NUMBER 13

EXPRESSION PUPILS PREPARE FOR PLAYS

Several One-Act Plays to Be Given by First Year Class—Other Class Features

AN INTERESTING LITERARY PRO- GRAM BY X.L.'S

Last Wednesday evening the girls of the X. L. Club greatly enjoyed the literary program which was arranged by Hilda Suetholz. The first number on the program was, "The Reveries of a Sailor." Margaret Hamilton, who took the part of the sailor, was seated at a table expressing "his" dreams of the pleasures which would soon be his own. The following girls constituted the dreams of the eager sailor lad:

1. Mary Ellen Driggers as "Flirt" or "Vamp."
2. Jennette Greenwood as "Coquette."
3. Celeste Regard as "The Seashore Girl."
4. Grace Hall as "Debutante."
5. Ellen Johnson as "The Young Widow."
6. Beryl Dodson as "Sportswoman."
7. Jetty Driggers as "A Red Cross Nurse."

And last, but not least, Frances Leonard as "The Homemaker," finally won his heart.

"Jack" Hill gave an unusual lecture on "Do's and Don'ts," with apt personal applications, which we hope will do some good.

The following poem was composed and given by Margaret Howerton:

"TO THE FAT AND THIN."

There's a little word running 'round;
Gee, it makes a terrible sound;
Don't eat this and don't eat that;
It'll be sure to make fat.
Then with a little sigh and cry,
You pass the cake and candy by.

Put to the skinny, that tiny word do,
Meant for them, not for me and you,
It's quite a bore some saying, too,
Between DO and DON'T, which will
you choose—

To be so fat you can't lace your shoes,
Or be so thin you can cut with your chin?

GLEE CLUB MAKES FIRST APPEARANCE

The Ward-Belmont Glee Club, composed of twenty-four picked voices, under the direction of Mr. Martin, made its first appearance last Sunday evening at the First Presbyterian Church, in a special song service.

The club made a very favorable impression by its finished work, and received many compliments for the beautiful number presented. It was found impracticable to combine the chorus, owing to the impossibility of securing a rehearsal from interruption, and the cantata concert had to be postponed. The Glee Club was organized to offset this loss, as a larger group could be gotten together more easily. The club will meet from time to time at the Sunday morning assemblies during the remainder of the season.

Perhaps you are of the opinion that it is only the Senior Class of the School of Expression that does interesting, exciting things; and while we admit that we certainly would rather be a member of that class than any other, still, we would like to call your special attention to the first year class. They are having, at present, their first lessons in dramatic rehearsals. Now doesn't that sound important? And they will present early in May the following one-act plays:

- "A Bunch of Roses."
- "Oysters."
- "The Maid."
- "No Men Wanted."
- "Six to One."
- "Cross Purposes."
- "The Wrong Package."
- "We Dine at Seven."

These are short, ten-minute plays, and they will include the entire first-year class.

This quarter the members of the Certificate Class are going to be introduced to the mysteries of Pantomime.

The Seniors are working on scenes (Continued on page 2.)

ROBERT NICHOLS VISITS US

Ward-Belmont was highly honored last Monday evening by a visit from the famous English war poet, Robert Nichols. Mr. Nichols is in this country for the Lowell Memorial, and it will be remembered that he paid a touching tribute to Joyce Kilmer, whom he knew intimately, at the services held in New York for the poet, who was killed in action.

Mr. Nichols at first presented us with a formidable manuscript, which he intended to "lecture," but changed his mind, with the evident approval of his audience, and gave an interesting talk on the war poets of the present. He illustrated his talk by reading a number of the poems of various men, especially of Siegfried Sassoon, the great realistic war poet. His rendition of "The Daniel Jazz," which vividly reminded us of his author, Vachel Lindsay, was given in such a manner as to win the approval of Mr. Lindsay himself.

Mr. Nichols seemed hesitant in giving us his own poems, and, although urged by him, he gave us only a few. His lecture was understood and appreciated by all present, and Ward-Belmont would be glad to have another lecture from him.

PAID IN FULL.

Last Saturday night we had the pleasure of seeing Pauline Frederick in one of her new plays, "Paid in Full." It was one of those "eternal triangle" pictures, but a very good one. Miss Frederick is always at her best in the role of a vampire, even though she was in this case unconscious of her attractions! Each week we are agreeably surprised by the picture; we only hope our luck won't turn.

BIOLOGY GIRLS GO TO GLEN- DALE PARK

Instead of having laboratory work inside on Thursday morning, March 20, the Biology Class decided to go out to Glendale Park, which is five miles south of Nashville, to see the different birds and animals. We left here about 8 a. m., and arrived at Glendale not later than 8:30.

First our attention was attracted by the ducks, which were in a fenced off area. All species of ducks were to be seen in this cage.

The bears were interesting, and we all wanted to bring the little cub home with us. Miss Terry was so fond of the wild cat that we could hardly get her away from its cage.

We had a great deal of fun with the parrots, which were very sassy to us, telling us to shut up and keep quiet.

Among the other animals that we saw were:

Blue herons, doves, Guinea hens, ostriches, turkeys.

In the character family were: Guinea pigs, bears, deer, Belgian hares, racoons, monkeys, camels, dogs, elk, Persian sheep, goats, buffaloes, hedge hogs, black sheep and horses.

We took pictures of most all the animals for our memory books.

Before leaving we decided that it would be fun as well as interesting to see the girl who dives off a high incline into a lake on a horse. She was very pleasant about showing us her picture, and the horse she dives on.

The time to return came all too soon. We reached school in time for our third period class.

PENTA TAU CLUB SOCIAL

On Wednesday evening, March 19, the Penta Tau Club spent a delightful social hour. The entertainment was under the direction of Miss Sarah Gossitt, and a clever little scene was given called, "The Bride's Shop."

Mrs. Cook (Evelyn Moore) and Miss Cook, the bride-to-be (Gale Turner), came to the shop of Madame Lucille (Lucille Witherspoon) to choose a trousseau. The very latest styles were displayed in a most charming manner by several living models. The comments of Mrs. Cook and her fascinating daughter were the source of a great deal of laughter on the part of the onlookers. The program was indeed a delightful one. After the entertainment, dancing was enjoyed until dormitory bell rang.

THE CO-ED GIRL.

Most every time you go to class
You're apt to find some frivolous lass
With powder-puff and looking glass,
Who doesn't care, "Just so I pass!"

She takes her powder-puff and rubs
Some powder on her nose;
And when she's finished "making up,"
The class is ready to close.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR—
Vanderbilt and Ward-Belmont.
Eighty thirty and three fifteen.
September and June.
A's and E's.
Freshmen and Seniors.
Home and Nashville.
Florence Bartell and Bess Reeder.

A MILESTONE IN WARD- BELMONT HISTORY

Soldiers of the 114th Machine Gun Battalion, Just Returned from France, Visit School

Friday was quite a milestone in the history of Ward-Belmont. Harry Lauder, Col. Bishop and even Gall-Curci were all small in comparison with the excitement caused by the soldiers who ate lunch (excuse me, although at lunch time it was dinner) with us. About 550 soldiers of the 114th, who have just returned from France, covered with glory, were the favored ones. They arrived about 12:30 and were welcomed by flags, banners, bands and people. Dr. Blanton was, of course, the center around which the welcome committee revolved. We surely were glad we were college girls! The Seniors, Senior Middle and college special officers lined up on the south front gallery and conducted the men to their places in the dining room. Everything went well and the girls waving from table to table, spreading a word of welcome. A lovely dinner was served them, after which Governor Roberts addressed the soldiers and student-body on the campus. The soldiers all agreed that dinner at Ward-Belmont was worth a few months of fighting in France.

A MESSAGE FROM OVERSEAS

The Osiron Club enjoyed a rare pleasure last Wednesday evening when Mr. Clarence Beasley, Y. M. C. A. Secretary of the Army of Occupation, spoke to them concerning his experiences in France. He told of his experiences in Paris on the day of the armistice, and in the small villages which celebrated peace by brilliantly lighting the streets and houses after four years of total darkness. He spoke of the remarkable love and trust the French people, especially the children, display towards the American soldiers and what they stand for. The American soldier holds to his highest ideals wherever he goes. There exists a bond between us which we hope will never be broken. We understand after hearing Mr. Beasley how natural it is for the people of Lorraine to love their beautiful country and why they fight so valiantly for it.

A touch of humor in Mr. Beasley's experiences was the answer that a negro soldier of the 92nd Division gave him when he asked the negro how he felt just before going over the top:

"I feel jes' like—good-bye world—hello pearly gates!" was the negro soldier's reply.

"SHOW ME."

The "Show Me" State Club organized last week with the following officers:

President—Cordelia Gray.
Vice-President—Kathryn Cole.
Secretary—Alice Marselles.
Treasurer—Frances Weber.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Mary Hocker.
There are thirty Missouri girls here who are ready and willing to "show you"

TRI K'S SPEND WEEK-END AT WOODY CREST

Tri K's added one more good time to their list for the year by spending a second glorious week-end at Woody Crest. You may consider us unfortunate, because Jupiter Pluvius picked that particular week-end to empty his water sprinklers. Just banish such pessimistic thoughts from your mind, for we proved Madam Bernard's statement that happiness comes to the one who is able to adapt herself to her surroundings. Horse-back rides and out-door pleasures were indulged in between showers, and while it rained, every comfortable chair and davenport was a haven of bliss for crowds of girls enjoying a vacation of rest and pleasure. Thus the rainy weather only succeeded in throwing us nearer to our club sisters, and in effecting a closer mutual acquaintance among others. However, the club sister, whom we had considered a true friend, lost sympathy for us, for, as the various sleepy crowds sought ease and comfort at a late hour, they found that some heartless mischiefmaker had been working while others played. Ejaculations of awe and anguish rang through the rooms. Beds had been made pie fashion; bed clothes had been deranged; everything had been pulled out of place. Even the slats had been fixed so that the tired occupants of the corner bed in the yellow room received a jolting surprise when the slats failed to accomplish their purpose and the two girls fell to the floor. It was hours before silence reigned and each laughing, talkative maiden decided to sleep.

As for the domestic value of our trip, we declared that many a girl had found her calling when she managed so successfully cooking, dish-washing or house duties. By the time Monday morning arrived the laborers had become so efficient that despite our rising late the dishes were washed, and everything was in order when the auto came and we were homebound bound. Even though we did leave with reluctance, we were all thankful for our good times among ourselves and with our guests, Mrs. Sullivan and our sponsor, Miss Morrison.

EPISODE OF THE GREAT WAR

Thoroughly excited, and with little thrills running up and down my spine, I stood immediately behind the massive, khaki-clad back of one of the "heroes" last Friday, deep in a scintillating regard the mighty deeds these men had done. Suddenly, without the least warning, he shifted on one foot impatiently and turning directly around and giving me a full view of himself—gold teeth—h every thing—he said in a disgusted voice: "Wall, what I wants to know is—when is dey gonna turn us loose wid de goils?" C. W. D.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

"Stick-to-itiveness" is an awkward word, but it means so much that we must not ignore it. When we feel discouraged with our work here, or when we long for a ride in our own beloved roadster, or when we get a letter saying that "he" will be home in two weeks—then it is that we need to use our "stick-to-itiveness" in the greatest degree. When that overwhelming desire to drop it all and go home seems about to win out, just remember that homely little bit of advice given us by S. W. Foss:

"If the day looks kind of gloomy,
And the chances kind of thin,
And the situation's puzzlin',
And the prospect's awful grim,
And perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth,
And keep on keepin' on."

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS!!

The printer has asked that in your contributions, you use but one side of the paper. It is also most important that proper names be plainly written. If you will follow these suggestions and see that your contributions are handed in by Friday noon at the latest, you will greatly aid both the staff and the printer.

Editor-in-Chief.

THE PUTTOFFS.

My friend, have you heard of the town of No-Good,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where the Waitawhile flowers blossom fair,
Where the Sometimeothers scent the air,
And the soft Goaways grow?

It lies in the Valley of What's the use,
In the province of Letterslide;
That tired feeling is native there;
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Puttoffs abide.

The Puttoffs smile when asked to work,

And say they will do it tomorrow,
And so they delay from day to day,
While all the other fellows take all their orders away,

'Til failures they awake—to their sorrow.

—Author Unknown.

EXPRESSION PUPILS

(Continued from page 1.)

from Shakespeare in connection with the study of scenes and roles for dramatic presentation. A week or so ago we studied *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar* for passion, and we got quite enthusiastic over "Lafly Macbeth," in her sleep-walking scene. Next, we took scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, for contrasts in emotion; and this week we have been working on two scenes from *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The first contains the characters of the Duke, Hermia, her father, and two seniors. In contrast, to this scene, we have the humorous characters, Bottom, Snout, Quince, Snug, Flute and Starveling, who have come to the wood to rehearse the Tragedy of Pyramus and Thisby. You should see Miss Grider pacing across the stage in the pompous character of "Bully Bottom," who is explaining to the others the changes that must be made in this tragedy in order to make it pleasing to the ladies. Of course, Miss Frank Montgomery is the very person to take the part of "Starveling," and Miss Lucas as "Snout" assumes just the correct low, growling voice for the one who is to be the lion in the tragedy.

After our study and discussion of plays of Shakespeare in our English Class with Miss Scruggs, we find it very interesting to work these scenes out on the stage.

THINGS WE LOOK FOR.

Blakey—Getting to go out.
Catherine Davis—Not getting a telephone call.
"Gale" Turner—Without a box of candy.
Judith Brewer—Getting her special on time.
Mary Wasson—Feeding "Her" dog.
Betty Capron—Not in for some fun.
Helen Hainline—In a good humor.
Beth Holmes—With paint "on."
Allen Taylor—In her room.
Anne Hamilton—Not in swimming.
Blondell—With her hair combed.
Daisie Maddox—Without Ethel.

Oh, a girl may play and a girl may sing,
And a girl may flirt all day—
But she can't step up on a street car now,
'Cause her skirt ain't built that way.

But a girl may crow and a girl may know,
That while it's a mortal shame
To manipulate her skirts in view of the flirts,
She steps up just the same.
A RIOT IN GRAMMAR.

He went into the shop to buy a comb. He was a man careful of other people's grammar, and believed himself to be careful of his own.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the assistant.
"No," replied the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with tortoise shell teeth."—Ex.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

The Host—"It's beginning to rain; you'd better stay to dinner."
The Guest—"Oh, thanks very much; but it's not bad enough for that."—Exchange.

Fond Mother—"Ain't he sweet, Mrs. Murphy. Don't he look like his father?"

Frank Friend—"Aye, but wot matters so long as 'e's healthy."

Marian—"I hate tobacco! I wish it were all destroyed."

Jack—"Yes, old dear; I'm doing all I can to burn up last year's crop."

PERSONALS

Marie Barker has gone to her home in Texas.

Irene Duffey went home for the week-end.

Ruth Johnson had her father with her for a short while Tuesday.

Florence Mai had as her guests last week her mother, sister and cousin.

Mr. and Mrs. Seelbach spent the week-end with their daughter, Marie.

Maud Berger returned this week after a short visit to her home in Peoria, Ill.

Elizabeth Salter has returned to school after a short visit to her home in Danville, Ky.

Norma Herman and Elsa Witte returned from St. Louis, where they have been visiting.

Armour Leigh Burleson left Wednesday with her father for her home in San Saba, Tex.

Mrs. Blackburn and Mrs. Swayzee spent the week-end with their daughters, Harriet and Mary.

Miss Sophia Williams spent an enjoyable week-end in Clarksville, Tenn., with Miss Wesley Drane.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Capron are visiting their daughter, Betty. They expect to be here about a week.

Pauline Duff left Thursday for Chicago to be with her father, who is critically ill with pneumonia.

Misses Lois Hodge, Edith Hanlon, Margaret Tone and Mrs. Hanlon had tea with Mrs. Herbrick Sunday.

Misses Amanda and Jennie Coke of Auburn, Ky., have become students of music at Ward-Belmont again.

Janie May Abbey and Mary Nason left Friday for Greenville, Miss., to participate in the marriage of a friend.

Miss Minich, Frances Stone and Helen Douglass enjoyed a boat trip with the Misses Brower of Nashville Monday afternoon.

Miss Margaret Trawick, a student at Agnes-Scott, is the attractive guest this week of her cousin, Frances Russ and Lucie Neil Dekle.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mathers, en route for their home in Kansas, stopped over for the week-end with Frances Russ and Lucie Neil Dekle.

Mrs. Hanlan of St. Louis entertained Saturday with dinner at the Hermitage the Misses Edith Hanlon, Margaret Tone, Lois Hodge, Florence Wright.

Alice Marseilles entertained the following girls at a birthday dinner party March 26: Dora Martak, Dot Harris, Kathryn MacBane, Veda Jenkins, Emma Nelson, Mildred Long and Lucy Lee Wimberly.

The girls who have been in training for the swimming meet, entertained with a dinner party Monday night. Miss Hill was the honor guest of the occasion. The Panthers had also as their guest Marjorie Cooper, and the Regulars as their guest, Lola Vinson.

Miss Ellanna Born had as her guests for dinner Sunday, the 16th, Lieut. M. W. Cockran, who had just arrived in this country from France; Laddie Vaughn Webb, Celeste Vincent, Verna Henry, India Jones, Addie Hughes, Evelyn Moore and Christine Maxwell. Lieutenant Cockran came here from Camp Humphrey, Va., and was in Nashville for the week-end.

Miss Ludie Vaughn Webb entertained several guests at her home in Franklin, Tenn., over last week-end. They were Verna Henry, Beulah Kimbrough, Christine Maxwell and Ellanna Born. India Jones, who was at home in Franklin at the same time, entertained the party with a dinner at her home on Monday. On Saturday night they were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Cliff, and on Sunday Mrs. Webb kept open house in their honor.

Ruth Elgutter—"I didn't know there was any difference between plain tea and sassafras tea."



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MIRANDY'S INDECISION.

It was a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low. You might have known it was a dreary tract of country, if you had only waked up in this uninviting looking place. The chickens were the only signs of thrift, and they seemed to know that this was an undesirable place to live, and made only crooning, subdued noises. At the back step of the cabin a creamy-brown creature sang:

"When ar woman got da blues she takes da train an' rides," as she caused the rhythmic swish-swish of soap-suddy clothes in the course of their up and down motion on the rubbing board. She ceased her song as a rumble of thunder caught her ear, and she ran to the clothes line and took the few dry clothes into the house. A little yellow cur also heard the thunder, and darted past Mirandy's ragged skirt, and lolloped in front of the sooty fireplace. Mirandy tossed the clothes on the rickety old bed, and proceeded to light a smoky oil lamp, for the noiseless darkness smote her, and filled her soul with loathing for the place. The lamp flickered, lit up the small room and showed a few pieces of worn and shapeless furniture. The walls were covered with dirty newspapers, once of a vivid black and white. Mirandy's not-yet-dread desire for neatness, and her untrained idea of beauty, were the causes of this bit of interior decoration. With an expression of mingled disgust and contempt, once more she started a plaintive tune:

"Ah ain't got nobody much, ah say nobdy keyrs fo' me—" Just at that moment the queerest looking, raggedest old darky conceivable dragged himself into the room, and placed a bucket of foaming milk on the table. "Hey's de milk, Mirandy. 'Whare's ye ma?" he mumbled.

"She's feedin' de chickens. Sho is funny wedder."

"Sun 'ull be shinin' by eight o'clock. Rance is gonna have dinner wid yo' today. Ah wan' yo' to show yo'self, see how good yo' can cook gal, 'cause he's got his eyes set on yoo. You'll growed up together, jes as to say tar corn stalks in one hill. An' yo' mus' recollect he's got a lot o' stock an' made a fine crap las' year," advised 'her father.

"Money!" said Mirandy, as she began ironing. "He ain't got nuttin', iffen he has he sho don't show it. He don' kyar 'bout me, nohow."

Pausing in her ironing she went off into a dream; she thought of what she would wear, she would have a big mirror, she thought of the appearance she would make at the meetings. She recounted the various objects that she had dreamed of ever since she was old enough, and sufficiently energetic to care and want to progress in her own small way. Rance made an appearance about dinner time; his shiner russet-black suit, served as a warning to the dusky damsel. If he would not buy himself a new suit, it was self-evident that he would be reluctant of expending real money for wifely raiment. Not having to wash for white people, the possession of fine clothes, and a neat home was her idea of happiness.

Rance sang on his way home, the crisp November wind seemed to sing his joy, and the descending sun had a sweetness that made him forget the long walk to his little cabin near the cotton patch. Far down the road he heard the sharp clatter of a wagon, teams could be heard on several roads, trudging their way homeward. Lights appeared in the farm houses as night approached. These sounds and sighs moved Rance to deep thought; there came a vision of a home of his own; then his mind went back to Mirandy. His impression

of her was so strong that he exclaimed:

"Well, she sho looked good wid her hair all done untwisted, an' breshed out mighty fine, an' a clean apron wid fringe on it. Dar ain't anurr gal in de country can equal her. Lordy, how dat woman can cook!" He smacked his big black mouth as he thought of the 'possum, 'taters an' gravy that he had devoured at Mirandy's.

"I wonder," he continued, "if dat gal lacks me? She sorter said that ribbon L giv her was pratty, but she sho hitoney." He passed through a little period of doubt, then was joyous with anticipation of being accepted and looked forward to the day with its chances of doing a thousand little things to show his love.

The weary days dragged by for Mirandy, through winter, and into spring. Spring always brought a tingle to Mirandy's blood, her spirits were buoyed up by new hopes. But spring passed into summer, and her hopes were all in vain. The only variation to her drudgery being Rance's visits. Each visit of Rance's deepened her impression of his stinginess.

"If'n I ever seen that man spend a dollar where dar war'n't twice as many dollars coming back to him, I'd marry him quick," she exclaimed. The bird's song was no longer a joy, she hated the pounding, rumbling sound of the threshing machine, and the whistle of the driver. Even her dull mind resented the monotony of the farm. She longed to get away from the lowing of the cattle, the crack of the whip, and the continued barking of the dogs.

But one day in the middle of June, the greatest event in years happened at this farm, when a modern, yellow Mormon stopped in front of the farm manager's home. The whole tribe of negroes rushed to inspect the new comers.

"Com on heah, boy, fo' I bus' your haid!" Mirandy called to her small brother.

"Don' yo' want to heah about dat audymobile? Its dem white foks from de city, what is gonna stay heah fo' a while wid Mr. Johnson. Golly-ee, dat nigger sho can run dat audymobile. He call hisself a chuffer," he answered.

The chauffeur was the cause of much happiness, for the next few days, on Mirandy's part. Poor Rance, every time he called, got only a fleeting sight of his beloved, as she rode off with "Mr." Alex Combs. Mirandy had previously promised to go to the "Nineteen-ent o' June Dance" with Rance, and her going with him seemed inevitable. As Rance had been baptized, he would not dance, "Mr." Combs would be there, so it would be practically the same as if "Mr." Combs were her escort. On the night of the dance Mirandy was dressed in her best. Her white teeth gleamed as she surveyed her reflection in a cracked mirror.

"Mr. Combs would suttely laek dis pink dress," she hoped.

Mirandy was rather dance-weary as she and Rance walked home that hot evening. Striving to please, Rance said to the silent Mirandy:

"Ateer dem fiddlers got de twam, it sho wuz lively, I tell you! 'Dwas jes as thick in dyah as blackberries on de blackberry bush, 'cause every gal on de plantation wuz dyah shuckin' her foot fo' dat ole shuffer. I warn' dancin' 'cause I done got lygion an' 'longst to de church. I ain't got enuf leamin' to dance an' fool de debil, too!" While Rance soliloquized, Mirandy was thinking of what the "chuffer" had told her. If she would marry him, she could have all her dreams realized, and "auto" rides and electric lights thrown in! Vague thoughts and great emotions rolled in her brain at the wonder of the far-

away city life. As they neared the cabin, Mirandy answered Rance's eager question:

"I-I reckon yo' wan't hardly bohn to be a husband, Rance."

"Huh! Wha's th' matter wid me? Ain't I'd de richest nigger in dis country?" bragged Rance.

"An' I reckon you'd spec yo' wife to wuck, wouldn't you?" Mirandy half accused.

"Wuck?" If'n'n you'd wane'd to wuck, I reckon I'd be brosh minded enuf not to stop you."

"Me an' you war'n't meant fo' each other," she pretended to sigh.

"But honey—I'se rich," persisted Rance.

"You'd better go 'long, Rance; fo' this heah interview is painful for the both ob us."

"I's comin' back—" he promised. Instantly she saw all the rosy future that the chauffeur had painted, and she cried joyously:

"Trot along, my honey, for yo' don' spen yoo money, an I don' care if yo' nebbor come back!" Rance's naturally chocolate complexion had taken on a greenish tinge, and his voice quivered with passion as he said:

"Yeh, yo' jes let dat chuffer, an' dat audymobile go to yo' head!" He realized that she was dazzled by the intruder's seeming wealth.

"Mr." Combs was leaving the next day. As Mirandy saw the small room, the warped table and the flies swarming like bees and lighting on the scanty food, she was sure she had made the correct decision, and she was happy that she was going.

Two weeks later Mirandy stood several yards from the old cabin door, and thought of a vast number of things. The leaves overhead whispered her welcome; the birds sang it. The road did not seem so dusty now, and the trees no longer seemed to dwarf the little cabin, but proclaimed it as her home. The old hog looked very peaceful, lying there in the straw. She looked hungrily into the field, where men were harnessing the ripening oats; sounds of machines clattering now low, now loud, were as music to her ears. She even liked the buzz of the once detested fly.

As she neared the cabin she saw the kitchen table near the window, the smell of sizzling sausage, and the aroma of coffee reached her upturned nostrils. She could see her old mother hurrying to and fro. As Mirandy's family saw her, their happy cries started the young roosters into a renewed season of crowing. Rance was with them!

"Mirandy, tell us all about it; whar de'ye cum from?" asked Rance, as he was first to regain control of himself.

"Tain't nuttin', 'ceptin dat crazy nigger nigh kilt us, when he turned dat big car ober. Mr. Smif fired dat nigger quick as shooten, and dey took me on to dey house fo' dey maid. I got tired ob dat city life, so I kum back, an' heah I is!" she explained. Rance meant so much to her now, and his voice brought back times that had once failed, but now thrilled her, like song.

"Would he forgive her?" she wondered, and there was a smothering ache in her heart.

"Mirandy, don' you wan' to cook 'possum an' 'taters fo' me?" Mirandy experienced a feeling hardly to be expressed in words, the emotion whose spring lies deep in the heart.

In class—
Miss Morrison and class, speaking of "Breathlessness."

Miss M.—"Where does it affect you?"

Jannie G.—"In my head."

Miss M.—"Quite right; it always affects you in your weakest spot."

CAN YOU GUESS THESE NAMES?

(The names of teachers or those connected with the school.)

1. A flower.
 2. A color plus a place containing water.
 3. An animal.
 4. Word having opposite meaning to wrong.
 5. A famous author plus a species of bird.
 6. A brand of car.
 7. An eminent author.
 8. A style of chair plus a preposition.
 9. A weapon plus a preposition.
 10. A fruit plus an insect.
 11. What the sun throws.
 12. What you say when you're through work.
 13. A boy's first name.
 14. A certain kind of roof seen in England.
 15. An adjective meaning fast.
 16. What donkeys do plus a place where animals dwell.
 17. A place we all love to go plus a verb.
 18. Small streams.
 19. An adjective descriptive of land not hilly.
 20. A grove of trees.
- (Answers will be published in next week's Hyphen.)

THINGS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE!

1. Eva Robinson in civilian clothes.
 2. Clara Bell minus the hair.
 3. Mildred Afleck with grown-up dresses.
- Note: Mildred, you are getting to be a big girl, now!
4. Gladys Grider without Frank Montgomery.
 5. Florence Kelly minus the conceit.
 6. Catherine Davis without the blase air.
- Note: How long ago was it, Catherine, that you wore curls?
7. Marion Morrow minus the chewing gum and slang.

HIS ANSWER.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine!"—Ex.

(Lucy N. Dekel, speaking to Mrs. "Charlie" of rats which played in her room at night.)—

Mrs. "Charlie"—Were they rats or mice?

Lucy N.—"Why, I don't know; I didn't think there was any difference; I thought Northern girls said rats and Southern girls mice."

Note: Lucy, this ignorance is appalling.

A LONG SHOT.

Ma—"You've been drinking. I smell it in your breath."

Pa—"Not a drop. I've been eating frog's legs. What you smell is the hops."—Exchange.

Deep Mystery—On the night of March 25 at 7:30 p. m., on the bench in front of Pembroke—Who were they?

Have you noticed Evelyn Fullilove doing the "Lame Duck" around here lately?

Seniors in Expression to Elizabeth Overman—"Teacher, may we speak!"

LOST—One hearer; finder please return to M. Morrison.

A LONG STORY MADE SHORT.

Tri K Event of the Season.

Point of View—A joyous participant.

Purpose of the Event—To entertain our friends and incidentally ourselves.

Setting Time—Paddy Day, 1919.

Place—Heron Hall.

Conditions—In Paddy's own colors, a tastily decorated hall, "divine" music by Veto, a crowd of lively, daintily attired girls, and interested spectators.

Plot—A series of peppy dances, supported by punch, during the intermission, all bound together and conducted to further, in all ways possible, all purpose of our event. Atmosphere at the beginning foretells success.

Conversation—Anything from "his" latest letter, to the most recent debatable at home.

Suspense—It created through anticipation of the coming refreshments, which proved to be ice cream and mints, with St. Patrick's trimmings.

Obstacle—None whatever.

Climax—Ringing of dinner bell just when enthusiasm was keenest.

Denouement—Biding Tri K's goodbye, and expressing effusions of delight over the pleasant afternoon.

Conclusion—Drawn from all reports, and from the spirit manifested during the dance, was that Tri K's had fulfilled their purpose and given one of the prettiest dances of the year.

WITH APOLOGY TO ALL CONCERNED.

A Drama in Two Acts.

Time: 8 p. m.

Act 1. Scene 1. Living room at Dr. R. Neil's, where Signor De Luca rooms. Mrs. Blossom also has a temporary room there. Mrs. Blossom and Neil's conversing.

Enter Signor De Luca, who knows Mrs. Blossom is a Christian Scientist.

Signor—"O, Mrs. Blossom, I've got a terrible headache!" putting hand to head; "perfectly terrible!"

All: "O, we are so sorry!"

Signor to Mrs. B.: "Can't you cure it? You are a Christian Scientist?"

Mrs. B.: "Why, no, Signor; you go upstairs and lie down and I will pray for you."

(Exit Signor.)

"Time elapses here, fully ten minutes, the while Mrs. B. prays earnestly and every one else is quiet."

Act 2. Scene: Same.

Characters: Same.

Mrs. B. still praying.

Upstairs we hear Signor coming, then his voice:

"O, Mrs. Blossom, stop praying; it gets much worse."

Finale.

ECHOES FROM EXAM PAPERS.

Q.—Account for Mammoth Cave?

C. Y.—The banks wrapped themselves around the river and then the river ran off and left a hole.—Exchange.

"Pop, what is meant by a figure of speech?"

"Well, my son, when you hear of a woman being speechless with indignation, that's a figure of speech."

Elizabeth Burgess—"What is the French word for 'body'?"

Ruth J.—"Corp."

Elizabeth—"I don't mean a dead body."

Miss Sheppe—"What does solstice pertain to?"

Ada Lee Bartlett—"It pertains to Solomon, the wise man."

DON'T KNOW WHAT TO NAME IT.

The war? It's over now, so Why speak of it yet longer, When interests centered here at home Appeal to us much stronger? For now the boys are coming back, From the land which we call

France; Of thrilling tales they'll have a lot, And many a narrow "chance."

Do we want to be ready, My maiden fair, To welcome them home once more, For every lad has done his share. In the great big scrap That went on "over there," He's a different man from the one who left

A year or so ago. And we must prove that we have stepped Along by his side in the "show."

Now get you ready and shoulder arms But—don't forget your womanly charms.

When our heroes brave From o'er the foam, You go to welcome Back to their home!

—By Carline Stealey.

THE DEMON'S RETURN.

It has come again!—the ever-dreaded universally cursed robber of our beauty nap—that last fifteen minutes, from 6:45 to 7 a. m., just when sleep is sweetest and when one dreams of home and all that spells Once again the "Curfew tolls the knell of coming day;" once again 550 girls spend a miserable day in tennis shoes because they are too lazy to change. We present a pleasing picture to the milkman and other unfortunates who are stirring at that unholy hour. Wildly flinging our arms and legs to the physical education department's "one, two, three!" Alas, alack! there is no rest for the weary.

Note: If any one fails to get the meaning of this, see the rain specialist at once—Editor.)

AND THEY DO.

Embry—"Liberty Bonds, Liberty Bonds! That's all I've heard for four years."

Stopp—"Well, I reckon so. Look how many married people there are in the world."

Embry—"What's that got to do with Liberty Bonds?"

Stopp—"You boob, you. Didn't you know that people with matrimonial bonds all wanted liberty bonds?"

Not so!

EXCUSED.

She—"Why are you looking so thoughtful, my dear?"

He—"I was wondering how Jonah got away with it when his wife asked him where he had been away from home all that time, and he told her that a whale had swallowed him."

First Student—"They say that the prop's mind has completely gone."

Second Student—"Good; I'm lucky. I haven't read my assignment for today and he told me the next time I didn't do my work he was going to give me a piece of his mind."

CATTY.

Edith—"What makes you think Jack loves me so desperately?"

Maud—"Oh, a thousand things! He always looks so pleased when you play and sing."

She—"Do you ever think of me?"

He—"Yes, you are constantly on my mind."

She—"My; how small you make me feel!"

UNQUESTIONABLY

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1919.

NUMBER 14

WHEN THE BOYS CAME HOME

Girls Form Human Flags on Capitol Steps—Soldiers
Given Hearty Welcome.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

Alicia, christened Alice, entered like a young cyclone into her grandmother's living-room. Alicia was a modern, breezy, young girl, very popular because of her efficiency in sports, her readiness to enter into anything that promised to be fun, and her extremely good disposition and high spirits. Breezing in, she brushed her grandmother's white hair with her warm, young lips, and flopping down on the floor at the old lady's feet, she burst out:

"Well, Granny; I'm in it again. Mother says I positively cannot go to Windsor for the dance tonight. You see, Mrs. Merriman is ill, and we can't find anyone else to chaperon us, and mother says I cannot drive there without a chaperon. I don't see any harm in it, though; I'm going with Johnny, and we'll know him forever."

The little old grandmother looked rather overpowered and taken back at the dynamic outburst of her granddaughter. Her kindly, old face wore a perplexed expression as she soothed: "Never mind, my dear; you can go next time; or maybe we can find another chaperon."

"But Granny, you see, we have looked for another chaperon; and I don't want to go next time. I want to go tonight. Next time may never come!"

Granny sighed, for she was inclined to worry about this impulsive granddaughter of hers, who was so sweet and dear, and yet was likely to do the most unheard-of thing at the most inopportune time. Of course, Granny knew there was no harm in Alice going with Jimmy, but young girls don't drive forty or fifty miles at night to dances unchaperoned. Even though Alicia had grown up with Jimmy and it was generally understood that they were to be married some day, yet her mother was right.

Alicia, however, thought otherwise. "All the other girls do it. So why can't I? I'm nineteen and that is certainly old enough to take care of myself. I've promised Jimmy I would go, even if I had to slip off!"

The poor old lady threw up her hands, shook her head, and said: "Of course, now, you must not breathe a word about it to mother. If you weren't, such a dear, old sport, I would never have told you. But, Grandmother, it wouldn't be too terrible to slip off, would it?"

And there was a wistfulness about her pretty face, upturned to her grandmother. Alicia had unlimited faith in this old lady's ability to advise her and smooth things over for her after her numerous escapades. There was a kind of secret understanding between them, for, no matter how shocked her grandmother might seem to be, she always helped Alicia in the end.

"Why, my dear, you shouldn't say such a thing. Think how angry and hurt your mother would be!"

Alicia looked meditatively at the floor for a moment and then there

(Continued on page 3.)

Last Monday excitement was rife at Ward-Belmont because of the home-coming parade of the 114th and 115th regiments, chiefly Nashville boys. Before breakfast newsmen appeared with "extras" giving the names of all the men in the regiments, and shrieks of joy were heard whenever some fortunate girl discovered that a friend of hers was in the city.

We assembled in chapel about 9:30, where we were arranged in order and marched to the faithful W.-B. "specials." Our steeds, however, did not carry us all the way to the Capitol, so we disembarked, and marched in military form up Capitol Boulevard, with on-lookers cheering, and our coquetically ruffled red, white and blue caps and jackets causing great excitement. When we arrived at the Capitol, we were marched inside and, to all appearances, abandoned. Shivering groups of Expression Seniors, who formed an impressive tableau about the statue in front of the building came wandering into the Capitol, and presently we conceived the idea of whiling away the time by a good "sing," led by our efficient cheer-leaders, India Jones and Eva Robinson.

Suddenly Miss Sisson's whistle (in reality, the much despised gym whistle) gave us the warning to form, and the two flags, the large American flag and the Service flag, with the gold star, formed outside of the Capitol, the former on the steps, and the latter on the terrace. A few girls, evidently aided with the power of second sight, had provided themselves with sundry crackers and cakes, but most of us shivered in the wind, and longed for the soldiers to appear.

We had not long to wait. Up the street they came, through the Memorial Arch, erected in their honor, past the Governor's stand, where that official and his staff reviewed them, around the corner—almost beside the service flag—and then disappeared down the street. First came the Civil War veterans, in their old gray uniforms, who made courtly bows to our flags; then came a body of cavalry, and then—the soldiers! They seemed to stretch as far as we could see, and their uniform khaki was varied by the blue of the "jackies," who accompanied them. They seemed quite flattered by our turning out for them, if we may judge by the complimentary remarks, or by the candy and souvenirs which they tossed up to us.

Finally, when the last soldier had disappeared, when the drum majors—miraculously juggling their batons—could no longer be seen, we marched

(Continued on page 2.)

BILLIE BURKE ENJOYED

Saturday evening Billie Burke (but not Billie of Ward-Belmont fame) delighted most of the school by her enacting of the title role in "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" The plot was clever, the actors good looking, the setting artistic and Billie was at her best, all these making one of the very best pictures we have had this year.

PENTA TAU VESPERS

Vespers was held in the Y. W. C. A. room Thursday evening, under the direction of the Penta Tau Club. It was an informal meeting, and, coming as it did between the two test days, was a time when we all needed a message to help us. After the opening hymn, the President of the club, Mae Rosa Ray, read two short Psalms, and Mawrine Gracy sang a beautiful sacred song, "Who Is God of Hosts? He is the Lord Strong and Mighty, the Lord Mighty in Battle." A selection from the Bible, where Jesus Christ said, "It is I, be not afraid," was read by Evelyn Moore, and she spoke a few words, applying this passage to our school life. It does no good to worry, she explained, for it only makes us, and everyone around us, miserable, and few people realize the importance of just being happy. We really have worlds of things to be glad about, if we just stop to think about them. A hymn was sung, by all the girls, and then Miss Minich closed the service with a prayer.

SUG SEZ

I know that Betsy Ross
Didn't have nearly
So hard or
Painful

A time while working
Our first
Flag

As we, Miss Sisson and
Miss Morrison had
While working
The W.-B. "Living" one.

And I'm quite
Sure that
She didn't have
To
Stand, once

In the bitter cold

And once

In the burning sun,

To wait for a

Photographer

Who never came!

Also, I know

That she didn't

Have

Broken arches

From standing

Five hours in

Tennis shoes or

Pneumonia from crepe

Paper clothing,

But who will dare

Say a word against

It?

No one!

It was for our

Soldier boys who fought and

KEPT

The right for us

To make that flag!

I thank you!

"BARBERED BROWS."

(a la Wadsworth.)

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my
sight;

But when to school the maid was sent
No more was she an ornament.
Her eyes of course were still quite
fair,

And thick and fine her Titian hair,
But every eye-brow she had drawn
Till all the hairs but two had gone!

A tale that makes me blush to say—
She'd haunt, she'd startle, she'd dismay.
—Exchange.

FIRST AMERICAN BABY SHOW IN FRANCE

Soldier Daddies Enter Kiddie Pictures—Uncles Also
Allowed to Compete.

An American baby show in the heart of France. The minds of the officers and soldiers of our army and of the men and women who are ministering to them are fertile in ideas for the diversion of the doughboy, but here is something that is absolutely new.

The show was held at Fort Saint-Menge, where the 601st engineers are stationed and where, too, there is a large candidates' school. It wasn't a real, live baby show—a show of real, live babies—for that, obviously, would be impossible, but it was the next thing to it—an exhibition of photographs.

Of course every soldier-daddy carries the picture of the sweetest kiddie in all the world next his heart. And there are many bachelor soldiers who find inspiration and encouragement in the photographs of little brothers or sisters or nephews or nieces.

It is a habit of the doughboys to go to American women whom they are privileged to meet in France with all the little heart stories of home and the pictures of those who are dear to them. Naturally a lot of them went to Miss Anna Treadwell Blanton and Miss Mary Gentry Paxton, Y. M. C. A. workers at Fort St. Menge and these young women had a clever idea. The show of baby pictures resulted.

Every man in the 601st Engineers and the Candidates' school was invited to prove that his little love was the cutest mite of humanity on earth by entering his or her picture. There were many candidates, sponsored by both officers and privates and the event proved as enjoyable as it was original.

Pictures were arranged by classes, according to age and sex. Class A was for boys under 1 year; class B for girls under 1 year; class C for boys between 1 and 5; class D for girls between 1 and 5; class E for boys between 5 and 10 and class F for girls between 5 and 10.

Betty, a curly-haired cherub who counts Private C. Friday as her proud uncle, won the grand sweepstakes prize. Doubtless she is the first American baby to whom a gold medal was ever awarded in France.

Miss Blanton and Miss Paxton, who not only suggested, but directed the show in all its details, are Southern young women. Miss Blanton left a position as teacher in Nashville, Tenn., to come to France and help make the doughboys happy. Miss Paxton formerly occupied a Government position in Roanoke, Va.—Red Triangle Overseas.

ANTI-PANDORA MEETING

When each Anti-Pan received a notice, which read, "Meet in the gym. 8:45"—this was one time all the club members wanted to go to gym.

There we found it elaborately decorated in green and gold. A grand march opened up a very enjoyable dance. Refreshments were served during the evening. The bell rang all too soon to remind us that our pleasant hour was over.

SENIOR EXPRESSION RECITAL

If flowers help the spirit as well as please the senses, then Miss M. was well supported by the mass of roses with which the stage was decorated. One felt, if spring was really here and when Miss M. appeared she was in keeping with her setting. Her recital was an original arrangement of Mary Robert Rinehart's story of a little king's daily life and love. Miss Montgomery, who, with the simplicity which is the finest art, gave her different characters with spontaneity and grace of bearing and understanding.

The greater part of her pantomime was in keeping with her text, and a nicely balanced result was obtained.

The handling of her subject matter showed keen intellectual values, and her imagination kept ever before us the suave chancellor, the senile king, the little human prince and his longing for a little love and life. So well did she handle her audience that when the hour swiftly ended and they felt "All lived happy ever after," it was with a sigh of regret that her listeners left the "kingdom" she so cleverly built by voice, pantomime and imagination.

All are invited to the next recital, given by Miss Elizabeth Overman. Miss Overman reads on Thursday, 3:15, April 10, studio.

A SONG OF HASH

I.
Some write for money; some for fame;
Some authors write for cash.
But the purpose of my poem is
To sing a song of hash.

II.
In times of peace it plays its part
But more so in this war
The scraps of meat and potatoes
Went that way twice as far.

III.
It's dignified by many names;
Some call it "Irish Stew";
While others, not so commonplace,
Acknowledge it "ragout."

IV.
But call it by what name you please,
Whatever you may choose;
In college it is known to all
As "Review of Reviews."

V.
French names will not its taste disguise.
Nor sauce with lots of dash.
Season and spice it all you will
But hash it always—hash.
—Exchange.

TEN P. M.

Chimes ring
Sweet and clear
Through the halls,
Hear the call!
Good-night all,
Echoes seem to recall
Peaceful dreams.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by The Students of Ward-Belmont

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MARGARET GARNER Asst. Editor
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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

IS IGNORANCE BLISS?

Ignorance is bliss, they say. In that case, I suppose a great many of us have found happiness in these last few days. We have surely had stirring times around here during examinations. I think you will agree with me that ignorance is certainly not bliss during examinations. The sad part about it is that we never find it out until we get seated with paper in front of us, pencil in hand and questions before us. Then we look around the room, the ignorant ones certainly look blissful. There is a certain troubled air about their face, but we see a most joyful expression on the face of the girl who does not suffer from bliss due to ignorance. Now, we begin to question the truth of this saying.

Is ignorance bliss? Well, I am not capable of saying, but at any rate, we are here to cure our ignorance.

WHEN THE BOYS CAME HOME.

(Continued from page 1.)

back down the boulevard, and boarded our specials. We reached Ward-Belmont at 3:30, tired, lurchless and, horror of all horrors—there were only a few maids on duty in the dining-room! However, our resourceful girls rose to the occasion, and showed what excellent waitresses we had in our midst, whose talents had heretofore been entirely unappreciated. Be that as it may, when every one had quite satisfied her ravenous appetite, we retired from the scene of actions to think over the events of the day, and long for the time when some other regiment, even closer to our hearts, should return from France, and to hope that we might again be a "reception committee."

"STOP!"

Mildred Perry—Stop "odoring" everything.
Mary Douthet—Stop "the wild one-ing" every one.
Sug Gossett—Stop "redding" her hair.
Marion Hearne—Stop yelling.
Anna Rose Keene—Stop "I've got."
(The "Stops" are by request—not me!)

PERSONALS

Dr. Weber had dinner at school Friday night.

Hazel Bisset had her mother with her for a few days.

Mr. K. P. Cross, of Memphis, visited Mrs. McComb Friday.

Lois Hodge spent Sunday with Frances Davies in Nashville.

Miss Elliyle Lawrence spent the week-end in Vicksburg, Miss.

Miss Daisie Maddox went to her home in Memphis for the week-end.

Billie Clower and Jewel Parlar spent Sunday with Marian Matthews.

Margaret Bickley has just returned from a week at her home in Florence, Ala.

Miss Janie May Abbie and Mary Hasson have returned from Mississippi.

"Tut" Kirkpatrick, Will Allen Byrn, Elizabeth Mann are back after a visit home.

Mr. and Mrs. Canover, of Indiana, spent the week-end with their daughter, Frances.

Miss Amice Kitrell and Evelyn Hill, last year students, are expected this week for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Bach, en route from New York, spent several days with their daughters, Mildred and Florence.

Miss Mary Ellen Silver and Frances Davenport spent the week-end in Florence, Ala., with Bess Reader.

Mrs. W. E. McDade and Mrs. A. F. McDade, of Shreveport, La., spent the week-end with their daughters, Sadie and Julia.

Mr. J. S. Hainline, of Macomb, Ill., arrived Saturday, March 22, and spent a very delightful week with his daughter, Helen. He left on Friday, March 28.

Dabney Terrell, Mary Wasson, Harriet McClure, Helen Eaton, Ann Runkle and Helen Hainline spent a delightful afternoon on Monday with Mr. Hainline.

Mrs. Swayzie entertained for her daughter Sunday evening with a delightful dinner at the Hermitage. Her guests were Mary Compton, Frances Davenport and Bess Reader.

Misses Sadie and Julia McDade spent a delightful evening Sunday at the Hermitage, with their mothers, Mrs. W. E. McDade and Mrs. A. F. McDade. They had as their guests, Misses Sallie Beth Moore and Mamie Grey Meares.

Helen Killebrew entertained the following girls at her home on Harding Road Sunday: Gladys Newsom, Mary Kenny Weber, Erma Lou Wheeler, Lorena Rehman, Amelia Ligon, Marie Grace, Margaret Barbee and Hazel Bisset.

Mercedes Lyness left Saturday for her home in Lansing, Mich., in order to be with her parents for a few days before her marriage. (She is to be married June 6, to Capt. John Maher, after which she will leave immediately for Buenos Aires, which she will make her home for ten years.

Miss Morrison—Portions of one of your posterior appendages are exposed.

Jeannette—What?
Miss Morrison—Pull up your stockings.

Blackey at the table—Jessie, what makes you talk through your nose?
Jessie—Because my mouth's full.

Jenaette—I feel like a fireplug.
Helen P.—How's that?
Jeannette—Grate.

ANSWERS TO FACULTY PUZZLE IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE.

1. Rose.
2. (Black-well)—Blackwell.
3. Lamb.
4. (Right)—Wright.
5. (Poe-jays)—Potjes.
6. Maxwell.
7. Stevenson.
8. (Morris-on)—Morrison.
9. (Gun-by)—Gunby.
10. (Apple-bee)—Appleby.
11. (Ray)—Rhea.
12. (Done!)—Dunn.
13. Thomas.
14. (Thatch)—Thach.
15. Swift.
16. (Bray-den)—Braden.
17. (Town-send)—Townsend.
18. Brooks.
19. (Level)—Levell.
20. Forrest.

EXAMS.

Questions to right of me,
Questions to left of me,
Questions in front of me,
Written and thundered.
Stormed at with "why" and "tell,"
Bold I wrote—and well,
But into the jaws of death
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode my 100.

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THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

(Continued from page 1.)

came a soft, little, "Granny, didn't mother ever do anything she shouldn't have done? She seems so perfect now. Didn't she ever even want to do things she shouldn't? She seems so unconcerned and cold about things now."

"But, my dear Alicia, you mustn't talk about your mother like that. She was always very obedient. Of course, once or twice she did things. There was the time she ran away with Clinton McShane and your father caught them just in time to keep them from marrying. And then there was the time when—but I mustn't tell on your mother, because, really, she was as sweet and good as she could be."

"But, surely, Granny, you never did anything you shouldn't. People were so particular when you were a girl. Your mother always sat in the parlor when Grandfather came to see you. And your mother took you to the dances herself, didn't she?"

The old lady's eyes twinkled a moment at some half-forgotten escapade, and then her face brightened at this last question:

"My dear, we'll go ask your moth-

er to chaperon you and if she refuses, we'll just remind her of that time she and Clinton tried to elope."

Alicia sprang to her feet and clasped her grandmother about the waist:

"Oh, Grandmother, Jimmy and I were going to slip off and be married tonight, too, just to get even with mother. But now I'm going to wait and have a church wedding and you are going to be the maid-of-honor!"

George (fruit man)—Do you like nuts with dates?

Frances Smith—Yes, but I hate dates with nuts; you might give me a few dates with peaches, though.

Ellen J.—Mildred, your eyes remind me of the deep blue sea.

Mildred Adick (puffing with pride)

—Why?

Ellen—Because they are so watery!

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RICCARDO STRACCIARI, WORLD'S GREATEST ITALIAN BARITONE, AT RYMAN AUDITORIUM, APRIL 12, 8:15 P. M.

WISH-BONE NOT NEEDED.

They were dining of fowl in a restaurant. "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the bigger part of it will have his or her wish granted."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"Oh, you can think of something," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied; "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"Well, I'll wish for you," he exclaimed.

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wish-bone," she interrupted, with a glad smile; "you can have me."—Exchange.

"THEIR NAME LIVETH FOREVER MORE."

This is the inscription selected by Rudyard Kipling for the central monuments which the British nation will erect on the continental battlefields. It has been decided that the graves of the British dead shall not be disturbed. It was felt that if bodies were allowed to be removed to England for burial the rich would have their dead and the poor could not afford to bring back their beloved. So they will lie together, noble and commoner, in the democracy of death, as they lived and fought and fell.—Ex.

A GREAT TRUTH.

A very clever epigram is that which appears in the Liberty Loan circular of the Fifth-Third National Bank of Cincinnati, namely: "This war will demonstrate to the Kaiser that the Ten Commandments were originally engraved on stone and cannot be torn up like a 'scrap of paper.'" This is a great truth very tersely put.—American Israelite.

SUBNORMAL.

"I don't see why they call it the normal school."

"Why not?"

"Did you ever see the products."—Exchange.

Mickie Dawson—Went home to see the folks' last week.

Myrtle Clear—How did you find them?

Mickie Dawson—Oh, I knew where they lived.

Eleanor (hiking on way to breakfast at 7:20 a. m.)—Anna Rose, let's kneel down and pray that we won't be tardy.

Anna Rose—Let's keep on hiking and pray as we hike!

IN THE SWIM.

The goldfish thinks nothing of a trip around the globe.—Exchange.

He—Why do you think I no longer love you?

She—You don't even stop chewing gum when you kiss me.

"When you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and when you are in the wrong you can't afford to lose it," said Dr. George C. Lorimer.

Lola V.—"That scar on your head must be very annoying."

Jean C.—"Oh, it's next to nothing."

A moment of courtesy will take a man as far as a whole afternoon of apology.—The Youth's Companion.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1919.

NUMBER 15

ARTISTS CHARM VAST AUDIENCE

Music-Lovers Hear Signor Stracciari, Famous Italian Baritone and Miss Waggoner, Soprano.

TWO MORE DIVISIONS WELCOMED

Last week Nashville was fortunate enough to have two more divisions of returning soldiers in her midst. Ward-Belmont, of course, played an important part in welcoming them. The 115th was here Saturday and the formation of the flags was repeated on the Capitol steps. Sunday the 117th arrived. The first on our welcoming program was to have the officers out here to dinner with the Seniors. Dr. Blanton's generosity was well shown this week in his lavish giving to these soldiers. Beside having the whole 114th to dinner some of the age, and the officers of the 117th at dinner Sunday, he donated the salad for the meals served the three regiments—114th, 115th and 117th—down town.

We formed the flags for the parade of the 117th Sunday afternoon, after which we went to the Hippodrome for a few minutes, where the soldiers were eating dinner. We did not return till some time after 8 p. m. Sunday night. Of course, we were dead tired, but we had the memory of a most exciting and altogether satisfactory day behind us.

VESPERS

The vesper service on April 10 was led by the Twentieth Century Club. The theme of the service was Sacred Music. The meeting was opened by everyone repeating together the motto from Ephesians, 5:19, "Speaking one to another with Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord." The President of the club, Elizabeth Woods, led in the responsive readings and prayer.

Miss Beulah Kimbrough gave a short, but very interesting talk on, "The Music of Christianity." She told us many authors of beautiful hymns which we should know. It is careless on our part that we do not know and appreciate more the men who wrote these songs. When we go to church we sing maybe three or four hymns and never think of looking at the name of the author. Give him credit for what he has done for us in the way of music.

After this talk the meeting was opened and everyone was asked to give the name of a church song which she loved. Many beautiful hymns were mentioned and a verse or two was sung.

The service was then closed with a prayer repeated in concert.

CAREFUL JUNE.

June Fisher's mother arrived, and June, all excited, rushed into Miss Mills' office and said: "Oh, mother, Miss Mills has arrived; may I go out with her."

Ask Farley Bertram about Columbus; she knows.

SENIORS ARE ENTERTAINED

Monday afternoon the Misses Hood and Heron, former owners of Ward-Belmont, threw the doors to their beautiful home, open to the Seniors. The guests were delighted with the many treasures which the hostesses had brought back from Europe, and the party turned into an appreciative one. One of the most unusual ornaments, at least, unusual to the guests, was a tall, blond young man—he and two certain young ladies had a M-A-S all their own. Yes, I may add that after this American work of art appeared on the horizon, the European ones did not stand a chance. Later in the afternoon Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, Madame Bernard and Miss Appleby drove out. Delightful refreshments were served consisting of a salad course, an ice course and bonbons, as the girls say, they certainly had "large cats."

Miss Hood was heard to wonder if they would not like a picnic. Would they?—70 Seniors say they would.

MADAME BERNARD VISITS WARD-BELMONT

Madame Bernard spoke of the very good fortune with which she was favored by being given the opportunity of coming to Ward-Belmont and her dear Nashville friends again, but it could hardly have surpassed the good luck with which we thought we were blessed when we saw Madame Bernard on the platform Sunday morning.

The subject, "Practical Things," held our attention closely, for each in her own mind knew how directly Madame Bernard's talk "came home." She emphasized the fact that the way in which we kept our rooms was the way in which we were building our characters. Moreover, Madame Bernard did not plead for an immediate reform because that would be impossible. "Consider the lilies of the field" was her comparison with our lives.

The sermon, "Past, Present and Prayer," took us into a broader world than her morning lecture. Madame Bernard spoke of the divisions of mankind into classes by God as an act of necessity long ago, but now distance being practically annihilated, there was to be a brotherhood in this world of ours most delightful and powerful. The future of the new world depended upon the sacredness of home and home life. She asked us to not consider lightly our lives, for so much remains with us. Of prayer, Madame Bernard said that it was a condition of the mind and that an act.

Madame Bernard came back to us, as she said, like a mother and we did so much wish she could always have remained with us here, but soon she will be on her way to France, but never will we forget the nobleness of her character and the high ideals which she represented.

"ALIAS MICKEY MORAN."

Such was the title of the picture show Saturday night which had as its hero the "Divine Wally Reid," and its heroine, Winsome Anna Little. "Wally" was certainly not at his best as a slacker, and I think "Wally" would have gone down in our estimation had we not known that he was merely a "movie slacker," for he in reality spent some months in the army.

THE TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE

Girls Have Exciting Time Exploring the Underground World.

Monday morning the rising bell rang at the unprecedented hour of 5 o'clock. At any other time this awful happening would have jarred everyone; however, no one fussed this time, for the summons meant preparation for the great Mammoth Cave trip. After hastily making ready and eating a substantial, if slightly hurried, breakfast, we started off to the station, where we found waiting for us the special train which was to carry us to the "Promised Land." We had a very pleasant trip of two hours' length, part of it on a funny little railroad with quaint red cars and a puffing engine that could scarcely pull the huge crowd.

We arrived at the hotel at about 11 o'clock, and, after gobbling just enough food to sustain us, we started on the real business of the day, the trip through the cave.

We took what is known as route No. 2, which embraces five miles of underground walking and winds far downward through long avenues and huge domes, past terrible crevices and deep pits, into which we gazed fearfully. Some of it was rather perilous going, so, in order to make the party manageable, we were divided into four groups, each under the charge of a guide.

The experience of going through the cave was to all of us such a thrilling, novel affair that it is not likely we will ever forget it. Our route took us through such well-known places (which, by the way, have peculiarly appropriate names), as the Fat Man's Misery, the Hall of Humiliation, the Great Relief, the Hall of Inches and the Wine Cellar. The most impressive of all the wonderful things we saw were: The ride on Echo River, 360 feet below the surface, where the guide showed us with his voice the wonderful tone effects given by the walls of that underground river; the great Mammoth Dome, with its marvelous resemblance to a huge, wonderful, old gothic cathedral, an almost perfect gothic pillar being here pointed out to us and illuminated by the guide; and last, but not least by any means, as all the fat people in the party will testify, that perilous climb up the winding corkscrew staircase in the rocks. All of these things, however, have to be gone through to be fully appreciated.

Our different parties emerged at varying intervals from 5 to 6 o'clock, and, after securing photos of our respective bunches, we ate a hearty supper and were prepared to leave at 7 o'clock. We got back to school at about 11 that night, after what everyone conceded to be a day to be remembered for a lifetime.

CLUBS.

Wednesday night the F. F. Osiron, Twentieth Century and Penta Tau clubs met in the chapel and were entertained by a movie. Everyone knows how movies are enjoyed at Ward-Belmont, and this one was especially good.

Instead of having a Pathe Weekly or Travelogue, we saw Bryant Washburn in "Poor Boy." Although Bryant did play that part for awhile, he certainly won our hearts.

SENIOR EXPRESSION RECITAL

Every student of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression knows there are two aims in our four years' course—unity of parts and harmony. To obtain this requires long hours of technical training in harmonic, pantomime and voice programs, but when one hears the Seniors in their varied programs one feels they have glimpses of these two aims and the right and humble attitude toward the art of interpretation by voice and body. Miss Overman's program was excellently chosen and given. Perhaps she rose to best effects in The Necklace, keeping the sustained interest until the climax, which DeMaupassant so cleverly conceals.

In Alfred Noyes' rhythmic poem, "The Highwayman," she used art to conceal art and the best of the poem was coincident with the pulsation of her heart and mind.

Miss Overman has great power of concentration and a clever use of her imagination.

On Thursday, April 17, at 3:15, in the Expression Studio, Miss Louise Lucas gave her program, Life's Scales—Major and Minor.

This is the last recital by the 1918-19 Senior Expression Class. All interested friends among faculty and students are invited. The special guests are the sponsor and members of her club.

THE TENNESSEE CLUB'S DANCE

"Who says the Tennessee Club can't entertain?" Ask any of the girls who were fortunate enough to get one of those beautiful gold lettered invitations, if it wasn't about the best party the old "gym" ever saw; and, by the way, the old "gym" didn't look like itself, but more like a regular place. It was all "dolled up" with palms, settees and cushions, which made it ever so cozy and nice.

Vito was right there with an unusual amount of "jazz," which made everybody full of "pep," so the dance was a huge success. Spotlight waltzes were given, which Vito announced were for crushes only.

During the dance punch was served, and afterward everybody enjoyed ice cream and cake.

THE TENNIS TEAMS.

The preliminary games of the tennis tournament are now over and the girls who are to make up the club teams in the final tournament have been selected. Those Regulars who are the fortunate ones are: Margaret Stoner, Eva Robinson, Ella Lewis and Frances Loving. The Panthers who are to represent their club are: Marjorie Cooper, Celeste Vincent, Jean Cooper and Margaret Cleveland.

These girls are now practicing for the final event, and it is expected that the last game of the series will be played about May Day.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

SOPHIA WILLIAMS.....Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET GARNER.....Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN.....Expression
LOUISE MARKS.....Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE.....Music
ELIZABETH WOODS.....Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMBRY.....Hyphenettes
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KATHERINE BARRETT.....Asst. Bus. Mgr.
MARGARET TAYLOR.....Athletics
HELEN DOUGLAS.....Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

BOREDOM!

Boredom is a state of being which has gotten to be almost a disease. Some are born with it, some acquire it, while a very few have it thrust upon them. Now there are some of us who, looking into the glass, find that a listless, blaise air is becoming; to our type, that a lady, drooping of the eyes is quite attractive—therefore, we become bored. Now in regard to those who have it thrust upon them. We can all avoid this. Is it not rather a slam to say that out of this whole world of interesting things we remain bored? Surely, when we passively remain in this state, we are doing nothing to better our condition, doing nothing to bring happiness to ourselves and others. We all know a bored person is the most boring person on earth.

A LECTURE BY A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Thursday morning at chapel time we enjoyed a most profitable and interesting talk by Dr. Clark, who for some months has been a newspaper correspondent in France. He described vividly the devastated condition of France, Belgium, Poland and Russia. He also showed that democracy alone did not lead to a country unless combined with the knowledge of Christian culture. Dr. Clark mentioned that in the next twenty years the most radical changes along all lines known to man would take place.

A. M. AT W-B.

The bell goes off,
Then you holler and shout;
Finally, with a jump, you're out.
Put on a few clothes,
And after you rise,
You dash out to exercise.
How all are starved,
Rush down the hall
Get in the dining room after all.
Sample the grits; try the hash—
Then you think you're fed;
You gallop up to make your bed.
Next on the program is chapel,
Bell rings at 8:30 for school;
All go to learn "The Golden Rule."
B. C.

SENIOR TABLES
AND BANNER

Monday the Senior Class gave more evidence of its existence and class spirit. The much-longed for senior tables began. No longer do they mingle with the "common herd," but sit together at tables with girl hostesses. The girls, dressed in yellow and white, the class colors, proudly marched in and circled the dining room. The dinner was brought in and placed at the back of the dining room. Don't get ambitious, senior middle, we intend to keep that banner in its proper hands. One of the new senior songs was introduced.

MODERN MIRACLES.

Brown and Green were conversing together recently, and their arguments finally occasioned a bet between them. Each agreed to tell a peculiar incident, and the reciter of the strongest episode was to receive the stakes. Brown commenced, and said he knew a lady who was "turned into wood." "Impossible," said Green; "explain yourself!" "You see," was the reply, "the lady was placed on a vessel and then she was a-board!" "Very good," said Green; "but listen to this. Once I knew a man who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, but last week he regained speech in one minute." "Nonsense," said Brown; "but proceed!" "Well," replied Green, "the man I mean went into a bicycle shop with a friend and stooping down, he picked up a wheel and 'spoke'!"—Exchange.

NO BOARDING HOUSE.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked the polite book agent.
"No!" she snapped.
"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"
"No!"
"Or a Gene Field?"
"No; we ain't, and what's more, we don't run a boarding house here, either. If you are looking for them fellows you might try the house across the street."—Exchange.

TOO FAMILIAR.

Thelma Blossom read her short story in class and it was very sentimental, etc. Some one asked why she wrote that, and she said, "Oh, I wanted to write about something I was familiar with."
There was a young man from Bordeaux,
Who when driving a car was not alone;
He departed from hence
When it climbed up a fence
And now the poor fellow's beleaux.

She (poetically)—"No matter how dark the night or how stormy, there is something which is always on the watch."
He—"Whosat?"
She—"The minute hand."

"Vassar girls help the harvest."
"How, did you ask?"
"By wearing abbreviated work pan talons and shocking all the corn."

Teacher in Algebra—"Where do we find Q?"
Bright Student—"In the alphabet between P and R."

Ruth Wine—"Where do all the bugs go in the winter?"
Anna M.—"Search me."

Love laughs at locksmiths, but he winks knowingly at the jewelers.

It is a cold-blooded teacher that marks below zero.

HYPHENETTES.

Ethel Wallace—"What's weighing on your mind, Cholly?"
Grayson Love—"Do you think my mind is a pair of scales?"
Ethel Wallace—"Well, no; if you want to be precise about it—scales are evenly balanced."

The same, but different—
Mrs. Lester—"Are you in pain, Frances?"
Frances Russ—"No'm; the pain's in me."

Miss Rhea—"Miss Fullalove, will you tell us the condition of Italy in 1850?"
Evelyn Fullalove—"Yes'm; do you want me to recite the whole chapter?"

Vanderbilt boy—"I passed by your window yesterday."
Ward-Belmont Sub-Deb—"Oh, thank you, ever so much."

"Did she give any reason for rejecting you?"
"Reason? No. That's the woman of it. Simply said she didn't love me."—Exchange.

Kay Weinbrenner—"It looks like rain."
Hazel Gilbert—"What looks like rain?"
Kay—"Water."
Mary Titus to Mrs "Charlie"—"I thought mice grew up to be rats."

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PERSONALS

Margaret Gaines went home for the week-end.

Laura Lee Grave's monther is here for a short while.

Mildred Affleck spent Monday in town with her father.

Lola M. Vinson spent the day in town with Mrs. Lowry.

Aliene Taylor has as her guests her mother, sister and brother.

Eugene Blakey has as her guests for a few days her mother.

Louella George has as her guest for a brief visit her mother.

Eva Robinson returned after spending the week-end at her home.

Lulie Vaughn Webb and Beula Kimbrough went home for the week-end.

Catherine Smith and Meda Moon spent the week-end with Jama Sharp.

The Missouri Club went to the movies and had tea in town Monday.

Lucile Scott left for her home Friday, where she will spend the week-end.

Marion Caldwell has left school on account of illness and will not return.

Nida Robley had as her guest over the week-end Mr. Yeats from Newport News.

Elizabeth Salter spent Monday in town with Mrs. Garrett and Katherine.

Sarah Hitchcock entertained Mary Douthitt and Vivian Lane in town Monday.

Frank Montgomery, Gladys Grider and Florence Kelley had lunch with Miss Townsend in town Monday.

Janie May Abbey, Marjorie Cooper and Irma Atkins went to town with Mrs. Blakey and Eugenia Friday.

Misses Florence and Ray Bock had as their guests for a few days their parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Bock.

May Rosa Ray, Sug Gossett and Vivian Lane went to a social at the First Presbyterian Church, given for Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Anderson.

Mrs. Neil and Elizabeth Neil entertained Ellen Johnson, Thelma Blossom and Virginia Montgomery in town Monday.

The following girls had dinner Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Capron and Betty: Elizabeth Woods, Margaret Morrison, Jamie Griffin and Mildred Cloyd.

Anna Marie Demond entertained at dinner on Monday, in honor of the birthday of her room-mate, Pauline Adams. The guests were: Madame Potjes, Ruth Brewer, Helen Douthitt, Esther Graves, Maurine Yeatman and Dorothy Rogers.

A surprise birthday dinner was given for Lucille Witherspoon on Wednesday evening. The following were present: Dorothy Hillje, Pearl Mann, Mae Tucker, Louise Marks, May Rosa Ray, Claire Rosenbaum and Sybil Kell.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bock entertained their daughters, Misses Florence and Ray and Misses Louise Lucas, Ruth Marx, Sallie Beth Moore, Sonoma Myers, Charline D. Parks, Allen Kerr, Dora Martek, and Mary Kohn at a dinner party Saturday evening April 5, at the Hermitage Hotel.

A delightful dinner party was given to celebrate the birthday of Betty Holmes and Mabel Buchanan. The two tables were decorated with pretty flowers and dainty place cards, each girl had a corsage of pink sweet peas, and the whole color scheme was carried out in lavender, and pink. The guests at Beth's table were:

Mary Wasson, Catherine Davis, Harriet McClure, Elinor Stewart, Annie J. House, Myra Rogers, Eugenia Blakey and Dabney Terrell. The guests at Mabel's table were: Marie Grace, Martha Baird, Mary Buchanan, Helen Hyman, Avon Hall, Katherine Roquemore, Eugenia Hale, Esther Caldwell and Jessie Stevenson.

ARTISTS CHARM VAST AUDIENCE.

(Continued from page 1.)

er playing through a lilting passage or rousing through bars that demanded fire and vigor, he was equally the artist. To say that Nashville lovers of the artistic were amazed is expressing it mildly. They were conquered, slaves of the singer, before the opening number had died away.

While Stracciari, technically, temperamentally and vocally is an artist in every sense of the word, much of the credit for what he has accomplished must be laid to the painstaking De Luca, thorough artist that he is, and who has demanded of his proteges that they measure up to the best that is in them at all times. In reality it was a striking illustration of the splendid methods De Luca has employed.

Miss Waggoner Charms.

If it was a triumph for Stracciari, it was none the less one for gifted Miss Waggoner, and the sweet-toned Southerner never appeared to better advantage. On a program with a singer of Stracciari's caliber, it meant that great demands would be made upon her. Many and many a singer of tried ability would have refrained from meeting the test, fearing the issue, but happily the confidence in herself and that of her many admirers was more than justified.

In every way, in every instance, she displayed true artistry, and Nashvilleans last night were proud to know that one of their number is capable of measuring up fully and completely with any of the stars of song, no matter who they may be.

It was a great and rare occasion, fully justifying the outpouring of people, and each individual felt more than repaid for having spent an evening listening to the golden tones of Stracciari and Miss Waggoner.

Signor Zardo, at the piano, added greatly to the program.—Nashville Banner.

THE LATEST.

Betty, looking at a queer dress—"Guess that is the new style in Paris." Libbie—"Yes; Paris, Tennessee."

"You gotta come wit' me, young fellow. You's goin' sixty miles an hour."

"By Jove, officer! Either your milestones are too close together or your watch must be slow. Which?"—Exchange.

G. Robley—"I found a tack in my hash this morning. They are trying to kill me."

"Oh, no; just trying to hold you down."

Anyone seen Irene Driskell lately? Last seen in red sweater, plaid skirt and trench cap.

R. S. & Co.

Boys, beware! Helen Douglas' eyes make men leave their happy homes.

Spring is surely here—Gladys Griffin has shed her hoffin.

For lessons in graceful fainting—apply to Kitty Parker.

DISCRIMINATION.

President Wilson is fond of telling a story about an old teamster. This old fellow said to the treasurer of the concern one day:

"Me and that offhorse has been workin' for the company seventeen years, sir."

"Just so, Winterbottom, just so," said the treasurer, and he cleared his throat and added: "Both treated well, I hope?"

The old teamster looked dubious. "Well," he said, "we was both taken down sick last month and they got a doctor for the hoss, while they docked my pay."—Pittsburgh Sun.

We wonder—
How Harriett Mc would look with straight hair.

How Margaret Stover would look "pale."

How Lucile Beard would look without hair a la Mary Pickford.

How M. Wells would look without her grin.

How "Tot" Watson would seem in a bad humor.

"Tot" Watson—"Margaret, did you ever hear of rooster and chicken fights?"

M. Wells—"No; but I've heard of chicken lice. Are they something like that?"

WRONG SOURCE.

"My dear, the doctor says I'm in need of a little change."

"Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine."—Baltimore American.

The lady who likes children was gushing over Helen, aged three.

"How old are you, darling?" she asked.

"I isn't old," said Helen. "I'm nearly new."

A signal corps officer tells of over-hearing the following:

Inquisitive Visitor—How much do you boys receive?

Bright Buck—Thirty dollars a day—once a month, ma'am.—Boston Transcript.

Wanted—
A Fish Mouth—Erma Eakins.

Some Hight—Bess Reader.
A Man—C. Compton.

"Spring has come!"

"Why?"

"I saw butter-fly in the dining-room."

SCOTCH THRILLS.

Sandy MacPherson came home after many years and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "ye're jist as beautiful as ye ever were, and I ha'e never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass."

"And ye, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are jist as big a leasr as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same."—Exchange.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

"Susannah," said the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the questions, "does you take dis man to be youah wedded husband, for bettah or wuss?"

"Jest as he am, Pahson," said the muscular colored scrub-lady, "jest as he am. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's a-gwine to take him, en ef he gets any wuss Ah'll 'tend to him myself."—Exchange.

A. W. J.—"I don't see why the Literary Digest doesn't have continued stories."

Mary E.—"Why?"

A. W. J.—"Because serials are easily digested."

Mildred P.—"What is a strait?"

Betty C.—"A rubber neck."

Mildred P.—"No; it is a neck running out to sea."

Betty C.—"Well, isn't that a rubber neck?"

Lucille A.—"I was hit in the head with a baseball bat when very young."

Willie C.—"And you've been off your base ever since."

Breathes there a girl with a soul so dead

Who never to herself hath said—
A string of cuss words?

Miss Milliken—"If I should inform you that your account is overdrawn at the bank, what would you do?"

Irene D.—"Write a check for the amount."

Bernice H.—"Can you keep a secret?"

Irene D.—"I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to other girls who can't."

The secret of goodness and greatness is in choosing whom you will approach and live with, in memory or imagination, through the crowding obvious people who seem to live with you.—Robert Browning.

Brain service can be sought. Lip service can be hired. Physical service can be contracted for. But heart service is the kind you pay in the coin of appreciation, kindness and consideration.—Selected.

"Haste makes waste;
Hurry means flurry;
On time is sublime."

To be as honest as the day is long is not enough; you may be kept out late at night.—The Youth's Companion.

First keep thyself in peace and then thou shalt be able to keep peace among others.—Exchange.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

NUMBER 14

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1919.

MR. AND MRS. BLANTON GIVEN SILVER SERVICE

A beautiful incident of Thursday, one that will carry historic value, was the presentation of a very handsome silver service, composed of a pitcher and six goblets, to Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton of Ward-Belmont, by Governor A. H. Roberts and his staff. The gift was an expression of high appreciation of the charming hospitality extended the returned soldiers, sailors, marines and aviators, arriving in Nashville March 25 and April 5 and 6, 1919, in a well-deserving welcome and reception given at the college, and to which Governor Roberts and his staff were invited guests.

Accompanying the gift was the following communication:

"Thursday, May 1, 1919.
President and Mrs. John Diel Blanton, Ward-Belmont School for Girls and Young Women, Ward-Belmont School, City.

Dear Sir and Madam: Governor Albert H. Roberts and his staff, through an undersigned committee, desire to express their grateful appreciation of the hospitality extended them by you, the faculty and students of the school, on the occasion of the home-coming welcome and reception given the overseas and other soldiers, sailors, marines and aviators, on the return of the overseas troops to Nashville on March 28, March 31, April 5 and April 6, 1919, specially in connection with the Governor and staff in the tributes of welcome paid the troops on those dates.

Governor Roberts and the members of his staff desire also, as an expression of this appreciation of those courtesies, to present to you the pitcher and goblets we send herewith.

The Governor and his staff anticipated the privilege and pleasure of presenting this tribute in person, but regret that attendance at the launching of the new battleship Tennessee at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 30th ultimo, prevented the carrying into effect of that happy plan.

Very respectfully,

(Signed)

THOMAS W. WRENNE,
GEORGE N. WELCH,
HOYTE T. STEWART."

Dr. Blanton's reply read:

"Col. Thos. W. Wrenne, Chairman;
Col. George N. Welch, Col. Hoyte T. Stewart—State Capitol, Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Friends: To say that the

(Continued on page 2.)

INTERESTING TALK BY MISS TROY

It was quite an unexpected opportunity to have Miss Troy speak to us at chapel hour Thursday morning. Miss Troy has for some time been connected as a music teacher with a large school in China. When Miss Troy assured us that she could speak Chinese, we began to look upon her as a god, so to speak. It seems incredible to us that these civilized times the Chinese should still cling to that old custom of binding the feet and other hideous customs. Miss Troy tells us that in a city of 400,000 there is but one doctor. She told us also of the great needs of teachers of all kinds and doctors in China, Africa, India, etc. Surely it is up to America to answer this call.



"MAY DAY"

PENTA TAUS ENTERTAIN WITH A SUPPER DANCE

Saturday evening, April 26, the Penta Tau Club gave a dance in Heron Hall under the special direction of Miss "Sug" Gossett. It was the idea to hold this party on the roof garden, but the cool weather necessitated a change in the original plans. In contrast to the dainty party dresses of the guests of the evening, the members of the club wore the conventional black and white.

Ferns and palms transformed Heron Hall into a place of beauty, while tables placed around the walls, each lighted by a candle, made us believe that we were truly in a cafe. How enjoyable it was to sit at individual tables between dances, while discussing the latest events of a W.-B. day. The music was perfect, however, and it was impossible to sit still while the band was playing the "peppiest rags." A feature of the evening was a spotlight exhibition dance, given by the charming Miss Erma Aikens and the ever gallant "Mr." M. Cooper Latr. Club sandwiches and iced tea were served. The party grew more jolly; and when rainbow-colored balloons, confetti, and serpentine paper were passed around, the gaiety reached its height. It is always an unhappy moment when "Home, Sweet Home" is played, and on this occasion it was harder than usual to leave such an original and enjoyable party.

WANTED.

A few maximum-silencers by the tennis courts at 6 a.m.

OSIRON CLUB GIVES DANCE IN THE GYM

Saturday night a jolly crowd went to the Osiron dance, which was given in the gym. The music was full of "pep," and that made every one want to dance more than ever. During the dance all enjoyed the ice cream and cake that was served. There was a grand march, and after marching for a while favors were given. All had such a fine time, and when the bell rang at 9:30, no one wanted to leave. Every one knows that the Osiron dance was a big success, as they always are.

COMMENCEMENT FEATURE.

One of the chief features of commencement time is the play given by the School of Expression. We are looking forward to presenting this year a Shakespearean drama, choosing this rather than a modern play, because of its educational and dramatic value. The Senior expression students will represent the chief characters, and the remainder parts of the cast will be assumed by members of the certificate class.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The South Dakota State Club believes it holds a unique record, and challenges any other State club to boast the same. The entire club is at breakfast every Monday morning! Yes, indeed! As far as it is known, this is an unheard-of event at W.-B. Can any other State club boast the same amount of early-morning pep?

SENIOR MIDDLES WIN CONTEST WITH SENIORS

Monday was a very busy day for Ward-Belmont. Besides the big game with Athens in the morning, in the afternoon took place that long-looked-forward-to event, the track meet and basketball game to which the Senior-Middles had challenged the Seniors. Excitement and pep had run high all day—first over the battle for the supremacy of colors, then for the game itself.

The crowd gathered on the field at four o'clock, the Seniors and Senior-Middles coming on in two long lines, each bunch with their banner and their worthy sponsors, Miss Ross and Miss Mills, leading all muchly decorated with their particular colors. They took up their stations on opposite sides of the field, and at once there ensued much yelling and many peppy demonstrations of class spirit.

The first thing on the program was the basketball game. This was a remarkably fast and interesting one, both sides doing exceptionally good work for the amount of preparation they had had. It was won by the Senior-Middles with a score of 18 to 9, this giving them 15 points in their favor.

Immediately after the game the track events commenced. The first of these was the potato race, in which the Seniors won all three places. In rapid succession after this the three-legged race, the elephant race, and the obstacle relay race was run through with. When all the points for each

(Continued on page 2.)

WARD-BELMONT WINS FROM ATHENS

The Ward-Belmont varsity basketball team on Monday last for the first time in the history of the school played a game with girls of an outside college. The game took place on our own courts at 10:30 in the morning, and was characterized by fine team work and clean, fast playing on both sides. Most of the Ward-Belmont scoring was done in the first half, with Margaret Morrison, jumping center, and Margaret Cleveland, guard, starring. The Athens girls made a good many points on free throws, but in the last half they came back strong and piled up their score considerably. The guards on both sides did effective work. Ours were successful in keeping the ball from the Athens forwards during most of the game.

The Athens jumping center should be especially commended for her very good work and the clean, fast game she played.

The line-up was as follows:

Ward-Belmont.	
Margaret Morrison.....	Jumping Center
Marjorie Cooper.....	Side Center
Betty Capron.....	Guard
Jean Cooper.....	Guard
Ann Hamilton.....	Forward
Margaret Cleveland.....	Forward
Subs: Irene Duffey, Irma Aikers, Vadis Norris.	

Athens.	
Whitley.....	Jumping Center
Pennington.....	Side Center
Bush.....	Forward
Kenemer.....	Forward
Williams.....	Guard
Pearson.....	Guard

Score.	
Field Goals.	
Cleveland.....	10
Hamilton.....	6
Bush.....	12
Norris.....	2
Free Throws.	
Cleveland.....	2
Hamilton.....	1
Bush.....	3
Total.	
Athens.....	15
Ward-Belmont.....	21

SOPHOMORES INDULGE IN A PICNIC

Monday afternoon at three-thirty a crowd of excited girls in picnic clothes were assembled on the "Ace" steps. A short time after the five machines filled with girls and food (mostly food) started on the long-anticipated Sophomore picnic. We stopped at Moss's for the ice cream, and then took up our journey.

The two cars in the lead finally decided on a shaded knoll in a meadow a few miles from Franklin for the ideal spot. A farmhouse and a stream were near by and a hill covered with dogwood not far away. The whole was fenced in, and there were no cows present. The other three cars drove up twenty minutes later after changing a tire which had thoughtlessly picked up a nail.

The groups broke up, and some went for dogwood, while others took pictures or sailed around the meadow in one of the cars. Several girls started a fire between some large stones and began to get the food ready. A cloth was laid and pimento and deviled ham sandwiches, olives, pickles,

(Continued on page 3.)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF.

SOPHIA WILLIAMS Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET GARNER Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN Expression
LOUISE MARKS Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE Music
ELIZABETH WOODS Home Economics
ELIZABETH EMMY Society
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HELEN DOUGLAS Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

VESPERS

Of all the events during a week, vespers seems to be the finest, and yet of all the girls in Ward-Belmont, few take advantage of this hour on Thursday night in which to hear one tell of the wonders of life.

This week the Del Vers Club gave a very interesting program:

Hymn 239.
Violin Solo Margaret Seale
Scripture Passage Sophia Williams
Solo Grace Gilman
"A Budget of Time" Elizabeth Stein
Harp Solo Marion Hearne
Prayer Louise Walton

If every one had heard this, undoubtedly more would come to vespers, for in the short talk, "A Budget of Time," Miss Stein emphasized the fact that in twenty-four hours the wise person would have time for work, play, and religion. How many of us regret too late that some time each day we have "lost a golden hour or two, each set with sixty diamond minutes."

The music was very beautiful. The Del Vers are especially lucky in having so many girls who are gifted in this, and it could nowhere be more appropriated than in the worship of God. It was a lovely hour for all.

BIRTHDAY DINNER.

Imagine the surprise of Geraldine Jonson when she accepted her "roomie's" invitation to have dinner with her Thursday evening and found, instead, several of her best friends waiting for her at a beautiful dinner table in honor of her birthday!

The Texas colors were subtly displayed in the fluffy, yellow and white tulle bow on the basket of white carnations, and also in the net cups and hand-painted place cards.

Those in the dinner party were: Misses Geraldine Jonson, honoree, Frances McClean, Margaret White, Edith Brook, Mildred White, Myrtle Rutledge, Mary McKnight, and Clara Bell.

HEARD IN CONCERT.

We were more than fortunate in hearing both Galli Curi and Enrico Caruso in concert last Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Hearing Caruso Tuesday night would have been enough of a musical treat to satisfy us for a lengthy time, but we revelled in Galli Curi's concert the following evening. Do not forget to write home about these two wonderful opportunities we have had.

READS POEMS IN
EXPRESSION STUDIO

The Expression School of Ward-Belmont has brought to it very often, by Miss Townsend, some exquisite bit of life which fits in admirably with the setting of the expression studio. This studio is the joy of the first years, the home of the certificates and the loved possession of the seniors, who know its every picture, bit of bronze or sculpture, and its flowers—always flowers.

May 1 saw the studio full of Chinese Iris from Mrs. Kirkman's garden, and "roses, roses, everywhere." The studio was filled by a select audience of city guests, faculty, and expression students, to hear a program of recitals given by Mrs. John Reeves, in honor of her friend, Miss Townsend, and the Senior Expression Class.

Mrs. Reeves was the spirit of cultured grace, and her poems were those which gained for her election to the Poetry Society of America. The poems were delightful and varied and were exquisitely read. "My Love," a lyric, was full of the fire of passionate feeling; and in "Bellona Wood," a tribute to Lieut. John Overton, of Nashville, who was killed in action, was touching in the tenderness of feeling and vigorous in its patriotism. "The Pench of Thassa" showed the most perfect form and contained the most beautiful lines. It was fairly pungent with Oriental flavor.

Mrs. Reeves wore in this costume made from old Chinese, embroideries and was seated on a large throne. The background of soft draperies and lights made a beautiful picture.

The Seniors and guests were, after the program, invited into the small studio, where they met Mrs. Reeves and where refreshments were served.

SENIOR-MIDDLES WIN INTER-
CLASS CONTEST WITH
SENIORS.

(Continued from page 1.)

side were counted up, it was found that the Seniors were winners of the track events with a score adding up to 23 points against the 9 points of the Senior-Middles. However, with the 15 basketball points the Senior-Middles were left the victors of the day, with the final score as 24 to 23 in their favor.

In celebration of their victory, the Senior-Middles had an orchestra to play through dinner, and afterwards in Heron, where with kind generosity, they invited the whole school for three-quarters of an hour's dancing as a fit "finale" for a brilliant and strenuous day.

CHAPLAIN CLAIBORNE AT WARD-BELMONT.

Tuesday morning, at chapel, we were pleasantly surprised by a visit from Chaplain Claiborne, of Chattanooga, who has just returned from overseas. He told us of his experiences as a chaplain at the front, and pointed out to us the great need of the many soldiers still in the service. He also told us several interesting facts concerning the bravery of the Tennessee boys, and the good which we may do by supporting them through Victory Loan. Chaplain Claiborne is speaking in behalf of that movement, which we hope will be as successful as have the four previous Liberty Loans.

Anna Rose—Where do you live?
Eleanor—On Flounce Avenue.
A. R.—Where's that?
E.—On the outskirts. And where do you live?
A. R.—On Petticad Lane.
E.—And where's that?
A. R.—Right within the outskirts.

STUDENTS' RECITAL BY PUPILS OF
MISS SCHMITZ

May 3, 1919, 4:30 p.m.

Skating Klein
Constance Hahn.
Dance of the Gnomes Faber
Betsy Gebhart.
Elfin Dance Heins
Jonita Brown.
Evening Star Wagner-Low
Katherine Rice.
Silver Nymph Heins
Pauline Mendelsohn.
Dance of the Flower Girls Wachs
Katherine Sloan.
The Spark Gottschalk
Hazel Levy.
At Evening Williams
Virginia Wood.
La Siren Thome
Elizabeth Seifried.
Woodland Whispers Brauhardt
Christine Geny.
Ghosts Schytte
Lena May Rowland.
Russian Dance Friml
Mildred Harrington.
Elevation Chaminade
Ada Stephens.

DR. AND MRS. J. D. BLANTON ARE
GIVEN SILVER SERVICE.

(Continued from page 1.)

beautiful pitcher and goblets from Governor Roberts and staff was a very great surprise to Mrs. Blanton and me but faintly expresses our feelings. We cannot find words to express how deeply we appreciate the gift and the sentiment that prompted it. The entire school joins with us most heartily in this expression of appreciation.

"It was a joy to us to be privileged to honor our returning heroes, and in that experience we found the fullest return for all we did. This added pleasure does indeed cause our cup of joy to overflow.

"Will you kindly extend to Governor Roberts and every member of his staff our heartfelt thanks for this beautiful token of appreciation. We assure you that it will be held among our most cherished trophies."

The following inscription was on the pitcher:

To
President and Mrs. John D. Blanton,
Ward-Belmont School for Girls and
Young Women,
From
Gov. Albert H. Roberts and Staff.

To commemorate the beautiful hospitality and patriotism of President and Mrs. Blanton, the faculty and students of the school in connection with the home-coming welcome and reception given the overseas and other soldiers, sailors, marines and aviators on the occasion of the return of our overseas world war troops from Europe to Nashville on March 28, March 31, April 5 and April 6, 1919.
May 1, 1919.

Signed:

Gen. A. G. Buckner, Adjutant-General; Gen. P. B. Whitaker, Commanding General; Gen. L. D. Smith, Judge Advocate-General; Gen. M. C. Gannon, Surgeon-General; Col. W. T. Haggard, Chaplain; Col. Thomas W. Wrenne, Col. I. M. Brackin, Col. G. Maxwell, Col. C. Thomas, Col. T. L. Pittman, Col. G. Davis, Col. E. B. Redelsheimer, Col. H. Kimbrough, Col. Pitt Henale, Col. C. A. Beard, Col. G. N. Welch, Col. H. T. Stewart, Col. W. S. Shields, Col. A. E. Potter, Col. T. I. Murray, Jr., Col. T. E. Bryant, Col. S. E. Cleage, Col. J. M. Simpson, Col. J. W. Hoover, Col. C. H. Bacon, Col. L. T. Crouch, Col. Thomas N. Greer, Col. J. A. Hargrove, Col. M. M. Ford, Col. A. B. Humphrey, Maj. Oscar N. Fair, Maj. C. H. Nash, Maj. L. Freed, Maj. R. W. Hale, Aides-de-Camp.

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SOPHOMORES INDULGE IN A PICNIC.

(Continued from page 1.)

potato chips, deviled eggs, macaroni and cakes were spread around at intervals. The ice cream was delicious in tin cups. A huge basket of "weiners" were brought out, put on sticks and roasted over a grill. Miss Fields watched them tenderly and nearly wept when they weren't all eaten. Several (?) had gotten quite dirty at the fire and decided to wash at the stream. A few minutes later Ada Lee Bartlett came dopping dismally up the path. She had lost her balance trying to flirt with the minnows and sat in the creek.

After supper some more climbing was done. Then boughs were heaped upon the fire, and we sang until it was time to pack up and start home. We rode home singing, as all moonlight picnics are supposed to end.

THINGS WE WONDER ABOUT.

Why Bodo Lane takes violin lessons.

Those early tennis players.

Why we weren't elected as May queen.

Why Anna Rose is getting so thin.

First Girl—Do you ever read the Literary Digest?

Second Girl—Sure.

First Girl—Do you like it?

Second Girl—Yes. Has some good jokes in it.

B. Davis has a little lamb;
It follows her all day.
She must be Eva's latest crush.
How do they get that way?

Marguerite Peck (in Hermitage dining room)—Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter—Yes'm! Come over to this table, please.

MRS. L. A. B. TUCKER

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PERSONALS

Katherine Garrett went home for the week end.

Hilda Migel returned to her home in Chicago Tuesday night.

Frances Strand had as her guest for a few days her mother.

Anna May McClain's father has returned home after spending two weeks with her.

Catherine Cole, Farley Bertram, Jacqueline Hill, Cordelia Troy and Miss Hellums spent Sunday in town.

Miss Louise Thomas and Miss Ruth Meyer, former Ward-Belmont girls, have been visiting friends here at school.

Miss Margaret Stoner had as her guest for a few days Lieut. J. Randall Milburn, of the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.

Miss Ellanna Bow had as her guest for the week-end Mr. T. D. Norton, of Chattanooga. They were entertained by Mrs. C. S. Brown of Vanderbilt.

Sophia Williams went to Clarksville, Tenn., Monday to be present at the wedding of her cousin, Ashton Glassell, to Miss Wesley Drane, a violin pupil at Ward-Belmont.

The following girls were guests of the Vanderbilt Glee Club Thursday evening and sat in a box: Avon Hall, Annie Grayson Love, Martha Baird, Katherine Davis and Helen Killebrew. Della Jeffries, Maxine Buffington, Ruth Baker and Christine Richardson had dinner at the Hermitage Monday night with Mrs. Yatzman and daughter, Maurine.

Mrs. Hutchinson, who has been visiting her daughter, Marion, entertained Misses Evelyn Frillilove, Sophia Williams, Elizabeth Burgess, Sallie Beth Moore, and Marion Hutchinson at dinner at the Hermitage.

A dinner party was given on last Wednesday night, honoring Mrs. G. E. Yatzman, who is visiting her daughter, Maurine. The following were present: Maurine Yatzman, Della Jeffries, Christine Richardson, Hazel Wilburn, Eugenia Hale, Maxine Buffington and Mrs. Yatzman.

Anna Rose Keene entertained with a dinner party Tuesday night in honor of Hilda Migel, who left Wednesday for her home in Chicago. The following were present: Hilda Migel, Eleanor Perlstein, Marion Morrow, Sonora Meyers, Mary Lillian Merrifield, Mary Cohn, Sarah Regensberger, Catherine Compton, Ruth Marx and the hostess.

Saturday evening, April 26, Maurine Loonan entertained at a dinner party in honor of the birthday of Carrie Crawford. A large basket of pink roses and spring flowers added beauty to the table, and with the candies and favors, the evening was carried out. Guests of the evening were Carrie Crawford, Mary Elizabeth Coolidge, Clara Bell, Henrietta Sniger, Annie Beth Crawford, Mary Lillian Merrifield, and Jewel Minnis.

Miss Rhea—What kind of Chinese were excluded from the United States by the Immigration Act?

Elizabeth Coggins (registering extreme intellectuality)—The Cooties!

WE ADMIRE

Caroline Ross's disposition.

Lola's care free manner.

The girlishness of the preps!

Helen Douglass' pretty feet.

Did you have a good time last night?

Huh, I spent seventeen dollars, and when I said good night, she called me Mister.—Punch Bowl.

To listen to people who tell you things for your own good is harmless—and it affords them a lot of pleasure. The Faculty, for instance.

DR. MIMMS LECTURES.

Sunday morning services were held in chapel, conducted by Dr. Mimms, of Vanderbilt University. His sermon, "Realism and Realities," showed us the necessity of having some unreal, imaginative elements in our life, to avoid sinking into sordid, commonplace realism, from which we may never emerge. The influence which good music, good pictures, and especially good literature may have upon us is incommensurable, for these things may support us during the bitter moments of disillusion.

It is inevitable that, at some period in our existence, disillusion will come, and, for a time, the world will seemingly hold nothing for us. It is then that realism and sordid, earthly realities are to be overcome by our memory of beautiful influences in our life before the disillusionment, and by imagining similar influences, which may come later. We must, therefore, not be disheartened, but support our ideals through every opposing force. If we are realists, we are missing some of the greatest things in life by trying to make a part take the place of the whole, and realism is only a small part of life, in the broadest sense of the word. Dr. Mimms gave many illustrations of his theories from the modern poets, especially from Wordsworth. We enjoyed his talk very much and hope to have him with us again.

MISS FLEMMING SPEAKS AT VESPERS.

Thursday evening Miss Mae Fleming, Secretary for the National Student Volunteer Movement, spoke at vespers on the need in mission fields for Christian social workers and opportunities for service. It is hard for free American girls to get the point of view of the Chinese girls, who, when asked what she wanted to be in the next life, said she wanted to be a dog, because a dog was free to roam outside the courtyard and get to see a little of the world. It is hard for Americans to conceive of a country like Japan, where human life is held so cheap that factories count on the girls who work daily twelve long hours for them, being worn out in four years' time and cast on the human rubbish heap, and are constantly seeking a fresh supply of young life. Overseas work, either in France, Russia, China, Japan, or India, offers a great field of service.

Miss Flemming herself sails for Japan this coming autumn to do educational work.

HOME ECONOMICS.

For the last few days everybody has wanted, more than ever, to be taking domestic science, for we have seen the wonderful looking lunches they have been preparing and serving in the domestic science dining room. This is part of the course, and the girls feel that after preparing and serving a few lunches they are ready to be full-fledged caterers.

All kinds of interesting things are being made in domestic science at these days. The girls are making every kind of dress you can think of—gingham, linen, organdie, georgette crepe. Some of the seniors are making the white sheets they are to wear for commencement and will certainly feel proud to get their Home Economics diplomas, having visible proof that they are entitled to them.

Ancestors.

Miss Rhea—"Who was William II?"
Sadie McDade—"The son of William II."

Julia McDade—"No; he's the grandson of William II."

PHONE M. 4264 28 ARCADE

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1919.

NUMBER 15

TRIP TO NASHVILLE FREE CLINICS

Monday was the day that twenty girls of the Red Cross class, chaperoned by Mrs. Acree and Miss Perry, visited Nashville's free clinics. To get of you this probably won't signify anything very definite, nor did it to us before, but this trip was a sharp reminder of the dire need of our help among the impoverished and disease-stricken communities in our same town.

We visited five clinics where mothers brought their frail, sick babies to the nurses and received their help and instructions. Cases were described and facts proved to us that we could have before scarcely fathomed possible in a community of today. Just to see the conditions in the clinics and to realize the noble work and manifold benefits of the visiting nurses makes one realize his opportunity for service and our advantage in being able to lend aid instead of needing it.

To make you realize the importance that these clinics have cannot be put into words, but we, the Red Cross Class, can only urge and beseech you to visit these places when you go home and don't feel yourself superior in that you are too good to lend them help, but consider them as a part of the poor unfortunates of mankind.

RECITAL IN MRS. FORREST'S STUDIO

The following delightful program was given in Mrs. Forrest's studio recently and was highly enjoyed by the audience:

Two Tuscan Folk Songs, arranged for two voices by Caracciolo—Miss Chapman and Miss Stoner.

Sognai (Schira), Sogni d'Oro (Toti), Ninna-Nanna (Tirindelli)—Miss Stoner.

My Heart Ever Faithful (Bach), Porci, Amor (Mozart), Dove Song (Marriage of Figaro) (Mozart)—Miss Chapman.

Deh, Vieni (Mozart).
Lass with the Delicate Air (Dr. Arne), In the Wood of Finvara (Burleigh), Love Lightly (Densmore)—Miss Stoner.

Song Cycle, Tennyson's "Princess" (Whelpley), The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls, Tears—Idle Tears, O Swallow, Flying South—Miss Chapman.

HIS REASON.

A bright-eyed little boy in a sailor suit saluted the occupants of a passing motor car so quaintly that they stopped to give him a sixpence.

"You're very polite, little fellow," the lady motorist said. "Do you salute all the strangers who pass in the same way?"

"No, no, ma'am, only motorists," the boy stammered, fingering his sixpence nervously. "Father says I've to be polite to them, because motor cars bring him trade."

The lady seemed disappointed. "What is your father's trade, my little man? Does he repair motor-cars?"

"No, ma'am; he's an undertaker," was the little fellow's response.—Tit-Bits.

VANDERBILT GLEE CLUB'S ANNUAL PERFORMANCE

Last Thursday night the Vanderbilt Glee Club gave its twenty-ninth annual performance and this year it proved to be a huge success. Dr. Blanton safely boasted when he offered to pay for our tickets if we weren't highly entertained from the time the hilarious Freshmen greeted us till the last jellybean fell on the head of the last illustrious performer. Even between curtains our friends above were so considerate of our amusement as to exhibit their pet crab and trained chicken. The music was of various types—college songs, selections from opera, folk songs, as well as popular music. Besides the singing, vaudeville selections, violin and piano solos were enjoyed. Each number seemed a little bit better than the previous one and the end came too soon.

PERSONALS

Vadis Morris went home over the week-end.

Marion Herne has as her guest for a few days her mother.

Judith Campbell has as her guest for a few days her mother.

Mary Hibner's mother and father are visiting her for a few days.

Pearl Mann and Billie Clower spent Sunday in Nashville with friends.

Betty Capron spent Monday in town with Miss Mildred Woolwine.

Marion Hutchenson has as her guests for a few days her mother and father.

Julia Hill's mother and grandmother spent several days with her last week.

Vivian Lane and Mary Douthit spent Monday in town with Miss Sarah Hitchcock.

Miss Helen Alston, formerly a Ward-Belmont girl, is visiting Miss Lola Vinson and Gladys Grider.

Miss Grace Levyan, of Marshall, Texas, a former Ward-Belmont girl, is this year a senior at Wellesley. Her mother has just composed a song which Schumann-Heink pronounces one of the best of the war songs. Madam Heink has sung it to the soldiers in all the U. S. camps.

MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

An old lady who had been introduced to a doctor who was also a professor in a university, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she would address the great man.

"Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'professor'?" she asked.

"Oh! just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she said, sweetly, "hut, then, they are people that know you."

THOSE SUDDEN CHANGES.

He knew she had a heart of ice, And yet he sought to win it; He thought it would be cool and nice In summer, could he be in it;

But a woman loves a man to fool; As he found when he got her; For, instead of keeping cool, She kept him in hot water.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB MEETS

The last meeting of the Twentieth Century Club was under the auspices of the Scholarship Group—Lucie Neil Dikle, Leader; Florence Bock, Ruth Marx, Georgia Mae Moberly, Dora Martats, Margaret Dawson.

"This meeting was preparatory to the picnic at the Andrew Jackson Hermitage on May 12."

The evening was given over to five-minute talks explaining and telling many things of interest about this old homestead. The program was as follows:

"The Story of the Early Hermitage," by Cynthia Wall.

"The Hermitage Later," by Florence McMurray.

"The Hermitage of Today," by Myrtle Clar.

"The Story of the Pictorial Paper in the Entrance Hall," by Jimmie T. Jones.

"Some of the most Interesting Rooms," by Emma Bell.

"The Dining Room and Kitchen," by Dorothy D. Swartz.

"The Old Carriage House," by Marvyl Cloutier.

"The Old-fashioned Garden," by Dot Harris.

"Be Sure to See," by Ruth Marx.

After these talks an enrollment of the trip was taken and almost every member found it possible to attend. Everyone is expecting one grand, good time and I know will have it. Most of the girls who have been before have had such a splendid trip they are going again and every year is not often enough for some.

The elections of president and treasurer for next year were held and Mary Ellen Silver was elected president, with Margaret Adams treasurer. The vice president and secretary are to be chosen from the new girls at the beginning of next year.

The Twentieth Century Club is very much pleased with its new officers and feels that the high ideals and ambitions of the club will be maintained through next year as well as they have under the splendid direction and guidance of Elizabeth Woods, president, and Bess Heidelberg, treasurer.

Here's to the new officers! We wish them all possible success.

CHURCH AT VANDERBILT

Sunday was a most unusual day for Ward-Belmont—even prospects of church seemed delightfully exciting when we were told we were to go to Vanderbilt—yes, to enter those mystic portals—to hear a sermon preached mainly to the students of Nashville. However, upon arrival, we found that merely the fact of being at Vanderbilt was not equal to the pleasures of a most inspiring talk delivered by Dr. Hough on the subject of people becoming tired of life. He emphasized the fact that it was a sad state for an old person but even more tragic for a young one.

MISS SCRUGGS SPEAKS TO X. L. CLUB

The writer, notebook in hand and pencil behind ear in the conventional reporter's attitude, took a back seat for Miss Scruggs' lecture to the X. L. Club Wednesday evening last, prepared to note the content and the effect of the talk. The reporter, unfortunately, got interested and forgot her mission. Now, nonetheless with impressions that remained, she is trying to give a review as to the content. The power of suggestion was the subject Miss Scruggs chose. Many practical and amusing incidents were used to illustrate each point.

As to the effect of the lecture, the conversation around the punch bowls afterwards testified as to the enjoyment, as such phrases signify: "Wasn't she interesting?" "I sure am going to take psychology next year," "I wish I could see that Yogi man disappear," etc.

THE MAGIC BLUE

"Howdy-do, Lucy, come right in and have a chair. I'm mighty glad to see you."

"You're looking better than when I last saw you, Aunt Martha. Have you had good news from John?"

Aunt Martha's pudgy little hands flew to her apron pocket. She hastily dabbed her brimming eyes with one hand and pulled out a square, yellow envelope from her pocket with the other.

"Yes, Lucy, you guessed right. The postman left this letter from John, bless his heart. I'm telling you, Lucy, because you seem to understand better than anybody else in Merrville. It's powerful trying to have your son away over there being shot at by those devil-made Germans. I was saying to Jess last night that when we win this war I hope that every German in the world will be killed, only killing is too good for them. I am a Christian woman, and I don't express my feelings much, but I know the good Lord didn't make such beasts as those Germans."

"Mercy, Aunt Martha!" ejaculated Lucy, astonished at the sudden outburst, "You're getting cynical."

"I don't know about that, but I do know that no one has suffered more, we being alone, as I have since my son went away. A mother never had a better son than my John. And, Lucy, he's all I've got." Here Aunt Martha's thin voice quavered. She reached over to the stand, which was beside her chair, and picked up a pair of spectacles. Wiping them carefully she placed them on her nose. "Just listen to what he says." Opening the letter she read: "I am enjoying myself immensely down here—couldn't ask for anything better. The meals are excellent—fine French cookery. But, believe me, I never put anything in my mouth yet that has tasted half as good as mother's cooking! Now ain't that sweet of him! John was always a thoughtful boy. I Aunt Martha broke in; then she resumed reading: "The Y. M. C. A. is certainly all right down here. Now, mother, don't you worry a bit about your boy. We expect to push on to the front soon, but there's a lot of talk about an armistice and I fear I won't get a

(Continued on page 2.)

WEST VIRGINIA CLUB DANCE

The second West Virginia Club dance of the year occurred Saturday night, May 3. The club girls had planned a unique roof garden party. Tables were to have been placed at attractive spot amid pyramids of greenery, giving a true garden effect. On account of the weather all these plans had to be given up and so instead of tripping "with light fantastic toe" on the roof the girls and their escorts repaired to the gym.

In spite of this disappointment, the girls' spirits were brightened and soon made buoyant once more by the melodious strains of Sandy's Jazz Orchestra. At about nine tempting refreshments were served to a guest list numbering about fifty.

The old maxim, "Every cloud has a silver lining," was surely proved when, at 9:45, the girls on leaving professed having had the best time ever.

Next year it is hoped the club will put more and will be able to put on even bigger things than the ten West Virginians have put on this year.

Y. W. C. A. GIVES A UNIQUE PARTY

Last Saturday night a rather unique but altogether delightful party was given by the Y. W. C. A. First we were all invited to a movie in chapel—Vivian Martin and Niles Welch in a delightful little comedy, "Little Comrade." After the movie we rushed over to Heron, where we were given bricks of chocolate ice cream—needless to say this was an enjoyable feature of the party, especially as the day had been a warm one. We journeyed home that night with happy remembrances of this party.

DEL VER'S NEW OFFICERS.

At the last club meeting the Del Vers elected their officers for next year as follows:

Helen Ammerman, president.
Elizabeth Stein, vice president.
Edna Fisher, secretary.
Gilda Robley, treasurer.
Margaret Hollinshead, sergeant-at-arms.

Dorothy Moser, Maxine Murray, managers of the "rushing" committee.
Mary Scott, chairman of social committee.

PENTA TAU'S NEW OFFICERS.

At the club meeting last Wednesday evening, the Penta Tau Club elected officers for the coming school year. The following girls were elected:

Lucile Witherspoon, president.
Virginia Reticker, vice president.
Mary Lillian Merrifield, secretary.
Mary Elizabeth Coolidge, treasurer.

Maurine Loanan, Hyphen reporter.

MAY DAY POSTPONED.

On account of the recent rains May Day has been postponed for about two weeks. It has also been decided to select the queen's maid of honor from the Senior-Middle or College

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

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EDITORIAL

According to the latest estimates, there are just three weeks more of school—a fact which seems to bring joy to everyone's face despite the many poetic professions of love for "Alma Mater" which are always abundant at this period of the school term. Within these three weeks much planning must be done for next year. The officials of the various departments of student government are to be elected, the clubs are making great plans for the next term, and every phase of school work or pleasure has had ambitious arrangements made for the coming year. Among other institutions, the custom of the Choral Society to cooperate with the Glee Club of Vanderbilt University must not be overlooked. It is true, this custom was not fulfilled this year because of the S. A. T. C. work at Vanderbilt, but next year dawn's full of many possibilities and we hope that the custom will be renewed. And then comes another possibility—that of co-operation in other matters besides music. The two schools are unquestionably the best in the vicinity, and it seems but fitting that Ward-Belmont should have more matters of common interest with her sister—or brother—institution.

FREE ADVICE.

A man with the croup halted a doctor on a quiet street corner.

"Doctor," he said, coughing violently, "what ought a chap to do when he's got the croup?"

The doctor's eye emitted a steely light at the thought of being buncoed out of a free prescription, and he said:

"Such a man, my friend, ought to consult a good physician."

"Thanks, doctor," said the sufferer, as he took his leave. "That's what I'll do, then."

Teacher: "Your sister seems to believe that she is a practical socialist."

Ada M. Swearingen: "She cannot be. She wears my dresses, my shoes and my hats, and writes to all my boy friends."

THE MAGIC BLUE.

(Continued from page 1.)

shot at old Kaiser Bill." There! Aunt Martha folded the letter tenderly and slipped it into her pocket.

"John sent me this little service pin, but I can't bear to wear it. I know some folks would think it foolish, but every time I see it I think it's like hanging a corpse on your door. That's why I've never allowed anyone to hang a service flag in my window."

"Oh, Aunt Martha, I fear that in your grief you have overlooked the noble meaning of the service flag; of the whole war. You should be very proud of John."

"Lucy, Lucy, I thought you would understand; but I see now I might just as well keep my sorrows to myself. Proud of my son! I'd like to see a mother who wasn't proud of her son. But, my dear child, if you had a brother who was in danger of being killed every minute of the day and night would you be proud of him?"

Martha gave a shrill little hysterical laugh.

"Dear Aunt Martha, of course I don't understand, and I am afraid I never shall see your point of view. I thought it would cheer you to come to see you and here I have made you feel badly. I shall never forgive myself. Please, Aunt Martha, ask me to come again, and I'll be much better, honestly I will." Lucy sprang lightly from her chair and wound her strong young arms around her aunt's neck.

"Lands sake, child! Of course I want you to come again. I've been a foolish old woman today. Before you go, Lucy, I want to give you some jelly for you and your mother. Come to the kitchen while I wrap it up."

When Lucy was gone, Martha Lynn sank heavily in her chair and sighed audibly. She reached to the stand to pick up the service pin to look at the little blue star, as she had done hundreds of times, each time feeling a keen shudder run through her frame. For a second, which seemed an eternity, Martha stared, with terror-stricken eyes fixed on the pin in her hand. The blood in her veins seemed to turn to ice. Her head swam. With an uncertain hand she rubbed her wrinkled forehead. Then with a little moan she fell back in her chair, dropping the pin to the floor. As it fell face up one bright gold star shone out. The blue star had turned to gold! The horrible significance of it all struck Martha as keenly as though a knife had been plunged into her heart. Struggling for self-control Martha rocked back and forth, holding her poor dazed head in her trembling hands.

"Oh, God, it can't be, it can't be," she sobbed, not knowing what she said.

The plain, old-fashioned room grew dusky and the figure in the old rocker became more quiet. Only the clock on the mantelpiece broke the stillness, and occasionally a dry sob. Then, breaking the silence, a bell rang sharp breaking the silence, a bell rang sharply and shrilly through the house. The solitary form started and rose slowly. There was something desolate and even tragic in the bent figure of Aunt Martha. Both terror and fear gripped her heart as she approached the front door. Mechanically she opened it and received a long official-appearing letter from the man without. The door closed, and in doing so shut out the world and life for Aunt Martha. Creeping unsteadily to the next room she sat down upon the lounge by the window. With shaky fingers she tore open the envelope. As if of burning brands the

words flowed out in the darkness, "John Lynn, killed in action," and as if of flaming brands, they burned their meaning into her brain. Without an utterance Martha fell face down on the lounge. For five long minutes the clock ticked loudly. On the lounge Martha's brain sang over and over in rhythm with the clock, "Killed—in action, killed—in action." And then all went black.

The long hours dragged by and gradually the darkness lifted and a tiny ray of light found its way into Martha's room. As gradually as the light came, so gradually life came back to Martha Lynn. She slowly raised her aching head and gazed about her. At first surprise filled her heavy eyes, then the whole horrible truth flashed through her brain. She bowed her head upon the windowsill. A soft, cool breath of air fanned her cheek. She raised her head again and looked out at the deep blue sky. The hazy color rested her tired eyes. Shifting her position she rested her head upon her hand on the windowsill and watched for the coming dawn. As she watched, a streak of light shot up above the horizon, another and still another, until the whole eastern sky glowed with a radiant gold, which announced the coming of a new day. The light reflected upon the worn and drawn face of Martha Lynn, and upon that face shone a new ray of hope, which lit up her eyes and told of the coming of a new day.

"Again," she cried, almost eagerly, "again I have seen the magic blue turn to gold. Ah, the Maker is truly mighty."

PREJUDICE.

The Duke of York
Removed the cork
And tilted up the flagon.
The label read:
Treudeutscherheimerwenimmunchengemachte.
So now he's on the wagon.

FOUND OUT.

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to marry."
"How do you know?"
"I have proposed to several."

Puck.

IMPEDIMENT.

Billy: "I would lay the world at your feet but for one thing."
Milly: "And that is?"
Billy: "Some other people are using it."—Judge.

USEFUL.

"Now, this is the kind of movie I like. It's educational."
"Why, it's all about a vampire."
"Just so. I may meet a vampire some of these days and then I'll know how to protect myself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THEY ALL TRY IT.

"He's a clever photographer."
"Makes pictures of people as they look, I presume."
"Cleverer than that. He makes them as they think they look."

POSSIBLY.

Said He: "Why do women, as a rule, talk more than men do?"
Said she: "Oh, I suppose it's because they have the men to talk about."

Ruth C.: "Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery?"
Enid (just out of infirmary): "Oh, yes, he told me he was going to charge me \$2 a visit."

Margaret: "Why do people say, 'As dead as a door nail'?"
Barbara: "Because it has been hit on the head, silly."



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THE CATS.

(With Apologies to one Mr. Poe.)
Hear the chorus of the cats—
Noisy cats—
They are louder than some garish
youth's cravats!
How they wrangle, wrangle, wrangle,
In the icy air of night!
Though the bricks fly from the
houses,
Yet the stubborn cat carouses—
With exuberant delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation of the hard-
ware on the slats
Of the cuts, cats, cats, cats,
Cats, cats, cats,
To the clamor and the clanger of
the cats.
Hear the loud meowing cats,
Thomas cats!
What a scene of terror is created by
the brats!
How they scream out their affront
In the silence of the night,
In the melancholy menace of
their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan!
And the man aroused from slumber
Intermingling oaths and
"cats"

How he pitches rock and lumber
Throwing brick-a-brac and hats.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the cussing and the hissing and
the fussing and the scratching
And the moaning and the groaning
of the cats!

Miss Leavell: "Do you know the
population of Nashville?"
Katheryn Thompson: "No, ma'am;
I've just been living in town two
years."

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Hogan: "Margaret, where
does glass come from?"

Margaret Sell: "Glasgow."
Maid: "I found your seventy-five
cents in your bed this morning,
ma'am."

Marian Hearne: "Ah, my sleeping
quarters, no doubt."

M. Affleck: "My father thinks 'E'
on my report means 'excellent.'"

Perhaps some day
there will be

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sometimes, as, for example, these
which were actually printed:

"A respectable young woman wants
washing."

"I will make coats, caps and bon-
nets for ladies out of their own skins."

"I want an overseer who can take
care of 5,000 sheep who can speak
French fluently."

"Wanted: A girl who can cook; one
that will make a good stew."

"I want a husband with a strong
Roman nose with strong religious ten-
dencies."

"For sale: A small stock of the
same whisky drunk by His Majesty on
his recent visit to Dublin."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood
that I made out of my own head and
have enough wood left for another."

"\$100 reward for the recovery of
the body of Hale Short, drowned in
the river on the night of the 17th.
The body can be recognized by the
fact that Short had an impediment in
his speech."—Ladies Home Journal.

Friend: Hallo Scribbles. I hear that
your manuscripts are selling like hot
cakes.

Scribbles (sadly): Then the editors
must all have dyspepsia.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs.
Torkins, "are we going to have free-
dom of the seas?"

"Why are you interested?"

"I haven't forgotten the way we
were treated at the beach last sum-
mer. I don't believe anybody has a
right to rope off the ocean and then
charge you fifty cents for the privilege
of taking a bath in it."—Washington
Star.

Brain service can be bought. Lip
service can be hired. Physical serv-
ice can be contracted for. But heart serv-
ice is the kind you pay in the coin
of appreciation, kindness and consid-
eration.—Selected.

The secret of goodness and great-
ness is in choosing whom you will
approach and live with, in memory
or imagination, through the crowding
obvious people who seem to live with
you.—Robert Browning.

WRONG SOURCE.

"My dear, the doctor says I'm in
need of a little change."

"Then ask him to give it to you.
He's got the last of mine."—Baltimore
American.

There is no finer chemistry than
that by which the element of suffering
is so compounded with spiritual forces
that it issues to the world as gentle-
ness and strength.—G. S. Merriam.

Bedo Lane: "Do frogs lay tad-
poles?"

Thuss
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A MOTHER-MADE MAN.

Dr. Lorimer tells this story of one of our most distinguished men, who was introduced at a great public meeting as a "self-made man." Instead of appearing gratified at the tribute, it seemed to throw him for a few moments into a "brown study." Afterward they asked him the reasons for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me to thinking that I am not really a self-made man."

"Why," they replied, "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he, "but it was because my mother thought I ought to."

"But then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader, devouring books when you were a boy."

"Yes," he replied, "but it was because my mother led me to it."

"But then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck, and, after the manner of some storekeepers, I put the speckled ones at the bottom and the best ones at the top. My mother called me and asked me what I was doing. I told her, and she said, 'Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat.' I think my mother had something to do with my integrity; and, on the whole, I doubt whether I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."—Sunday School Visitor.

A PEACEMAKER.

A story has been told of a little girl who said to her mother one evening, "I was a peacemaker today."

"How was that?" asked her mother. "I knew something that I didn't tell," was the unexpected reply.

Do we not all of us have frequent opportunities to make peace in this way? Perhaps we have thought of the work of the peacemakers as the stopping of quarrels rather than their prevention, but comparatively few of us will have occasion actively to separate those who are quarreling and induce them to be friends, and how much better that they should not quarrel at all!

Let no one think that the negative virtue of a discreet silence is an easy matter. The bit of gossip that would fill an awkward pause in the conversation is on the tip of the tongue—the secret weighs heavily on our minds, and it would be a relief to talk it over with someone—but is it going to make trouble for anybody?

Is it possible that the words that we speak could be misunderstood and distorted and repeated where they would rankle? "Blessed are the peacemakers," even those peacemakers who work only by refraining from doing harm with their tongues.

And what is this blessing that the peacemakers receive? "They shall be called sons of God."—Ex.

IT HAPPENS DAILY.

Lola V.—"I feel foolish."
Jean C.—"Gee! It's nice to feel natural, isn't it?"

He: "Do you approve of dancing?"

She: "No."

He: "Why not?"

She: "Why, it's merely hugging set to music."

He: "What is there about it you don't like?"

She: "The music."

STUCK TWICE.

"Dear Teacher: Kate couldn't come today; she got wet in the a. m. and cold in the p. m. Mrs. G."—Exchange.

A MAN'S DUTY.

The woman who stands beside her man to urge him on to victory over self and over the enemy is heroic in his eyes, and the memory of her courage, of her understanding and sympathy, will go with him, even unto death.

A woman can make or break the man who loves her, and women are doing it all the time.

The men they make are the men who are encouraged and helped to do their duty as they see it.

The men they break are the men whose right to fulfill their duty is denied them or interfered with.

Just as the greatest pleasure in life is the satisfaction in duty well done, so there is no greater joy possible to a woman than the knowledge that she has helped the man she loves, in the supreme test, not to falter but to do what he knows to be his duty.—Geo. E. Cook, in Mother's Magazine.

EVEN UP.

Grayson Love—"You haven't had all that you wanted in life, have you?"
Margaret Duval—"No; but I haven't had all that I didn't want, either."

Teacher: "I had to flunk you in the test. Do you know why?"

Pupil: "I haven't an idea."

Teacher: "Exactly."

"How is your boy getting along with his studies?"

"Pleasantly. He doesn't bother 'em much."

WALL PAPER

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1919.

NUMBER 16

THEY GO OUT EARLY AND STAY LATE

Girls of Domestic Science Class Enjoy Afternoon at the Parks

DINNER IN INTEREST OF "MILESTONES"

On Wednesday evening last the dinner-bell sounded at 5:45, and we descended joyfully to the dining-rooms, where one of the best dinners of the year awaited us. The dining-rooms were decorated with sprays of foliage and ivy, and at each place was a dainty little folder, in the blue and gold of Ward-Belmont, containing the menu and the legend, "Milestones' Dinner."

There were few who did not understand the meaning of this, but the uninitiated soon found that the dinner was held in the interests of the school annual, "Milestones," which has gone to print and will soon be ready for distribution.

Between the salad and desert courses several speeches were made, by Dr. Blanton, Mary Buchanan, the Editor-in-Chief; Lois Hodge, the Business Manager, and Mrs. Bowen, the Dean, who spoke in behalf of the day students. The price of the annual is \$4.00, if we subscribe promptly, and \$4.50 after ten days. This fact seemingly had the desired result, for blanks and checks were distributed and a number of the girls subscribed without delay.

The HYPHEN wishes to express the best of good wishes for the *Milestones*, whose staff, by untiring efforts, have made it probably the best annual we have ever had.

PSYCHOLOGY CLASS PAYS A VISIT TO THE SURROUNDING SCHOOLS.

The Psychology Class, which is now studying "Child Study," paid a most interesting visit to the Hillsboro, Peabody and other schools of the vicinity Monday morning. The girls visited the lower grades for the purpose of observing the children at school and getting first-hand knowledge of some of the characteristics of children of this age and some of the methods used in teaching them.

A COMING EVENT.

The Senior Middle Class, numbering 186, is going to do a seemingly impossible thing—that is, in ten days, despite examinations and May Day and other functions looming ahead, they will give a play of fun and festivity. Let the *Seniors* look to their laurels. Miss Townsend is helping them carry out their plans, and on May 24th, rain or shine, they make their bow as a class.

"LET'S ELOPE."

Such was the enticing title of the movie Saturday night. Dainty Marguerite Clark, with her charming personality, added a hundred per cent to the already clever plot and able cast. We were shown the humorous side of the "eternal triangle."

MOONLIGHT PARTY IN HONOR OF ANTI- PANDORA SENIORS

A more picturesque scene cannot be imagined than was made out of a spot of the campus below the old tower Wednesday evening. An old hollow tree that would not have been noticed in daytime was made the center of attraction, with candles burning inside, which cast a glow of soft light among the trees. Rows and rows of Japanese lanterns twinkling above your head naturally makes your spirits rise to their height, then soar beyond. The Anti-Pandoras added to the charm of the scene, dressed in their party frocks, flitting about among the trees or sitting in groups singing and playing their "ukes."

This gay fete was in honor of the Anti-Pandora Seniors. The color scheme of yellow and white was carried throughout in the decorations, the salad course and punch.

Had Corot, the French painter, seen such a scene I'm certain, along with his famous picture, "The Dance of the Nymphs," in the early morn, there would have been another equally as famous called "The Moonlight Frolic." Who knows but what the club will produce a Corot? If you received one of the hand-painted invitations to this unique affair, you will not doubt that we have an artist in our midst. The Seniors pronounced their invitations "daisies."

ON SPONGES

Of course you are well acquainted with the properties of sponges. They are soft, clingy things that live on other objects in the ocean. Perhaps the most marked characteristic is their power to absorb quantities of moisture. They swell to comparatively great bounds and cannot be reduced immediately back to their former degree of smallness.

Sponges are quite plentiful in the warmer seas, also in Ward-Belmont. You have numbers of them among your own acquaintances. Have you ever noticed the girl who always happens to be just "broke" after joining a group in the tea-room? You have been greatly inconvenienced, perhaps, by the one who invariably forgets to buy notebook paper when tests come, and asks you sweetly for a sheet or two and then takes ten. Maybe you return hurriedly to your room to spend your only vacant period in reading over an English essay and, to your dismay, find that some one has borrowed your book. You want to do your washing some afternoon, and after searching some time for your treasured laundry soap, find instead of the firm little cake a thin, sticky, transparent mass on the basin. Some one calls from the other room in calm, assured tones, "Oh, my dear, I had to wash some hose, and I used a little of your soap. Hope you don't mind."

There it is, the same old expanded sponge; she cannot be squelched. You know it will happen again and again. She will absorb and sponge her way through school, not aware of or boldly indifferent to the fact that this parasitic life of hers places her in that thoroughly despised class known as sponges.

He—"Isn't this floor wonderful?"
Mary Ned D.—"Not particularly; That is my foot you're dancing on."

WAS SHE LUCKY OR UNLUCKY?

An Illustration of What Happens When Teachers Give Advice

"Marriage," said Professor Maxwell, "should be a primary consideration to the young minister. There should be a woman's influence in the life of a parish. It is not enough that there be a minister. The minister's wife is of almost equal importance. Now, when I began my career as the rector of a small parish, I married—" The professor adjusted his glasses. "I married, in order that my life should be complete. My wife, my home, my family, furnished an incentive to me. I attribute my success to the fact that I possessed a sympathetic help-meet. Accordingly, my young friends, my advice to you is—" Professor Maxwell adjusted his glasses again—"My advice to you is, find a woman who will adapt her life to you and your calling, and in as short a period of time as is—er—convenient after you have graduated from this institution. Marry, young gentlemen, marry."

The class in theology did not smile. They took the professor very seriously, as just now they were taking everything in this life most seriously indeed, for they would soon have mastered that mighty subject, theology, and, being graduates, launch out as ministers of the gospel, upon carvers of more or less brilliance. And so every ambitious young theologian whom Cupid had not yet smitten felt in his heart grim determination that, if the God of Love ignored him, he would pursue the wary fellow and force him to do his duty.

That night Professor Maxwell sat before his study table. "Puritanism in the 17th Century" was claiming his attention, when suddenly something soft and white and fussy dropped upon the open book with a very dissatisfied "meow." The professor turned with a gasp and confronted Feminism in the 20th century.

"Awfully busy, Dad?" Felicia did not wait for his reply. "Oh, I'm glad you're not; simply have to talk to you." She seated herself on the arm of her father's chair and, pulling his thin hair down over his face, began braiding it as she talked. Dyer-Kis, the cat, feeling that she was ill-used, curled up under the lamp and blinked contemptuously at maiden and man.

"Dad, I'm horribly bored. This has been the dullest season. Do you know, I haven't had a proposal in three months! It is time something turned up, that's all!"

"Felicia, my dear, I fear you do not consider life with due earnestness." The professor was having a hard time of it. He had never become accustomed to having his hair braided, and when he tried to adjust his glasses he found himself interfered with. But he proceeded, though under difficulty.

"A young woman of your talents and education should never become bored. There are many services you could do to occupy your mind, and simultaneously bring good to others. Felicia, I have often wished you would pursue a short preparatory study and enter the foreign mission field. If you could only—"

But he did not finish his remarks. (Continued on page 3.)

MUCH-ENVIED SENIORS RECEIVE A HOLIDAY

To say that the seniors were delighted and the other less fortunate ones, jealous, is to put it mildly. We were in ecstasy, as we all know it is quite an event in a Ward-Belmont girl's life to have a holiday other than Monday. Another feature not to be sneered at—we didn't have to wear uniforms to town. We were allowed to sleep through breakfast and chapel and leave for town any time during the morning—uncheapered.

We felt like regular village cut-ups down town. At eleven o'clock we were allowed to go to the Fifth Avenue to see Shirley Mason in a clever little play, "The Rescuing Angel." At 1 o'clock we all met at the Y. W. C. A. tea room for lunch, minus the regulation camouflaged hash. After lunch we went to the Knickerbocker to see the far-famed Kitty Gordon in "Adele," a thrilling war picture.

Seniors struggled in at all hours of the afternoon until 6 o'clock, fagged out but serenely happy and at peace with the world and—Ward-Belmont.

EXPRESSION NOTES

The Preparatory School gives its children's plays at 3:30 on Wednesday afternoon, May 21st, in the Expression Studio. The children will present a pageant, *America's answer*, and a charming operetta, *The Lost Mittens*.

The Senior Class of the School of Expression will present *Much Ado About Nothing* in the chapel on Friday evening, May 30th.

A PROGRAM OF LYRICS

By the Certificate Expression Class.
Tuesday, May 12th.

Longfellow's—*It Rains*.....Miss Hall
McRae's—*Flander's Fields*.....
.....Miss Sidebottom
Browning's—*One Way of Love*.....
.....Miss Goldner
Field's—*Little Boy Blue*.....Miss Hinkle
Wordsworth's—*Daffodils*.....Miss Furth
Coolidge's—*Oh, Lakeland*.....
.....Miss Williams
Coolidge's—*What Can I Give?*.....
.....Miss Lurker
Lever's—*Little Colleen*.....Miss Norris
Wordsworth's—*Lucy*.....Miss Cloyd

"SCRIPT" DANCE.

Saturday night a subscription dance was given in the Art Studio from 7 o'clock until 9:30. The studio, with its pictures, statues, paintings and decorations, was very attractive. The music was fine, as everyone who has heard "Sandy's Orchestra" knows. When the club sandwiches and ice tea were served everyone was willing to stop dancing for a few minutes, at least. All present had a good time, and we all hope another dance will be given again soon.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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SOPHIA WILLIAMS Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET GARNER Asst. Editor
ELIZABETH OVERMAN Expression
LOUIS MARKS Art
CATHERINE SLEDGE Music
ELIZABETH WOODS Home Economics
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HELEN DOUGLAS Exchange

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES!

You all know that song, the cherished of Mr. Martin and Dr. Blanton. Did you ever think how much good sound philosophy there is in that phrase, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile"? I don't know why it is we all grouch about May 15, but we surely do. Everyone you see is fussing and fuming over some mere trifle not worth mentioning. I guess the most effective argument against this for us girls is that it makes us old as nothing else does. It won't be long now before we are putting our toothbrush and powder in our "kit bag" preparatory for going home, but these things we spoke of before—these troubles. Let's pack early; let's get those out of the way as soon as possible.

SUG SEZ—

The Penta Taus and their guests—
The good ole moon—
The \$20.00 peenies—
The thoroughbred (?) horses (?)—
Aunt Susie—
Good ole soft beds—
NO BELLS—
Rugs up, peppy music.
"And that ain't all"—!!
Haven't you gess?
Yep, it's Woody Crest!
On Monday morning if
You could have heard the
Weeping and wailing and
The gnashing of suitcases
You might have had a
Faint idea
That we didn't want
To leave.
I thank you!

Professor (entering a new student)
—Write your name on this line, please.
New Boy—"I guess you know that I am a Russian."
Professor—"Well, write your name on these two pages then."

Mrs. Plunkett, wearily—"When I don't make you report to art my conscience hurts me, and when I do, my head hurts me."

Enid—"Let your conscience hurt you. It saves me a lot of trouble."

THEY GO OUT EARLY AND STAY LATE.

(Continued from page 1.)

seemed to get along pretty good—considering.

Then we fooled around some more, taking pictures and acting silly, like folks always enjoy doing on picnics, and after we thought we'd acted silly long enough we went back to the special, but not home. No, siree! That old special had the "Roaming Blues," and we jazzed over every track in Nashville, even went out to Glendale to see the zoo, but it had all gone to bed and we were two days and five hours late to see the horse high dive. There were lots of people out there, and they acted like they thought we were the zoo, but we didn't mind the peanuts. After we'd eaten all they had we got back on our private car and rode some more. We helped the government lots that night because every time we passed a place where they were selling Victory Bonds we stopped the car and gave them our throaty support. Then all the people would buy them to get us to shut up and go on.

I almost forgot to mention that the news butcher served peanuts, and pop corn, and ice cream, and punch, and chewing gum all during the ride; that we didn't get in until fifteen minutes after light bell, and that Miss Cooper and Mrs. Herbrick know more about picnics than we've ever known in all our lives.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—To those whom it may concern: Girls, this is an annual affair. We hope nobody will be killed next fall in the rush to take up Domestic Science.

ON MICHIGANME.

On the shores of Michiganme,
By the lapping "streaked waters,"
Under great hills capped with pine trees,
Sheltered from the bustling cities,
Lie the white tents in the stillness.

Here, one evening in the twilight,
Under blued and dusky heaven,
Mottled as a speckled trout's back,
Dipped the paddles of two campers,
Cutting slowly through the water.

Suddenly the greyish-blue clouds
That enshrouded all the east sky,
Shadowing the heavenly planets,
Broke and rent the silver lining,
Loosed the pale moon from her veilings.

Then the waters which were deep blue,
Shimmered in the silver moonlight,
Quivered from the silver blue tint
Into deep, rich, sparkling purple,
Burning into warmest rose glow.

Then the Campers who were drifting,
Floating down the shining moon path,
Listening for the mating loon's call,
Saw the sleek black-headed loon bird,
Heard the weird and crazy calling.

And the moon, with her cold splendor
Scintillating in the heavens,
Shining down on all creation,
Having heard the lover's weird cry,
Drew her silver-lined curtains.

Thus the moon, by her discretion,
Deepened both the sky and water,
Blended all the greys and purples,
Drooped the canopy of darkness,
Drew the curtains of the night time.
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PERSONALS

Eugenia Blakey has left school.
Louise Marks spent Sunday in town.

Avon Hail spent the week-end in town.

Helen Killebrew spent the week-end at home.

Martha Baird went home for the week-end.

Lois Hodge spent the week-end with Mrs. Cheek.

Madeline Aikins is visiting friends here at school.

Gladys Griffin has as her guest for a few days her father.

Irma Aikins left Sunday night for her home in St. Joseph, Mo.

Vadis Norris has returned after spending a few days at her home.

Annie James House spent the week-end at her home in Franklin, Tenn.

Priscilla Arbuckle will leave Saturday evening for her home in Erie, Pa.

Helen Alston, who has been visiting friends at school, left for her home in Georgia.

Lieutenants Roth and Jones, from Knoxville, were guests of Ella Lewis last week.

Betty Capron and Margaret Morrison spent Monday in town with Miss Neil.

Laura Shanklin, Thelma Wiles and Elsie Witte have gone home to St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Sledge and Drucilla Braham have been visiting at school for the past few days.

Mary Kenny Weber, Marie Grace and Mildred Kirkpatrick spent Sunday with the Killebrews.

Miss Marye Clautier had as her guest for the week-end Mr. Robert Briand, of Chattanooga.

Mrs. Tarbox went to Boston on account of the illness of her sister. Mrs. Sharpe takes her place.

Lieut. Earl Evans stopped over Monday on his way to San Diego, Calif., to see Miss Sophia Williams.

Catherine Sledge has as her guests for a few days her mother and Drucilla Braham, formerly a Ward-Belmont girl.

There died recently in Keokuk, Iowa, one of our former Ward-Belmont girls, Frances Sawyer. Frances was the niece of the noted author, Mr. Perry Elliott, to whom our sympathies are extended.

A W-B. TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Scene I—A studio dance.
Time—9:00 p.m. (Joyful dancing).

Scene II—Same as Scene I.
Time—9:45 (More joyful dancing).

Scene III—Same as Scene II.
Time—10:00 p.m. (Dancers depart).

ACT II.

Scene I—Outside room 100.
Time—3:30 p.m. (Dancers wait outside).

Scene II—Anywhere in W-B.
Time—All week-end dancers in their respective rooms.

The End.

FOUND, on the War-Belmont campus, a bright and shining Ford answering to the name of "Lizzie." Can anyone give any information as to whom it belongs?

Catherine Barrett—"Wholesome is a curious word, isn't it?"
Peg Tynes—"Why so?"
C. Barrett—"Take away 'whole' and 'some' is left."

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WAS SHE LUCKY OR UNLUCKY?

(Continued from page 1.)

Felicia was in a gale of laughter, and her father could only stare and wait until she had subsided.

"Never, Dad," she finally said. "The only missionary work I'm capable of, is telling some of those young American heathens how to behave. Daddy, darling, if only you'd see some good in Dick," Felicia was graver now, "I would marry the dear boy and wouldn't bother you any more."

Professor Maxwell pushed back his sadly disarranged hair with one hand, and with the other he pounded the table. The poor cat, suddenly awakened, jumped angrily and ran away, utterly disgusted with his rudeness.

"Never!" declared the professor. "Any man who spends his time and money at the race tracks shall not marry my daughter!"

"But, Dad, Dick has plenty of both time and money, and where is the harm in—"

"Nothing can justify it, nothing. Richard Stewart is no better than a common gambler," Felicia's father was radical in his views on this subject.

"Well, Dad," Felicia answered resignedly, jumping down from her perch, "I haven't seen anyone else I liked so well as Dick, unless it is Jimmy, and I can't marry my own cousin. You and I just can't like the same things, Dad. Isn't that pathetic? I suppose you'll have me and my cat for the rest of our nine lives. Felicia had reached the door. "Good-

night, Dad. I forgot to kiss you, but I'm not coming back—too sleepy. Besides, I'm not feeling so kissy toward you tonight, Dad." Felicia went down the hall, and as she mounted the little winding staircase her gray voice trailed back to the study. "Good-night, good-night, good-night!"

Adjusting his glasses, the professor turned to his book. But it was Feminism rather than Puritanism that occupied him. The print before him was blurred as the poor professor shook his head deplorably. "If the child's mother had only lived a little longer," he said sadly.

The next afternoon Felicia sat on the veranda dividing her attention between Djer-Kis and a letter to Dick. She wrote busily for a while, then, turning to the cat, who certainly

looked all-wise, she asked, "Shall I make him jealous, or shall I put things truthfully? Of course, you and I know it's all in the way you put things." Felicia resumed her writing for a moment, then, "How does this sound?" she asked: "I'll admit I'm having a dull time. Oh, there's always a flock of men, but, heavens! I'm sick of students, with their jargon of frats and meets, and such. It's all I've known since I've been old enough to care. Some girls might say living on a university campus was great sport, but I'm weary of it all. This afternoon I'm going canoeing with Ralph Reed. He's a bright and shining light of theology. To-night Earnest's frat is having a party and Earnest asked me. I accepted—to please Dad. Earnest is Dad's star pupil. Tomorrow—it seems very queer, but tomorrow I am going to tennis with George London, and in the evening Bob Nelson is coming over for dinner. They are both in the senior class in theology. Now, I can't understand why the ministry has thus descended upon me in droves, but these boys are all good sports, and we've been friends for a long time. Which is all very frank and earnest, isn't it Kitty-Kat?"

And Felicia, seeing Ralph coming across the campus toward the professor's dwelling, hastily closed her letter. She had just time to powder her nose, pat her soft brown hair and place herself more gracefully in the swing when Ralph reached the veranda.

"Hi, Ralph!"

"Hello, Felicia."

And they lost no time upon formalities, but were soon on their way to the river. When they had reached the little boathouse, and found the canoe, they paddled down the stream in gayety for a time, then Ralph became a trifle more sober than usual.

"What you thinking about, Ralph?"

"I was thinking that, though I've known you for a long time, I had never realized—until now, I had never realized—I had never realized until now—"

Felicia looked up quickly. Considering the time, the place, and—she allowed herself a bit of egotism—the girl, these were interesting symptoms. She fixed her gaze upon a deserted bird's nest in a tree, answering innocently, "Well?"

"I mean I should like to ask you to marry me!" Ralph dropped a paddle in his effort to express himself, and had a dangerous time recovering it. When he and the paddle were safe again he looked inquiringly at Felicia, whose genuine laughter almost violated the dignity and peace of the atmosphere round the lazy little river. As she continued to laugh, Ralph looked injured. "I am glad you are amused at least," he sulked.

"Really, Ralph, old thing, I can't help it. I just thought"—she laughed again—"I just thought what a good ladies' aider I would make and what fun we would have sorting out the punctured pennies from the suspender buttons!"

"I suppose that is a cheerful way of refusing me?"

"Ralph, I could never marry you—I know you too well. Why did you go and mention it and spoil our friendship?"

They paddled silently back to the boathouse now and, with no more words than were necessary, walked back to the campus, and the Maxwell cottage. Ralph bid Felicia a rather doleful farewell and, with a few light words of admonition from her to "cheer up, Ralphie, old boy; you know I really don't make that much difference to you!" he departed.

That evening Felicia addressed her

(Continued on page 4.)

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WAS SHE LUCKY OR UNLUCKY?

(Continued from page 3.)

remarks to Djer-Kis while dressing for the dance. "That was one victim we weren't expecting. Oh, well, 'in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' But a minister's wife, never! It's bad enough to be a minister's daughter. Well, one more notch in the back of the porch swing!"

Felicia surveyed her slim, graceful figure, her brown hair, her eyes, bright with satisfaction and youth. She smiled into the mirror. Then a tiny cloud of displeasure hid the sunshine from her face for a fleeting second. That which the beautiful girl deplored added much to her charm this evening. Three small freckles on the bridge of her nose. They were the results of her afternoon on the river. Frowning, she exclaimed, "Ralph Reed's to blame for these!"

The day that followed was Saturday, and morning found Felicia out on the veranda again carving notches on the back of the porch swing. But when she had completed one she began another and, with a delighted smile, left two new scars instead of one in the soft wood. She hummed to herself as she gave her work a few finishing touches. A deep "Good-morning" caused her to look up and greet "Sandy" McGraw. Felicia liked Sandy—even if he was a theologian. He was the sort of man who inspired—and achieved. Felicia chattered away to him for a time, while he sat beside her, wearing a pleasant grin, enjoying everything she said, and occasionally interrupting her with a remark that was sure to bring a laugh from both. Some time had passed, when Sandy said, "Felicia, let me do some talking. There is something I've wanted to say to you but haven't had the opportunity. Now, Felicia, I am very fond of you, and I wonder if you could ever—" Felicia began opening her little pen-knife, making ready to carve another notch—"if you could ever care for me—enough to mar—"

"I care for you a great deal, Sandy. But I'd never be able to like you any more or less than I do now. You're a dear, Sandy, but I'd no more think of marrying you than of wedding the newal post."

Sandy was not the man to remain and argue the point. He said good-bye and took his leave without further parley.

When he had left Felicia called the cat. Djer-Kis settled herself in the girl's lap, assuming her most sphinx-like mien.

"It slays me, Djer-Kis! Three in two days, and this day hardly begun yet? Why, it's better than a summer resort! Well—" There came a sound to Felicia's ears that caused her to stop in the midst of her sentence. She soon saw what she had expected, a very red, very small car, built on racing lines, yet unmistakably a Ford. Its driver announced his arrival by a funny whistling little horn, and then stopped before the Maxwell's cottage.

"Gracious! The preacher, 'the preachers are giving us a rush, Djer-Kis. I thought that was Bobby Lind, but it's 'Preacher' Thorpe." And as he came up, "Good morning, Preacher. How is the illustrious scholar today?"

"I'm feeling quite well, Felicia. How are you? Bob Lind allowed me to borrow his machine—" (here Felicia glanced at the "machine" and winked at Djer-Kis, who obligingly winked back)—"this morning, and I thought we might take a little ride together."

"Well, Preacher, Jimmy was coming over, but it's not quite time for him yet. I'll go for a few minutes. You know, I just love to drive a lit-

tle 'Lizzie.' You must let me drive, and you talk to me."

"That is a capital arrangement, Felicia, as I have something I want especially to say to you," and "Preacher" followed the girl down the walk.

A half hour later Felicia breezed again, her hair flying to the winds, and a highly amused expression on her face. She found Jimmy on the veranda. "Sweet cousin," began Felicia's extremely attractive relative, "will you tell me why you are rushing the ministers so much of late? We have been discussing it over at the house, and I have been appointed a committee of one to find out how it happened. No one else seems to be having a chance."

Well, Jimmie, it just happens that way. This week I have found ministers far more interesting than I ever dreamed they could be. And I've made various plans to play with nine others during the next week. The rest of you are just thrown in at long intervals. Really, I'm not nearly so bored as I was. There is something sort of nice about ministers—" and Felicia began carving another notch on the back of the porch swing.

Monday, just ten days later, found Felicia in her father's study, faithfully writing to Dick. Djer-Kis was on the floor, curled up on a cushion, and did not appear so vitally interested as she might have been in what Felicia was reading aloud to her. "Listen, now, Djer-Kis. 'Dearest Liddy, I am really having a wonderful time, and I haven't been able to write you before this. You'll see why when I tell you that in the past ten days I have added thirteen new notches to the back of the swing, and if business continues rushing I shall have to buy a sawing machine. They have all been members of the graduating class in theology, which seems strange, doesn't it? I haven't told Dad, for we've both been too busy, but I shall tell him and he will be pleased. He would like to see me marry a minister. Perhaps I shall!"

And so Felicia went on with her letter. After she had finished it she sealed and stamped it, announcing to Djer-Kis that she was off to the post-office. A little later Felicia came in with her father, whom she had met on the way home.

"Yes, Dad," she was saying, "it's the funniest thing, how they have been rushing me lately. I can't explain it, so accept it calmly. The other boys are almost angry at me, but I have been having scads of fun with the ministry. Why, Dad, thirteen of them have proposed to me in the past ten days."

"That does seem rather—er—whole-sale, Felicia." They had sat down together in the study. Now the professor adjusted his glasses. "You appear to be a very charming young woman, Felicia, but thirteen in ten days. Are you sure it is not—er your fault?"

"Oh, Dad, I wouldn't take that insult from anyone but you. But you don't know any better, so it is all right. Just the same—"

But the professor's face had suddenly lighted up with a new thought. "Why, my dear, I think I can explain this unusual condition. You say these—er—declarations have been from members of the theology class?"

"Yes," Felicia answered, wondering what to expect.

"Why, last Thursday a week ago, in the course of one of my lectures, I advised my young students to do this very thing and they seemed to have taken the suggestion to heart, as it were."

"Why, Dad, what do you mean?" Then the professor quoted from his lecture, and continued: "You, being a talented young woman, and—er—living conveniently as you do, here on

the campus, is it not perfectly natural—"

But he could not finish his speech. Felicia's eyes flashed, her face was covered with indignation and anger. What she told her father could not have been called exactly respectful, but it was certainly expressive. She ended her speech with, "At least, you needn't have told me. Everyone will think you are trying to marry me off. Thirteen times I have not been complimented, but insulted. They asked me then because they needed a helpmeet. Dad, I'll never forgive you!" and Felicia rushed from the room, slamming the door after her. Professor Maxwell, poor, stupid man, simply stared, wondering what he had done. Feminism presented as great complexities as ever!

Felicia called Jimmy on the phone. Of course he came over immediately. He always did whenever Felicia found herself in a plight. He listened considerably while his pretty cousin ranted, and, like the real sport he was, not once did he smile or display any inclination to. "Tell every man who ever saw a theology book or attended a lecture on the subject never to speak to me again. I have a date with Herbert Mason tonight; break it, and tell him he can find some one else to propose to." And Jimmy accepted his charge without question.

A few days after this Felicia sat on the veranda absorbing the *Cosmopolitan*. Djer-Kis shared the swing with her, and on the back of the swing were thirteen new little patches of putty beside some old notches.

Suddenly the magazine fell from Felicia's hands. Could the sound she heard be real? She sat as if glued to the swing until a great green Mercer came into sight. With a wild squeal of delight she was up and running down the steps. Dick met her halfway down the walk. "Are you married yet?" he asked anxiously.

"No, silly," Felicia replied, "why?"

"I had that letter about the thirteen in ten days and I thought you'd surely have skipped with one of them before I could get here. You haven't accepted any of them yet, have you?"

Felicia stamped her foot. "No, and I never will!"

"Then, little happy-heart, you'll have to take me. No indecision this time. I am not to be downed. Go get your hat. It is only ten miles to grandmother's place, and we'll be married there."

"But, Dick, Dad—"

"Dad's foot! Go get your hat!"

That night Professor Maxwell returned to a very empty house. He ate his dinner alone, expecting Felicia to come in at any moment. Finally he went into the study. On the table reposed Djer-Kis, and around her neck a note was fastened with a blue ribbon. The professor could not imagine what the missive contained but, adjusting his glasses, took the note off the ribbon and opened it.

"Daddy, dear," he read, "I hate to leave you and Jimmy and Djer-Kis, but I'll be back soon to see you. I am finally convinced we'll never agree on the choice of a husband for me, so I've decided to take your advice and become a home missionary—and I'm beginning on Dick. Hugs and kisses from

"Your loving daughter,
"FELICIA."

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May 27 1919

N. P.

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1919.

NUMBER 17

SENIOR EXPRES- SION PLAY

On Friday night, May 30, the Senior Expression Class gave to a cultured audience Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." During the school year the Seniors have given scenes and modern plays and have done some skillful interpretation, but in "Much Ado About Nothing" the patient and persistent years' training of voice and body culminated in an artistic performance.

The performers loaned themselves to the moods of hose and doublet, and "measures of lawn" of a by-gone century to such good effect that one was transported to the goodlier time of Will Shakespeare as if by magic.

In Leonato the reverence of age was revealed. He was a noble old man with the balance of character between his conventional life and the real love of his daughter. Don Pedro had the manner and conventions of the court, rejoiced by a joyous understanding of the part in the plot and its enfoldment. There were passages of power and great understanding. Claudio was full of the impetuous moods of a man in love, shown in his action and speech. Claudio is a hard part to portray, but as shown last night he was most acceptable. Don John and his two confederates, Borachio and Conrade, were in sharp contrast and unfolded the growth of evil towards its goal—punishment by word and tone and pantomime. The charm of Margaret and Ursula was magnified and Ursula's garden scene with the hero was one of play of wit which was radiant, enhanced by the truthful personation of Misses Hughes and Heidelburg, and Hero was the gentle and lovable young girl, overwhelmed by circumstances. Her appeal to her father in the church was moving. Benedict met the jeers and taunts of his friend with rapier-thrusts of wit, but in his love for Beatrice was charmingly convincing. In his action, particularly, did he reveal the mood of the moment.

Beatrice, one of the difficult women of Shakespeare to play, because of her quick changes of mood and flashes of wit, was not once betrayed into

(Continued on page 2.)

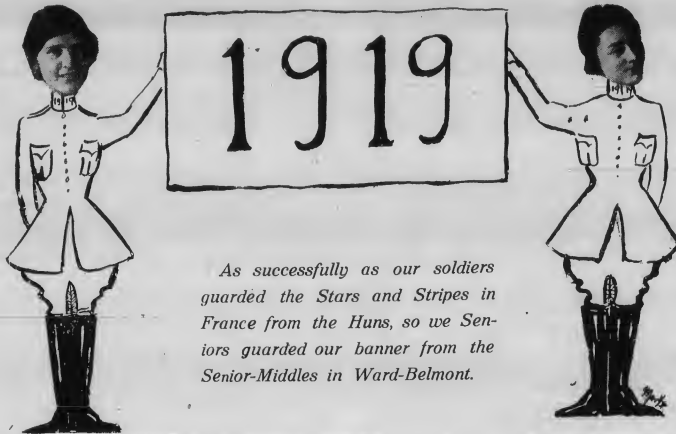
SUG SEZ

Of course, we
Are all tickled to death
Because the time is
"Dawn n' n" for us to go
Home,

But deep down in
Our heart haven't
You a little "quivery"
Feeling about leaving?
I'm not saying that the
Feeling is so strong that
We will

Ask for another
Month or two
Of school, but isn't it
There just the same
Anyway, let's forget our
Trips to

Room 100, campus, etc.,
And remember the
Woody Crest house parties,
The good, old dances,
Our Mondays down town,
And, above all,
"May said acquaintances
N'er be forgot!"
I thank you.



*As successfully as our soldiers
guarded the Stars and Stripes in
France from the Huns, so we Sen-
iors guarded our banner from the
Senior-Middles in Ward-Belmont.*

THIS YEAR AT WARD-BELMONT

This year certainly has been the "year of years" to be at Ward-Belmont. Has it not been one of the most wonderful years in the history of the world and here in our own little world wonderful things have happened too. But the thing I think we have enjoyed most of all and have felt was the greatest privilege of all was the part we had in welcoming the overseas men back home. True many of us are not Tennesseans or native Southerners as the soldiers were, but we didn't think of that while we were cheering and singing for them. All we cared about was that they were Americans and "our boys."

Now you may smile when I say that it was a "privilege" to do what we did for the returning soldiers and remember those the days when we either "froze or melted" down at the capitol but behind all of these discomforts was a big spirit of willing service. I believe that more and more as we think of those times we went down into the city to add our part to the general celebration or had the men out here as guests of the school. We will be very glad we did get to have a share in helping to make the home coming of these heroes as fine as it could possibly be. And as we read of what is being done every day for these brave men we are gladder and gladder that we could do our part.

But are the people and city of Nashville grateful for what Dr. Blanton and the Ward-Belmont girls did? They always find that spirit in Dr. Blanton, and he is always ready to give and do anything he can for any good project that is launched by the men of the city. Although we don't usually do things for the good returns we think are due us, it is nice sometimes to feel that our efforts are appreciated. Now wouldn't it be possible for the grateful spirit that is said to be felt by the various organizations we aided to manifest itself in some substantial way toward the school?

NO AMATEUR.

Judge—"Were you ever arrested before?"

Ragles—"Honest, now, Judge, do I look like I was a bud jest makin' me dayboo?"

SPECIAL SENIOR EDITION.

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

May 27th will go down in the history of Ward-Belmont as being the date of the first entertainment given by the Senior Middles as a class, and to this class belongs the honor of establishing as a Ward-Belmont precedent, an annual Senior Middle Play.

So beautiful and realistic was the stage effect that we could easily imagine ourselves in the midst of a forest "in the middle of the earth." The very atmosphere was stimulating to the imagination, and the audience went back to their childhood and enjoyed with Alice all the strange things that happened in Wonderland. Miss Agnes Smith was the sweetest, most true-to-life "Alice" one could imagine. Throughout the play she kept the character with ease and naturalness. Her voice and speech were childlike, and her pantomime was particularly fine.

There was a great variety of characters in the play. They ranged from beautiful dancing, flowers and bees and butterflies to the "weezy, sheezy creatures" from the Looking Glass book. The dance of the flowers and butterflies gave poetic charm and beauty, while the queer looking animals added humor, wonder and adventure to the play.

Among the characters with speaking parts many desire special mention. Reeta Thornton was the most mouse-like mouse we have ever seen. Her scampering away at the mention of Dinah, Alice's cat, the handling of her naws, and head were ridiculously delightful. Florence Kelley as Tweedleum, and Marjorie McQuiklin as Tweedledee were most mirth provoking. They acted together with the perfection of machinery, and the handling of their umbrellas, and the duel brought enthusiastic applause from the audience. Lois Rockhold, the Cheshire cat in the tree, talked with Alice and gave her advice in a voice that sounded exactly like a cat meowing at a dog, and Margaret Hollinshead as the Gryphon, waived her red wings, and uttered sharp screeches in a most terrible and gryphon-like manner. Perhaps the saddest thing in the play was the Mock Turtle's (Marjorie Cooper) rendering of Beautiful Soup.

(Continued on page 2.)

JUST A WORD AT PARTING

As the days fly by and the first, second and third of June fade into yesterday, we become conscious of a feeling of regret; we find that, after all, we are not very anxious to leave Ward-Belmont. To the Senior, commencement means much. We have reached a great divide.

Looking back over our shoulders, the happy days at Ward-Belmont pass in rapid succession—days crowded with lessons, days passed at Woody Crest, our own country club, days filled with shopping, picture shows, dances. Nice, good old days they were when we look back on them. Yes, the memories of the old blue uniformed days will ever be welcome ones. Rather reluctantly we turn to the road before us. What does the unknown future hold?

Timidly, yet confidently, we take our next step on the road of life. What obstacles can the future hold for a Senior of Ward-Belmont? What are or what we are to be depends on our foundation. Let me say here that we owe the greatest, possible debt to those long-suffering and much-misunderstood persons—our teachers. It is to their patience and endurance that we owe whatever bits of knowledge and wisdom we may possess. They are the ones who have prepared us to meet whatever joys or griefs time may bring. Preparation today is the keynote of success. Everywhere there is a demand for trained workers. Take Sergeant York, for example. Would the people all over the country be opening their purses and piling up their shining dollars to buy and stock a farm, intended as a gift to him, if he had not spent hours of practice with his old-fashioned gun away back in the mountains of Tennessee. It was application, practice, preparation, which made him the man of the greatest single achievement in the late war. So again I say that we thank our instructors.

There comes a time in every girl's life when she asks herself, "What may I do to become efficient, to serve, to be worth while? What may I do to become some one in a world of thinking people?" For the majority of us this question is unsettled. Most of us are going on to college next year in order to further prepare ourselves for whatever position Fate may lay open to us. Though undecided as to the exact nature of our work, we realize that each of us has a work to do. We expect great things of ourselves and hope that you may not be disappointed.

For our motto we have adopted "Loyalty"—loyalty to ourselves, to Ward-Belmont, and to the American nation. With such a motto, such preparation, and such ideals we cannot fail!

LET'S TOAST OUR SPONSOR.

It takes a great many things to make a good Senior class. There is, of course, to be considered the individuals composing the class and the material of which they are made. Then there is the influence of a high-minded and "live" president and under officers. But one of the greatest helps to our class has been the inspiring leadership, patient, striving, unconscious influence and sacrificing love of our sponsor.

Seniors, a toast to our sponsor, Miss Ross!



What More Could
WE WANT???

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

I suppose the time has now come when I should add a parting word—a *bon voyage*, as it were, to the HYPHEN and to the pupils of Ward-Belmont. To some it will not be good-bye—merely an *au revoir*—but to the school at large and to my editorship of the HYPHEN it is a final good-bye. These last few weeks, so full of preparation and anticipation, have flown by so swiftly we have hardly had time to consider that the day when a Senior proudly steps upon the platform and receives her cherished diploma is not only one of the happiest days in her life, but also one of the saddest ones. Several weeks ago if any one had told you that when you left here June 5, you would be quite liable to cry and you would hate to leave, you would have laughed at them, but I believe now we are able to see the truth in this statement. We are bound to form some attachments in nine months of such close association as we have here. Some of these attachments will likely prove temporary, but some will prove permanent. It is a hard thing to leave these friends of ours.

The HYPHEN is a simple and often unworthy attempt to bring the girls closer together, to truthfully mirror our life at Ward-Belmont and in a way to be a help and pleasure to us. I have tried to make the HYPHEN not only a picture of the lighter side of our life, but also of the more serious side. If in after years you look over your old HYPHENS and recall that wonderful Saturday night dance, that inspiring Sunday sermon and that brilliant war work campaign; if this small sheet of paper brings to your mind those happy days at Ward-Belmont, filled with happiness and sadness, but which time paints in but one color—*rose*—then the HYPHEN has in a measure proved worth while and has carried out its aim.

Advertisement—"Shirts one-half off today."

Marks—"Faith, it's a good thing they're shirts."

RED LETTER DAYS FOR THE CLASS OF 1919.

January 15—Our vice president closes.

January 20—All frat pins displayed for the day or enhanced by bright and shining presence of—can't you guess?

January 25—The entire august body displayed to students by Miss McDuffie and Dr. Blanton.

January 29—We are told that henceforth Friday and Monday will be very rosy days, and that our acquisition of religion may proceed unsupervised.

February 14—Seniors and Senior-Middles have "midnight frolic" at 6:00 p.m.

March 28—Seniors see heroes at close range and try the head-waiter role.

March 30—Some few Seniors forsake the path of righteousness and wonder into a closet on Sunday, too!

April 6—More heroes. Underclassmen forced to salute us as we come from mess hall.

April 8—First hand art appreciation at Miss Hood's and Miss Heron's.

April 16—Seniors grin loftily as

the resplendent queen. Gaping Seniors stand around and take in a few rare specimen of genus homo.

June 5—Lumps in our throats, tears in our eyes, despair in our hearts, suit cases in our hands, and possibly a corsage to complete the picture.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

(Continued from page 1.)

Everyone on the stage (and probably some of the audience) wept copiously. Other particularly good characters were Eva Robinson, as "Old Father William;" Margaret Gerner, as "Humpty Dumpty;" Frances Smith, as the "Knave of Hearts," and India Jones, the Herald.

The play was directed by Miss Townsend, assisted by Miss Middleton. Every member of the Senior Middle Class had a part, and all are to be congratulated on the great success of the evening. The play is an original arrangement by Miss Townsend, of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression, from Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass, and Hunting the Snark, by Louis Carroll, and is dedicated to the first "Revel" of the Senior Middle of 1919.

POST-GRADUATE PIANO RECITAL.

Given in Ward-Belmont Auditorium.

A piano recital of exceptional merit was given last Saturday evening in the auditorium by Miss Mary Douthit, post graduate pupil of the conservatory. This young pianist gave unmistakable evidence of uncommon abilities, which augurs much for a successful professional career. Her playing is characterized by brilliancy, technical assurances and delightful tone coloring, as were reflected in her artistic conceptions of the Grieg Concerto and the Chopin Ballad. She reflects much credit upon her teacher, Mr. Edward Potjes. Throughout her exacting program she measured up to its demands with professional skill and was given an enthusiastic reception.

Miss Margaret Seale, violinist, who assisted, displayed a beautiful tone, an excellent technical grasp of her several numbers which were given with delightful charm and finish. Artistic accompaniments were played by Miss Florence Bartel.—The Tennessean.

WE'LL NOT FORGET.

I wonder if
I'll e'er forget you all.
Dear old senior class;
And if I'll wish each fall
We were again a mass?

I wonder if
In days that come and go
We'll remember the things
We tried so hard to know
Latin, English and Math?

I wonder if
Those parties could e'er fade
Halloween, Thanksgiving
Or Washington, which made
Us glad to be living.

I wonder if
Our rivals we'll forget
The senior middle class
Or Miss Ross, our best pet
Or the exams we had to pass?

I wonder if
Any one will be so great
That looking back at us
You'll think why you did create
For little things just fuss?

I wonder if—
No, it cannot be true,
No time could make it so;
Honor to our clas is due,
We'll not forget, altho we go.

—H. M. D.

Backward, turn backward, Oh Time
in your flight,
Give us a girl whose skirts are not
tight.
Give us a girl, no matter what age,
Who won't use the street as a vaudeville stage.
Give us a girl who doesn't wear "peek-a-boos"
—
And who does wear skirts that the sun can't shine thru.
Give us a girl who is not rapid or fast,
And whose "blooming" color will always last.

Sophia—I was out motoring the other day, and I came to a river, but could find no means of getting my machine across.

Billie—Well, what did you do?
Sophia—Oh, I just sat down and thought it over.

Love blesses an old age;
It is the life of the child.
It sets the girls crazy
And makes the boys wild.

The girl who has corns wants people to think it is a headache that makes her limp.

ESSAY ON MOTHERS.

Mothers, a species of the human race, quite prevalent around boarding schools in the spring, where their dearly beloved off-springs expect to receive meager recompense for their personifications of learning. These well known photographs of daughter's abilities, are easily distinguished from the others who seemingly might bear their characteristics.

Mothers are members of the female sex.

They have two eyes, but only see one thing; a nose, a mouth and well developed throat, capable of swallowing large lumps of taffy seasoned with compliment for daughter. They have two ears which hear the good and reject the bad.

They are very good, and love their daughters. Through the year they send checks, but at commencement come themselves instead. They can talk a heap, and especially on one subject.

They vary in size—some are low and dumpy, while others are tall and slender. They are not distinguishable by any certain characteristic of dress. Morally they are a cross between a Hard-shell Baptist and Blue Stocking Presbyterian.

IN MEMORIAM.

In this, the year of 1918-19, the Senior class have had remarkably few sorrows and disappointments—just enough to make us more keenly conscious of our many advantages and happiness. Probably the one lasting sorrow, which will brand itself permanently on our hearts, is the death of one of our classmates, Marion Brown, which occurred March 14, 1919. Marion was to have received a diploma in home economics. Her death was quite sudden and was caused by pneumonia and other complications. This sad event cast a dark shadow over the class of 1919 and made us realize that in our life to come everything is uncertain and that in order to appreciate our own advantages we must have sadness.

"LOVE IS LIKE A CIGARETTE."

Love is like a cigarette and lasts about as long—
Affects your heart and dulls your mind;
And if you take it strong and smoke it long,
It'll burn your lips, as love will also do.

A burning match now it requires,
And love will need one too.
It glows awhile and then goes out;
Its whole defense is wrong;
For love is like a cigarette and lasts about as long.

COMPLIMENT TO CONSCIENCE.

"Here comes that Miss Gablins. I think I'll have Nora say I'm out."
"Won't the still, small voice reproach you?"
"Yes; but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."—Boston Transcript.

DEFINITIONS UP TO DATE.

The Bolsheviks:—"All men to be equal—Equally poor, equally ignorant, equally hungry, equally dead."

The League of Nations:—"All nations to have peace—Italy a piece of Austria; Poland a piece of Germany, etc."

WHICH.

A suffragette lady named Hopper Danned clothes of a fashion so proper That her infant son, Brooks, Looked up from his books And asked, "Is this mommer or popper?"



Notice Our Senior Twins!!!

they come into dinner. First appearance of banner.

April 19—Seniors have heart palpitation in dining room and forget to be dignified. Senior-Middles make ghastly mistake in etiquette of a challenge.

April 19-28—Aged Seniors crack bones and jar up the old rheumatism, going out for track and basketball.

April 28—Buck, Ray, Heidelberg, and others show themselves to be "champagne" athletes. We try to take our misfortune like a man. What happened to the Senior-Middle banner?

May 11—We forget our chaperones, see Gitty Gordon and put away devil crabs.

May 19—We love the scenery along the river banks. Hope the college specials will forgive us.

May 21—Seniors eagerly campaign hall for stamps. Mails flooded.

June 1—Dr. Vance induces Seniors to look back on their past wickedness and resolve to be at least U. S. presidents.

June 2—Our old friend, the daisy chain, again. We minuet our best for

SENIOR EXPRESSION PLAY.

(Continued from page 1.)

shrewishness. Her love for Hero and her church scene was satisfying, revealing a gamut of passion wonderfully handled.

"Much A'do About Nothing."

CAST.

Don Pedro Charlotte M. Meeds
Don John, his bastard brother.....
..... Mary Compton
Claudio Frank Montgomery
Benedict Elizabeth Overman
Leonato, Governor of Messina.....
..... Gladys Grider
Antonio, his brother..... Gilda Robley
Conrade and Barachio, followers of
Don John..... Charlotte Springer
..... Louise Rapp
Friar Francis..... Margaret Hollinshead
Dogberry, a constable.....
..... Charline Henkle
Verges..... Mildred Cloyd
Hero June Fisher
Beatrice Louise Lucas
Margaret Bess Heidelberg
Ursula Addie Hughes
Scene—Messina.

Ward-Belmont

School of Expression

PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND, Director
WILLA MIDDLETON, Assistant

The Senior Expression Class

THE CERTIFICATE STUDENTS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

Much Ado About Nothing

WARD-BELMONT AUDITORIUM

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1919

8:15 O'CLOCK

SYNOPSIS.

Scene—Messina.

ACT I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

ACT II.

Scene I—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Scene II—Leonato's Garden.

ACT III.

Scene I—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Scene II—A Street in Messina.

Scene III—A Hall in Leonato's House.

ACT IV.

Scene I—A Church.

Scene II—A Prison.

ACT V.

Scene I—Leonato's Garden.

Scene II.

A short curtain to show lapse of few hours.

CHARACTERS

(Seniors)

DON PEDRO, PRINCE OF ARRAGON	Miss Meeds
DON JOHN, HIS BROTHER	Miss Compton
LEONATO, GOVERNOR OF MESSINA	Miss Grider
BENEDICK, A LORD OF PADUA	Miss Overman
CLAUDIO, A YOUNG LORD OF FLORENCE	Miss Montgomery
BEATRICE, NIECE TO LEONATO	Miss Lucas
HERO, DAUGHTER TO LEONATO	Miss Fisher
ANTONIO, BROTHER TO LEONATO	Miss Robley
FRILAL FANCIS	Miss Hollinshead
BORACHIO	Miss Springer
CONRADE	Miss Rapp
URSULA	Miss Hughes
MARGARET	Miss Heideberg

(Certificate Students)

MESSANGER FROM DON PEDRO	Miss Herly
BALTHASAR, MUSICIAN TO DON PEDRO	Miss Bliss
A BOY, ATTENDANT ON BENEDICK	Miss Reeder
DOGBERRY, A CONSTABLE	Miss Hink'e
VERGES, A HEADBOROUGH	Miss Cloyd
SEXTON	Miss Ammerman
GEORGE SEACOLE	Miss Norris
HUGH OATCAKE	Miss Goldner
1st Watch	Miss Rives
2nd Watch	Miss Williams
3rd Watch	Miss Hall
4th Watch	Miss V. Smith
LADIES IN WAITING TO HERO	Misses Smith, Tucker and Sidebottom
COURTIERS ATTENDANT ON DON PEDRO	Misses Furrh, Phares and Brookshier
MUSICIANS, MESSENGERS AND SERVANTS, ETC.	(Miss Bliss is a pupil of Miss Boyer.)

(Costumes from New York Costume Co., Chicago)

SENIOR JAZZ.

By the Prophet I—Seeyer.

I was giving my celebrated lecture on the public square of Canthebulla, a small hamlet out in Space. By the way, that word hamlet reminds me of the subject of that immortal harangue, "The necessity of leaving out Hamlet and doubling the ghost," when I was rudely interrupted by a cablegram from old Overman, my business manager. It said simply, "Come down to earth." Having great respect for Overman's sagacity, I went. A few million miles from the dear old surface I encountered those notorious air pirates—Lafollette and Swilly—with the aid of my bodyguard Hurst. The enemy was completely routed, as that old Latin scholar Marine Titus would say. There was a little damage done to the Paige-Hanlon, but I forced my mechanics, Crawford and Gibbs to get out and get under. It was all over in a few seconds. After this Sophia Williams, who was making a dive from Saturn to Venus, crashed headlong into me. We had a few hot words. At last I agreed to pay her lawyer, Gray, for interrupting her when she was making a record. Nothing else occurred. I found there was great need of my presence. The alumni president, Bell, had rung out an alarm that the Seniors were forgetting the when-convenient convention. It began June 5, 1929, with Webb in the high chair. McComb read the minutes of the last meeting, which were objected to by Davenport, who did not remember the item about the return of the Senior-Middle banner.

The entertainment committee, Lucella George, read the following: "The 'Been Great' players—Compton, Fisher, Hughes, Lucas sisters, Rapp, Meeds, Heidelberg Springer, Lauter, Seutholz and Strahan—have deteriorated into a stock vaudeville company." Ah! to recall that remarkable performance, "Much ado about nothing," way back in the nineteens!

"I could not find a trace of Buck or Hodge. They have melted into obscurity."

Adine Lampton interrupted the report here when she came in bringing her adorable twins "why" and "wherefore." She gave us information about her two old pals. Frank Montgomery, after her graduation, had joined the Reds. Naturally Grider seconded her as a pale pink. Frank, following the advice of Miss Scrooge, Oh, the dickens! that was not her name! Dickens, ah, Dickens! Well, what's in a name? Frank was trying to free people from contemptible laws and conventions. Governor Noone has just freed Frank, provided she keeps her name out of the press for three consecutive weeks.

After this followed a discussion of the latest work of our own author—one whose name is known the world over—Jimmy Jones.

Griffin then reported concerning athletic records established by our fellow classmates. Morrison was trying for the championship in basketball. To her dismay, her opponent was Betty Capron. Each was unwilling, for auld lang syne, to secure the prize, and neither could play the worst. The decision is at a standstill.

Chief of Police Hutchinson told us that Lovin and Bliss were giving advice to the lovelorn through the columns of Great Scott's fashionable newspaper.

After these reports, the program committee—Cloyde, Cloyd and Hibbet—gave the following entertainment:

May Rosa Ray, the movie star, read from her book, "How I Remain Sixteen," a chapter about the psychology of the color of the hair.

Parker and Kell agreed with her that red hair was most soothing to the human organism. Sledge sang a fantastic little Tone poem, "On the Side of the Bottom of the Sea." The Kern Sisters as nymphs interpreted this in a lovely dance. Hoggland then gave us a recital of the conditions in her country.

The meeting was then adjourned. We were invited to the parlors of Madame Marks, designer, and Madame Rosenbaum, costumers. The beautiful models—Moore, Douglass, and Driggers—displayed the costly creations. The maid, Compton, served pies made by the renowned Baker Roxy. The distinguished musician, Bock, dropped in for tea.

Late in the afternoon I registered at the Hotel "Shaw-Shaw." The clerk, Chenault, and the bell boy, Bertram, made me feel quite at home. I wired Overman about the convention and told her why Billy Sparks had been absent. It seems she had landed in Shanghai and had also landed some queue-pitail whom she could not leave.

The next day I traveled into Space and found my audience had not missed

MADEMOISELLE, ADIEU!

From "Out of Control," a paper published by the First Pursuit Group.

Mademoiselle, la guerre est fin! Toot sweet American soldat parti. Restay pour toujours aux Etats Unis—Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, you are sorry I know. Sorry to see the Americans go. Loved us because of the francs we would blow. Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, parti avec nous? Ah, non, ma chérie, that would never do; What would our sweethearts and folks think of you? Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, there's a girl over there Who has all those charms that make one really care She's witty and pretty and wholesome and fair, Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, when bright shone the moon



me. Such is the speed and efficiency of this age. They were asleep. My hired clappers, Wimberly, Vicars and Woods, were still applauding my last joke—or perhaps they had just seen the point.

NEW HIS BUSINESS.

Mrs. Smith hired a Chinese servant, and tried to teach him how to receive calling-cards. She let herself out the front door, and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card.

The next two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards, the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card, and remarked as he closed the door:

"Tickets no good; you can't come in."

EGOTISM.

Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's pet puppy)—"Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner—"Sir, you flatter yourself."

O'er the wheat fields, often we'd spoon, But I never thought 'twould be over so soon; Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, if you said "kees me queek," And swiftly I kissed you upon your soft cheek. It was for my fiancée en Amerique; Mademoiselle, Adieu.

Mademoiselle, birds of feather in flocks, It's petites for Frenchmen and nurses for docs, And me for the girle who knitted my sock; Mademoiselle, Adieu.

SOLEMN TRUTH.

Mrs. Jones—"I met Johnny Fuller today. He says I am getting fat."

Jones—"It's natural he should say so."

Mrs. Jones—"Why?" Jones—"You were looking Fuller in the face."



JUNE 5, 1919

EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations now approach.
The dreaded days are near;
My English rules the midnight hour,
I feel my doom is here.

By candle light I study now—
The cubbyhole for me—
Until my eyes no longer stay
Awake and let me see.

Why do I have to stay up late
And break the Golden Rule?
It is because I've played all year
And not attended school.

Oh, if I could but live again
Through these last months of mine,
I would not do as I have done
And wasted such good time!

AS SHE SAW IT.

Ed. (in auto)—"This controls the brake. It is put on very quickly in case of an emergency."
Goed—"I see, something like a ki-mono."

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never!" was his comment:
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

Miss Fields—"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"
May Rose Ray—"I thought he lived at the White House."

THE CALAMITY.

The girls to church one Sunday went;
They always do, you know.
Their thoughts were not devout perhaps,
Because they had to go.

They filled chapel, took their seats,
All in their town array,
With suits of blue and black hats too,
Which made them look so gay!

Miss Morrison, Miss Mills were there;
They looked around for traces
Of color midst the blue and black
And found it on the faces!

Alas, alas! just see them now.
Their blush of youth has left,
For all that fateful Sunday morn
Of rouge they were bereft.

ESTHETIC.

Two fair munition-workers were discussing their personal affairs.

"Got a chap yet, Liz?" inquired one.
"Yes; and he's a regular toff. He's manager at—"

"You dont say so! Why, they tell me he's real refined."

"Rather! Why, he took me to a restaurant last week, and when we had coffee he poured it into a saucer to cool it, but he didn't blow it like common people would—he fanned it with his hat!"—Tit-Bits.

ONE VIRTUE AT LEAST.

We Seniors hate to talk about ourselves, but we do insist on standing up and claiming our just due for our one great outstanding virtue. To be perfectly plain and outspoken, it is this: We could never be accused of being what our well-meaning fathers in their curtain lectures call man-crazy. We are sufficient unto ourselves. So intent have we been upon matters of great weight and true importance that we simply couldn't bother.

We invite you to consider last year's Senior class. Who could ever accuse them of being backward about being forward? At times they were positively brazen in their boldness. How many times were we not bowled over by Zelma Howell dashing hungrily toward the telephone to speak a few words into John Apple Simpson's ear? And who could forget Lois Reynolds—subject of the following well-known little HYPHEN extract?

Uncle Archie: "Man in the drawing-room."

Miss Mills: "Who is he?"
Helen Wood: "What does he know?"
Lois Reynolds: "Where is he?"

Were not all our vases called into service to hold the tender floral tributes of the wistful Joe Clark to one Mary Howard? Who can forget the manifold shortcomings of Helen Woolley, Frances Hall, Drusilla Brahan, Gladys Fite and innumerable others? Were we not continually disgusted at the primings and pinkings of them all? Their stewing around over their "at homes," their catty little habits of managing tete-a-tete on these occasions, their kittenish and flighty behavior generally?

And now consider our own white spotlessness. Verily, the purity of our record shall be proverbial. In our Society for the Extirpation of Man there have only been five traitors. Two of these—and we confess it with grief—were slightly out of their heads and not responsible. They gave up their B. A.'s for an M.R.S. An inundation of deep shame keeps us from mentioning names.

Three other traitors we must mention. In low tones we would confide that Elizabeth Overman, Mary Buchanan, and Sophia Williams have had visitors from foreign strands, but they have repented and been received back into the fold.

Have we ever been selfish about the parlors? Haven't we always given our little prep sisters and their playful Vanderbilt friends a clear field? Not once have we aroused the green-eyed monster in others less privileged than ourselves by cluttering up the drawing-room with music and men. No, not once. Open houses? An abomination unto the law. And now in closing, let us make clear our platform by disclosing our motto—Men—"Nihil faciendum—with apologies to Tennyson.

Editor's Note.—For the dumb. We think Tennyson wrote "The Princess."
*Nothing doing.

HAPPENINGS ON OUR LAST DAYS OF SCHOOL.

Friday, May 30—Play, given by Senior expression class.

Saturday, May 31—Certificate Recital.

Sunday, June 1—Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. James I. Vance.

Monday, June 2—Class and Field Day in the morning. Spring festival in the afternoon. Senior reception at night.

Tuesday, June 3—General recital.

Wednesday, June 4—All Club dinner.

Thursday, June 5—Commencement exercises in the forenoon. Home-going!

CERTIFICATE RECITAL

WARD-BELMONT AUDITORIUM

Saturday May 31, 1919 Eight-fifteen O'clock

PROGRAM

PIANO	Scherzo in B Flat	Chopin
	Miss Annie Beth Crawford	
PIANO	a. Au Chateau de Wilgrad	Schelling
	b. Bourree	Bach-Joseffy
	Miss Willie Mae Sparks	
PIANO	Etude Humoresque	Chaminade
	Miss Bertha Ensor	
VOICE	Anna's Romance and Aria from "The Free Shooter"	Weber
	Miss Catherine Sledge	
PIANO	Dream of Love in A Flat	List
	Miss Hazel Bissett	
PIANO	Rhapsodie in G Minor	Brahms
	Miss Margaret Pittman	
PIANO	Dance of the Elves	Sapellnikoff
	Mrs. Haston	
ORGAN	a. Iram	Persian Suite
	b. Saki	Miss Mary Lillian Merrifield
PIANO	En Automne	Moszkowski
	Miss Catherine Sledge	
PIANO	G. Reverie	Schmitt
	b. Etude	Schytte
	Miss Beulah Kimbrough	
PIANO	Polacca Brillante	Weber
	Miss Mary Lillian Merrifield	
	The Nile	Stoughton
	Fanfare	Shelley
	Miss Florence Bartel	
	Staccato Etude	Rubinstein
	Miss Louise Simpson	
	Solvej's Song	E. Greig
	Chanson d'hiver	E. Potjes
	Miss Catherine Sledge	
	Rondo Capriccioso	Mendelssohn
	Miss Dorothy De Swarte	
	a. Menuet in G	Beethoven
	b. Greek Pirates' Chorus	Parish Avars
	Miss Marian Heame	
	Hungarian Dance	Alfoldy
	Miss Gladys Wilson	
	Recit. E Susanna non vien!	Mozart
	Aria. Dove Sono (Le nozze di Figaro)	Miss Ruth Chapman
	Concert Etude	MacDowell
	Miss Mamie Louise Gillespie	
	Romance from Concerto No. 2	Wienawski
	Miss Sarah Hitchcock	
	Barcarolle	Rubinstein
	Miss Charlotte Hodges	
	Sylvia	Spitals
	Bird's Song	Ferrari
	Miss Estelle McCuan	
	Polonaise	MacDowell
	Miss Florence Mai	
	Grande Valse	Venzano
	Summer	Chaminade
	Miss Isobel Dunn	
	Ballade in A Flat	Chopin
	Miss Elizabeth Lambert	
	On Wings of Song	Mendelssohn
	Fairy Dance	Arditi
	Glee Club	

GRADUATE RECITAL

MARY DOUTHIT, Piano

Assisted by

MARGARET SEALE, Violin

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 8:15 P.M.

WARD-BELMONT AUDITORIUM

PROGRAM

Concerto, A Minor	Edv. Grieg
a. Allegro Molto Moderato e Cadenza	
b. Adagio e Finale.	
(Orchestral part by second piano.)	
Andante and Scherzo	David
a. Study in E Major	Fr. Chopin
b. Ballade in G Minor	Fr. Chopin
Oiga	Ornstein
Orientele	Cu
In the Canabrake	Gardner
a. Seguidilla	Albeniz
b. Jardins sous la Pluie	Debussy
c. Tarentella	Moszkowski

June 10 - Dec 3, 1919

Missing

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME IX

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1919

NUMBER 1

HOCKEY GAME PANTHERS vs. REGULARS

On this event, not only in the history of Ward-Belmont, but in the athletic history of this part of the country, place on our athletic field on afternoon, December 2. The girls' hockey teams in any school in the South clashed in the first real hockey game ever played in this part of the country. That it was a real game cannot be denied; the two were evenly matched though the work of the Panthers was rather arduous. The Regulars, however, excelled in their pulling up work, so the game was as close and exciting as the one indicated.

In the first half the Panthers' team kept their score well ahead, and the whistle blew with the points 4 to their favor. In the second half line-up was slightly changed. Milne, Woolwine of the Regulars had been put in during the last part of the first half, and during the first part of the second half, Myra Rogers of the Panthers, who had been doing very excellent work, was knocked out, and Lynn Bullock took her place. The play in this half was equally furious. In the first half, the Panthers, the Panthers, scoring. Excitement ran high, the whistle finally blew, with the res just even—that is, 8 to 8—but giving both teams with a feeling that their moment would have spelled victory.

All the players on the teams made good records that is hard to pick any few individuals for commendation. The two captains, Jean Cooper of the Panthers and Doris Cone of the Regulars (conceded to be the cleverest of this year), directed their teams with efficiency and pep. The two Panthers wings did particularly good work, and also Elizabeth Gray of the Regulars.

The defensive parts of both teams had certainly been mentioned here, perfectly that of the Regulars; many, many such good goal was spoiled by her quick aim and unerring eyes. This game was only the first of a series. It is hoped, weather permitting, that the next will be held on Friday, the 8th. The first of these has aroused much interest in the school, and, in spite of the distinctly cold weather, both sides had a good number of rooters who added much to the general snappiness and pep of the game.

The line-up for the two teams is as follows:

Regulars. Position. Panthers.
Reggie Bennack.....Jean Cooper
Center Forward.
Anna Born Katherine Garrett
Right Inside Forward.
Duffey Myra Rogers
Left Inside Forward.
Capron Beasle Rogers
Right Wing.
Cone Janice Boardman
Left Wing.
Elizabeth Gray Marjorie Cooper.
Center Halfback.
Hill Margaret Connett
Right Halfback.
Whitmer Anna Gray
Left Halfback.
Bowen Catherine Irwin
Right Fullback.
Jeffries Rachel Renn
Left Fullback.
MacKnight Corinne Garrett
Goal Tender.

Regulars Subs: Mary Elizabeth Coe, Mildred Woolwine, Margaret, Dorothy Atkinson, Lynn Bullock.

TRI K GYPSY PARTY

Last Saturday night Heron Hall was transformed into a typical gypsy camp. The different tribes from all ends of the campus came to partake in the merriment. Bright-colored petticoats, ties, stockings and shirts were much in evidence. Cosmetics held full sway. You could not even recognize your own roomie. The grand march was followed by a short program and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and fortune telling. Many people learned surprising things that night! During an intermission punch and ginger cookies were served and the strain of "Home Sweet Home" broke up a merry camp.

ANTI-PANDORA CHRY- SANTHEMUM DANCE

Dignified Recreation Hall took on the gayest appearance of the season last Saturday evening when the Anti-Pans gave their chrysanthemum dance. Chrysanthemums, the club flower, and also the flower carrying out the club colors, green and gold, were twined and twisted among the chandeliers and around the graceful pillars, the combination of which formed a most attractive scene for the fall dance. The orchestra occupied a new position in the alcove, which was banked with palms and ferns in such a way that the musicians were almost hidden from view.

Two of Miss Morrison's wee dancers, as a special feature, gave us a charming dance interpretative of the chrysanthemum. Another special feature was the numbering of the couples, and during one of the dances certain numbers were called: the girls bearing these numbers withdrew from the floor, and the last couple left dancing on the floor was presented with a box of candy.

The refreshments, which looked mighty good to us (of course), again carried out the club colors, and consisted of orange ice and cake.

When the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," filled the air we felt as if the evening had scarcely begun, and it was with reluctant steps and weary feet that we slowly wended our way to our rooms.

WE HEAR SOPHIA BRASLAU

We have been very fortunate indeed in having been able to hear Sophia Braslau, whose voice is one of the most superb contraltos of the age. She has rightly made for herself an enviable place on the American concert stage. Her voice was rich and abundant and she sings with vivacity, skill and feeling, and we were more than charmed with it. We were very glad that on account of the coal conservation, Miss Braslau sang out here at school, instead of down at the auditorium, for it made her seem more to us, she was one of us, and we certainly wish with all our hearts that she will come back again and sing for us.

It was at a performance of "The Merchant of Venice":
"The quality of mercy is not strained," cried Porcia.
"How unsanitary" must have

A MILESTONE

VANDERBILT VISITS WARD-BELMONT.

On Thanksgiving evening, out of a clear sky, fell an event much longed for but little hoped for by Ward-Belmont girls. Due to the kindness of Miss Mills, Vanderbilt (at least a goodly sized portion of it), was allowed to come out to the school celebration of their turkey day victory on the grid-iron.

Ward-Belmont met them at north front, and for some time (though it seemed, oh, too terribly short) was entertained by Vandy with the school songs and yells which had helped to defeat Sewanee that afternoon. Their pep and enthusiasm was catching, and Ward-Belmont was inspired to a like if somewhat feeble effort. Here and there groups of girls got together and organized yells for "Vandy," for "Miss Mills," and one brave bunch even for "Sewanee." This brought an answer of "Nerve, nerve, nerve" from Vandy, but they only laughed.

Every one was pretty husky by the time the order came for Vandermit to "march," so maybe, in a way, it was a good thing that their persistent cries to be "invited in" were not granted. Of course, whispering could have been resorted to, but that is not very satisfactory, particularly when one is trying to make an impression.

This visit of Vanderbilt's to Ward-Belmont did much to cement the already firm friendship and liking (?) between the two schools. I'm sure all Ward-Belmont girls join in issuing a very cordial invitation to Vanderbilt to "come again—and soon!"

F. F.'S AT WOODY CREST

With bag and baggage one and all of the F. F.'s piled in the Packard and Pierce-Arrow and were off for Woody Crest Saturday night. The rain did not dampen their spirits and the large, roomy mansion, with its huge fireplace, was the scene of a jolly good time, and every F. F. tried to be the last one back Monday morning.

100% RED CROSSERS

Are we in it? I'll guess yes! Every one of us has acquired a new fraternity plan—one with a little red cross on it. Last Monday, when the drive began, the subscriptions came rolling in so fast Anna Beth could hardly count them fast enough. Pledgety came rushing in first and Pembroke a close second. North and south fronts, not to be outdone, enrolled the maids, too. Each and every hall came in 100 per cent Red Cross, and we all, students and faculty, are mighty proud Red Crossers.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

Great excitement reigned in the chapel last Tuesday when Miss Mills made that glorious announcement that we are going home on the 18th instead of the 19th. Only a day, but one day sooner home! And we could hardly sleep that night for thinking of signing our home-going slips on Wednesday. We are all signed up now and patiently awaiting the toot, toot of that old train bound for home!



WEATHER.

Probably—Fair and warmer.
Certainly—Fish for lunch.

COMING STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION

DINNER PARTY

Mrs. A. L. Coggins, Mrs. Edward Jackson and Miss Elizabeth Coggins entertained very delightfully at a dinner party Saturday evening. A color scheme of gold and white was attractively carried out in the decorations, which harmonized beautifully with the furnishings and atmosphere of the old southern home. After dinner coffee was served in the drawing room and some of the guests contributed to an informal program. The guests were: Miss Lella Mills, Mme. Graziani, Miss Leftwich, Miss Elizabeth Price, Miss Ellanna Born, Miss Jere Zuterverace, Miss Elizabeth Owens and Miss Margaret Stoner.

RED CROSS SWIMMING AND LIFE-SAVING

Everyone remembers Mr. Yates, who a short time ago was here at the school and who gave us all such a valuable and instructive demonstration of Red Cross life-saving and resuscitation methods. No doubt many of the girls were at that time inspired with a desire to learn these methods, so when not long ago a class in these was organized, thirty-six girls signed up and took their first lesson in the art, for it is an art, of saving people's lives. The course is planned to continue till sometime in the spring, when Mr. Yates will return to give the class an official examination. All those passing this test will be accorded official Red Cross life-savers and it is expected that Ward-Belmont will have a good many to attain to this honor. Posters explaining the exact nature of this work have been put up and anyone interested may refer to these for detailed information.

Much interest in the other branches of swimming is also being displayed. There are one hundred girls who are taking advanced classes in swimming, diving and stunts, while the number of authorizations is also very high, over three hundred girls now having their names on this list. It is the ambition of the swimming department that every girl in school learn to swim this year, and these figures show that a long stride in this direction has been taken already.

PENTA TAU'S MEET AT WOODY CREST

The Penta-Tau's held their meeting at Woody Crest Wednesday, December 3. After dinner an entertainment in the form of a vaudeville was given. The extraordinary feats of the two colored dogs, the only two of that color (red and blue) in the world, held the audience spellbound. Professor Nejlaki condescended to be present and entertained the Penta-Tau's with his wonderful magic and card tricks. A comedy was then given under the supervision of one of our most talented directors. The actors and actresses were at their best, and presented the wonderful Egyptian statue (which comes to life), and the dashing young aviator, who promptly falls in love with her, to say the least of Henry, the hen-pecked husband, and his wife, in such a manner that the audience was breathless. After the vaudeville all the girls danced until time to leave.

Ward-Belmont is to have the great privilege and opportunity of sending this year six delegates to the eighth international convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. This great convention, the first in six years, and also the first since the war, is to be held at Des Moines, Ia., beginning 2:30 Wednesday afternoon, December 31, 1919, and closing the evening of January 4, 1920. The delegates who have had the honor of being chosen to attend this convention are: From the faculty, Miss Catherine Morrison; from the student body, Carrie Crawford, president of the Students' Council; Jacqueline Hill, president of the Y. W. C. A.; Estelle McCuan and Corinne Garnett. Miss Annie Beth Crawford, as the secretary of the Y. W. C. A., makes the ninth member of the party.

This convention is one of not only national but of international importance. Men and women students representing forty different nations will be at the conference. Delegates from every college of importance in the United States and Canada will also attend it, and the speakers are to be there, and those only whose word is most authoritative in their own particular lines. The purpose of this convention is to bring together students and professors from all institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada, and the leaders in Christian enterprise throughout the world, to consider the serious situation in all countries today, and the problem of evangelizing the non-Christian peoples; to gain inspiration and a vision of the world-wide missionary responsibilities of the church; to unite in prayer and work for extending the kingdom of Christ among all nations.

The leading features of this convention will be (1) the addresses to be given by the ablest speakers in all Christendom, (2) the time given to the consideration of the immediate problems facing the student volunteer, (3) the sectional conferences embracing the great fields of China, India, Japan, Africa, etc., (4) the smaller group meetings at which the problems of the delegates' own institutions or lives will be considered, (5) the opportunity for forming intercollegiate and international friendships, (6) the addresses and exercises for the deepening of the spiritual life, (7) the music in charge of a special committee, (8) the opportunities for private interviews with the leaders of different colleges, and with trained thinkers from all lands which will be accorded the students, (9) the exhibit of literature for promoting missionary intelligence among students.

From this maybe too brief outline, the vast importance of this meeting and the opportunity which it will bring not only to those attending but through them to the whole school, can easily be recognized. Ward-Belmont will await with great expectancy the messages that our delegates will bring to us from Des Moines.

"Who says there aren't Seven Heavens?"
Have you heard about Helen Hyman?
1st—Being with "The Bunch."
(Rather near earth).
2nd—Being one of "The Suite."
3rd—Dancing with Miriam Swartz.
4th—Being with Jere Zuterverace.
5th—Talking to Ellanna Born.
6th—Being with Mary Beth.
7th—Thinking of a million things.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief
FRANCES DIXON
Assistant Editor
MARGARET STONER
Manager
EDNA FISHER
Reporters
MARGARET TAYLOR
LORINDA HOLLINSHEAD
ELIZABETH LIGGETT
MARITHA BACHMAN

Communications, news items, and suggestions which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, in order to receive consideration. All articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

CALENDAR

- December 10—Del Versa-Woody Crest.
December 11—Senior-Middle dinner.
December 12—School of Expression has issued over five hundred invitations for their annual Christmas pageant, given under the direction of Miss Townsend and the Expression faculty.
December 13—Agora Club at Woody Crest for week-end.
December 13—Louisiana Club dance in gym.
December 13—College Special's dance in Heron Hall.
December 15—Buy tickets for home.

HELP WANTED

We have become accustomed to the call for help, for all during the recent war period we have heard it, and just as often have we responded to the best of our ability.

Once again, and this time nearer home, the call has come, and again it is up to us to do our part. The appeal comes to each one personally to do her share in making our school paper, "The Hyphen," the best ever!

We, the staff, have our hearts in the work, but without the support of each of you we cannot make the paper yield its best results. We want our school paper to be the first in the country, for through it the school becomes known to the world. Come! Answer the call, and in that poem, joke or news item. Every little bit helps.

Don't be a "looker on"—be a "helper." You will never regret the work you put into the paper; indeed, you will be proud at the end of the year to be able to say: "I did my best to make the Hyphen better than ever before."

THE COAL CRISIS

The coal crisis has rapidly developed from a situation of seeming little importance to acute tragedy. Probably the worst phase of the matter, so far as we are concerned, is the forced closing of all department stores at the ungodly hour of four. If the authorities had only stopped to consider how very difficult it is for anybody as far out as we are to start to town at 3:15 and get a month's shopping done by four o'clock, quite likely they would have relented and allowed Lebeck's to remain open indefinitely for the express benefit of the Ward-Belmont girls. But they evidently failed to consider any such difficulty. After all, it might be worse. Why, in some cities the churches and even the schools—improbable as it may sound—even the schools are being closed. I suppose there is no hope—except that such extreme measures will be found necessary here.

Naturally, we should all regret exceedingly the closing of the various institutions of learning here in Nashville. It would alter all Christmas plans. Just think, we should be forced to go home at least a week ahead of time!

WHERE IS OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT?

The very life and soul of a school is its spirit! Girls, where is ours? Have we no "pep," no pride, no loyalty for our Alma Mater? How many of us feel a genuine thrill when we hear the first strains of "Old Ward-Belmont?" How many of us jump to our feet and throw our hearts into the singing? Do you suppose the college would tolerate for one minute a university that put no spirit into its songs and yells? No! It would utterly banish all respect for such a school. Here we profess to be a first-class college and we have not even a yell leader! Perhaps fifty girls out of six hundred know the school song and yells. Were you not terribly ashamed when Vanderbilt came out the other night and sang and yelled for us that we could not return song for song, yell for yell with equally as much spirit? Wake up, girls! Let's get some pep, some life, some spirit!

DAY STUDENT COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the day students was held November 28, 1919, in the basement of Heron Hall. The basement has been equipped as a study hall for this body of students. Mrs. Armstrong has charge, and has manifested an unusual amount of interest. The meeting was called in interest of a new form of government for the day students. For several years the boarders have been governed by a student council, but not until this year has it been necessary to establish this form of government for the day students.

The duties and standards of the council were discussed in a brief talk by the dean, Miss Norris. A nominating committee was appointed to post the candidates for the various offices.

On December 2, 1919, the election was held. Miss Norris presided over the meeting. The privilege of discussing the nominees was given before the marking of the ballots. The results were:

Harriet Dillon, president; Helen Darnell, secretary; Alice Dale Durr, treasurer. Other officers: Margaret Hollinshead, Ruth Cowden, Margaret Warden, Mary Theresa Price.

WOODY CREST

Next to home Woody Crest is probably our most beloved place. Every minute, from the time we leave school in the Packard or Pierce-Arrow until we return dead tired, we have the best time ever. To those of you who have gone—you know—to those of you who have not—you certainly have something worth living for.

PERSONALS

Grace Halbert spent the week-end of November 29 at her home in Chattanooga. She was accompanied by Mary Scott.

Kathryn Barrett, Mary R. Alexander and Frances Webber spent the week-end of November 29 in Louisville.

Edith Hardison spent an enjoyable week-end at her home in Lewisburg November 29.

Mary McWilliams, who was called to her home on account of the death of her grandmother, has returned to school.

Lillian Head was given a surprise birthday dinner December 3 by the members of her table.

Christine Maxwell, accompanied by Helen Merman, spent Thanksgiving week-end in Cookeville.

Margaret Landon entertained Edna

Gillmor and Louise Gresham at her home in Carthage during Thanksgiving week-end.

Jama Sharp spent Thanksgiving week-end at her home in Gallatin.

Ruth Bellingsham spent the week-end of November 29 with relatives in Bowling Green.

Edna Fisher and Jane Morgan spent Sunday in the city the guests of Mrs. L. E. McKeand.

Mrs. Cooper of Aurora, Ill., spent Thanksgiving with her daughters, Jean and Marjorie.

Gertrude Llewellyn, who has been ill at her home, has now returned to school.

Maude Williams has been called to her home on account of the illness of her mother.

Dorothy Brown has returned to her home on account of poor health. She will return to school after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. H. B. Derrick, Jr., of Marianna, Ark., visited the school last week. She will be remembered as Mae Tucker, a former W-B student.

Lorena Rebmam of Courtland, Ala., visited the school last week. She is a former W-B student, and will probably return here to school after Christmas.

Mrs. Stuart of Memphis spent Thanksgiving week-end with her daughter, Eleanor.

Mrs. Hyman and daughter, Irene, of Memphis, spent Thanksgiving week-end with her daughter, Helen.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Dinwiddle of Memphis spent last week here with their daughter, Annie Lee. Audrey Bougending and Dot Harris were entertained by them.

Ann Yandle has returned to school after several weeks' absence.

Sue Thompson spent Monday in the city the guest of Mrs. D. W. White.

Miss Elizabeth Woods of Louisville, a last year's graduate, spent Thanksgiving with Betty Capron.

Miss Dabney Terrel, another old W-B girl, visited friends in the school for several days of the past week.

Miss Laura May Hill, Ward-Belmont's popular swimming teacher last year, spent Thanksgiving week-end with Miss Edna Nellums. Miss Hill is teaching this year in Helena, Ark., and her visit here was a pleasant surprise to her many pupils and admirers.

Miss Mary Buchanan of last year's Senior class visited friends in the city for several weeks and has now returned to her home.

Miss Luella George, who will be remembered as editor-in-chief of the Hyphen last year, spent several days in Nashville not long ago.

Lieut. R. J. Ayres and his mother, Mrs. R. D. Ayres of Chicago, were in the city for a few days last week. They had as their guest several times Miss Ellanna Born. Lieutenant Ayres is stationed at Dallas, Texas.

Nancy Lawson and Louise Gillmor spent Sunday with Mrs. Percy Maddin of the city.

Mildred Roberts, Virginia Price and Julia Price spent Monday as the guests of Mrs. M. M. Price.

Louise McClellen was delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. Joel Cheek Sunday.

Miss Margaret McGowan left Saturday night for her home in Bloomfield, Iowa. She is uncertain whether she will return to W-B after Christmas.

NEWLY DISCOVERED USES FOR GLUE.

With our government demanding all possible conservation in American households, several newly discovered uses for blue preservative to the thoughtful woman opportunities to prolong the life of household articles.

As every family has, or should have, on hand a bottle or tube of good glue, the following practical suggestions can be acted upon without loss of expense.

WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL

PRESENTS

MISS SOPHIE BRASLAU

Centralia
(Metropolitan Opera Company)

Ward-Belmont Auditorium, Monday, December 8, 8:15 p.m.

PROGRAMME

- I.
Aria—"Ah quel giorno," from Semiramide.....Rossini
- II.
a. English.....THE LANTERN
b. French.....THE POOR LABORER
c. Swedish.....SORROW
d. American.....OLD FOLKS AT HOME
e. Venetian.....SHOULD YOU CHANCE ON LOVE AT PLAY
f. Gypsy.....
- III.
a. On the Dnieper.....Moussorgsky
b. Serenade.....Kargnoff
c. La Girometta.....Sibelius
d. Eili, Eili.....Schaliu
- IV.
a. Consecration.....Chas. Fonteyn Manney
b. Greatest Miracle of All.....Guino
c. It Is Only a Tiny Garden.....Haydn-Wood
d. "Robin Woman's Song," from Shanewis.....Chas. W. Cadman

MISS ELEANOR SCHEIB, at the Piano

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and Ice CreamIce Cream—Ices—Cakes
and Frappes

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To Put New Life in an Old Broom.

A teaspoonful of glue mixed in a basin of hot water poured over a broom and then allowed to thoroughly dry will greatly stiffen it, and prolong its usefulness and life.

When Shoes Become Barked or Scuffed.

Very often a small piece of the leather is lifted or loosened. Don't cut it off and try to cover the place with blacking. Flatten the piece in place with a little glue and allow to dry. Then apply blacking and the surface will be as good as new.

For Tears or Rents in Silk.

Another piece of silk or fabric of the same color placed under the tear with a thin coating of glue will bring the edges more firmly together than can be done with a needle. Allow to dry thoroughly and rent will be almost invisible.

A Splendid Way to Keep Rubbers From Slipping.

Rubber overshoes often become so loose that they slip off at the heels, especially in the winter and spring when the ground is muddy or slushy. This annoying trouble can be entirely eliminated by gluing a felt band around the inside top of the rubber.

To Protect Furs and Woollens from Moths.

It is commonly known that moths very much dislike the odor of ink in old newspapers. Several thicknesses of old newspapers firmly glued together may be made into the form of a bag and the garment placed inside. After the ends and all joints are firmly sealed with glue, the bag is absolutely safe from moth and your

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HYPHENETTES

THE CHAPERONE
Dedicated to Mrs. Brown

(This rhyme is bad, this rhythm

worse;

Consider the sentiment, not the verse.)

A chaperone

A chaperone

The thought of her doth make me

groan.

Whither I go by day or night

Although I try with all my might

To be alone

I see in sight

A chaperone

A chaperone.

A chaperone,

A chaperone,

They never let us alone,

They always are so very near

That we are in dreadful fear,

And as a dog doth watch a bone,

So they watch us.

A chaperone,

A chaperone.

A chaperone,

A chaperone,

I will be glad when I go home,

For there I have no chaperone

To guide me to the telephone

We have so many

We could loan

A chaperone,

A chaperone.

A chaperone,

A chaperone,

Why can't they let us girls alone,

Why can't they let us have some

rights,

And go alone to see the sights?

When I am grown

I will not be

A chaperone,

A chaperone—The Sissors.

Mr. J. (calling the roll)—"Miss

Jones."

No answer.

Mr. J. (again)—"Miss Jones."

No answer.

Mr. J.: "Can it be that Miss Jones

has no friends in this class?"

Mr. H.—"What is the classification

of plants?"

Jean C.—"The classification of

plants consists of all the Greek names

in the Roman language."

Miss Mills announces that the season

is now open for "permission tele-

grams."

Miss Sisson—"Can any one tell me

the three foods required to keep the

body in health?"

D. Cone—"Yes'um, I can. Break-

fast, dinner and supper."

"I went home to see my folks last

week."

"How'd you find them?"

"Oh, I knew where they lived."

Record.

Helen—"Where are you going to

have your spread?"

Lucile—"Oh, on the bed, as usual."

—Thresher.

Duffy—"Did you know I'd learned

to be a "ventriloquist?"

Peggy F.—"No, what can you do?"

Duffy—"I can stand here and sing

'Over There.'"

ODE TO SAUSAGE

Ah! Little sausage, wh'd a-thunk

That you would end in such a chunk,

When once you roamed the alley free,

And made all cats take to a tree!

Now thou art done; thy course is run,

Cheer up, the wurst is yet to come.

—Cadet Days.

"I'm just bothered terribly

Why don't you buy some

of the wurst can't eat

any more."

Vera—"Maxene, may I borrow your

blue dress?"

M.—"Yes, but why all the formal-

ity?"

V.—"I couldn't find it."

Carrie C.—"Anne Beth, did you take

a bath yesterday?"

Anne B.—"No; is there one miss-

ing?"

Women express their love for ani-

mals by matrimony.—Judge.

Sig—"So you say it's fate when a

fellow falls in love with a girl?"

Beta—"Yes."

Sig—"You're all wrong. I say it's

good management on the girl's part."

—H. E. F.

Mr. Hogan—"Well, Miss Mack, let's

see if you can make a home run on

this question. What are the Thallo-

phytes?"

Mary Mack—"Foul Ball! That's a

foul ball!"

TRIP POSTPONED

Amy Lowell, a well-known poet, will

not come to Nashville and Ward-Bel-

mont this week, as first expected. Ill-

ness forces her to postpone her trip

here until spring. Many of us are in-

terested in Miss Lowell as a poet.

The hereditary influence may have

contributed to her greatness. James

Russell Lowell was a cousin of Amy

Lowell's grandfather and her brother

is president of Harvard University.

We regret very much that Miss Low-

ell will be unable to appear in the city

now and will look with great expecta-

tion to her spring visit.

He—"What would you say if I threw

you a kiss?"

She—"I'd say you were the laziest

boy I ever knew."—W. W.

Miss Carol—"What is a narrative?"

Peggy W.—"A narrative is a tale."

Miss C.—"Give an example."

Peggy—"Betty stepped on the cat's

narrative."—Cadet Days.

Tarkie wants to know if this is so:

"It is better to have loved and lost,

Than never to have loved at all."

—Tennyson.

They do say that there is a certain

girl in W-B who is rather Coop-ed up!

Ode to K. McMullen:

THE SCISSORS

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant

When nothing at all runs amiss,

But the girl worth while

Is the girl who can smile

And continuously live on grits.

She may use her head for a hatrack,

In which all the screws are loose,

Yet she'll learn one lesson,

That this place is the best one

Where one can successfully reduce.

Advertisements are funny things,

sometimes, as, for example, these

which were actually printed:

"A respectable young woman wants

washing."

"I will make coats, caps and bows

for ladies out of their own skins."

"I want an overseer who can take

care of 5,000 sheep who can speak

French fluently."

"Wanted: A girl who can cook; one

that will make a good stew."

"I want a husband with a strong

Roman nose with strong religious ten-

dencies."

"For sale: A small stock of the

same whisky drunk by His Majesty on

his recent visit to Dublin."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood

that I made out of my own head and

have enough wood left for another."

"\$100 reward for the recovery of

the body of Hale Short, drowned in

the river on the night of the 17th.

The body can be recognized by the

fact that Short had an engagement in

his speech."—J. B. S.

ALREADY COMING

Several subscriptions for the Hy-phen from former students of Ward-Belmont have been coming in already and we surely hope we will not disappoint them in any thing.

"Your Honor," said the policeman

to the judge as he preferred a com-

plaint against a colored man, "this

man was running up and down the

Mill River Road, waving his arms

and yelling at the top of his voice,

and otherwise raising the mischief,

at half past one in the morning. The

people of that district complained,

and they had a perfect right to." The

judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't

seem to be particularly worried.

"What do you mean by such unbe-

coming conduct?" his Honor de-

manded.

"Religion, judge," was the response.

"Religion! Are you a Holy Roller,

or something like that? I have re-

ligion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at

midnight and tell everybody about it."

"Dat's des de diffence, judge; I

ain't ershamed ob mine."

An Irishman got out of his car for

refreshments at a railway station, but

the bell rang, and the train left be-

fore he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran

like a madman after the train. "Hould

on, ye murderin' old stame engine;

ye've got a passenger on board that's

left behind!"—Epworth Herald.

It was mail day and he had given

strict orders that he was not to be dis-

turbed, and when the office door

opened he was not inclined to greet

the intruder very cheerfully.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man, "but

I have a very important proposition

to place before you."

With a sigh the boss laid down his

pen and prepared to listen.

"Couldn't I sell you a piano-player?"

The boss took up his pen and snort-

ed: "No, I married one."

"But I mean a mechanical one."

"That's the kind I married," and he

returned to his work.

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

When the train, with a tremendous

crash, came to a full stop between sta-

tions, a worried-looking man stopped

a brakeman who was rushing down

the track and demanded to know the

worst.

"What is it? An accident?"

"Some one pulled the communication

cord," was the reply. "The engi-

neer put on the brakes too quickly,

and one of the cars left the rails. It

will take us four hours to clear the

line."

"Four hours!" exclaimed the pas-

senger. "But I'm to be married to-

</

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NASHVILLE, TENN.**INDOOR GYM TO BE
ABOLISHED**

After the Christmas holidays the usual thing is the beginning of indoor work in the gymnasium. That, however, is all over, and all those who love plenty of fresh air and don't mind freezing, will rejoice. During the time that we are taking it easy at home during the vacation, there will be a very busy group working back of Heron and Pembroke. All that space back there is to be cemented and made into a beautiful outdoor gymnasium. Part will be arranged for use as a basket-ball field, part for a tennis court and the whole will be used for regular classes through the winter months.

With such an ideal arrangement, the girls who have so sorely missed their gym work need never suffer again, because then nothing but a real down-pour will be able to quench their enthusiasm. There will never again be "no gym classes held because of the general dampness and muddiness of the grounds."

PARLEZ VOUS?

The French pupils are at present congratulating themselves on having elected French. The reason for this otherwise unseemly joy is apparent—they are to be allowed the privilege of corresponding with girls in France or Belgium. Through the National Peabody Foundation for International Educational Correspondence, each individual in any French class, or any club, or any group of persons living in a town of 1,000 or more inhabitants, has the chance to carry on this correspondence with some French or Belgian person selected by the Bureau. Not only will the lucky girls here have the pleasure of sending and receiving weekly letters, picture postals, and the inevitable kodak picture, but (hearken all ye who are weary of irregular verbs), here is an interesting way to learn French.

RETURN FROM FISHING TRIP

Dr. Blanton returned last Monday from a fishing trip in Florida. He has acquired a wonderful coat of tan and has the best and largest fish stories ever invented to tell.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

The Athletic Association will stage the second big affair for the year next Saturday, the 13th, in Heron Hall, in the form of a big bazaar. Only the general plans have been announced as yet, but they certainly sound delightful enough. The booths are to be in number, each club in school being responsible for one, and much inter-club competition is to be expected. The regular line of athletic goods, pins, rings, pennants, memory books, etc., are to be offered, besides a large collection of Christmas novelties suitable for presents.

The bazaar is to start at noon, and to last through the evening, with several clever special features at certain intervals. There will be an orchestra, and the whole affair will wind up with a dance, which it is always assured will please everybody.

AT CENTENNIAL CLUB

Members of the French B class, with Madame Beziat, attended the lecture given by M. Faure, at the Centennial Club last Wednesday. His subject was "Ma Captivité," and was especially interesting for the fact that M. Faure was a prisoner in Germany for thirty months. He told of his life in the German prison camp and displayed many carvings that he had made during that time. This man should be of special interest to us, as Madame Faure is a member of our faculty, and Mr. Faure is now a professor at Vanderbilt University.

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"BEST ROOMS" AND "LIVING ROOMS."

In old-fashioned houses one room was usually set apart as far too good for everyday occupancy. The shades were drawn so that the sun should not fade the carpet, and the doors were hard to open because they had stood closed for so long. The ornaments on the mantel stood in a stiff line like soldiers on parade. The books on the center table were seldom opened. The atmosphere was musty. If on some special occasion—generally a funeral—the unused front room was unlocked, and the "best room" was thrown open, the children of the household crept in on tiptoe, and spoke in hushed voices. It was a relief to most of them to return to the commonplace comfort of the living room.

In our homes we still have the "best room" called by another name, but it is no longer too good for daily use. We put into it the most expensive carpet and the prettiest furniture. The piano stands there, and our cherished pictures are on the walls, and the best of all our household treasures are collected for its adornment. But when it is furnished to our liking, we do not lower the shades and close the door. We have come to the conclusion that our best possessions are none too good for the center of the home.

The hearts of many of us have an apartment very much like that closed "best room" of by-gone days. There we keep our ideals, our affections, our sympathy, our good manners, and for the most part, we have the doors closed and the shades down. We are evidently of the opinion that such things are not for every day. It is only on special occasions that we make use of them. When an overwhelming trouble overtakes a friend we sometimes show a sympathy never brought forward in the commonplace vexations of daily life. Bereavement in a home often throws open closed doors and reveals a wealth of tenderness which for the time transforms the family life. We can be well-mannered if we think the occasion demands it. We can speak words of loving appreciation if we consider it worth while. But too often these things are kept for special occasions, in that musty "best room" with its closed door.

It is time for that door to be thrown wide open, time for the shades to be raised, and the wholesome out-of-door air to be let in. The best we have is not too good for daily use. In every heart and in every home, the "best room" should also be the "big room."—Young People's Weekly.

"Little girl, why aren't you dressed with an umbrella?"
"Because my father has a car."
"And your mother has a maid?"
"Yes, but my father has a car."
"And your mother has a maid?"
"Yes, but my father has a car."

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME IX

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1919

NUMBER 2

SENIOR-MIDDLES ENTERTAIN SENIORS.

Always one of the largest social affairs of the year, and one of those most looked forward to, especially by the honorees, is the Senior-Middle Dinner-dance to the Seniors. This important event took place on Thursday night, December 11th, and in all ways fulfilled everyone's high expectations.

The Senior-Middles, each with a Senior "date" much decorated with a charming corsage, gathered in Recreation Hall and promenade from there slowly and dignifiedly (as became Seniors and Senior-Middles) to the diningroom and their particular tables. Here the decorations of red streamers appropriate to the Christmas season, the peppy music which kept everybody's feet a-wagging under the table, and last but not most important, the delicious menu, all made the occasion as festive a one as could well be imagined.

As a sort of relish between courses, a lovely program was observed, the tables being arranged around the wall to allow room for the dancers. The first of these were three little misses from the Junior Dancing Class. They performed their dance in a very spirited and delightful manner, receiving much applause from their appreciative audience. During the next pause between courses, Miss Margaret Stoner sang, in appropriate costume, a selection from "Carmen." Miss Stoner's voice, always lovely, was especially pleasing in her fiery rendition of this. Next on the program was Miss Mary Lewis Tooke, who gave an interpretation of "Moments Musical." Her graceful, dainty dancing was a fitting culmination for the special features of the evening.

When at last everyone had eaten their fill and found that of necessity they must stop, Miss Jean Cooper, president of the Senior-Middles, gave her "Toast to the Seniors," reciting in poetic form, the many wonderful qualities of our this year Ward-Belmont Seniors. In answer Miss Majorie Cooper, president of the Seniors, gave her toast and extended the best wishes and thanks of all the Senior class to the Senior-Middle.

Dr. Blanton was at this point caught in, for him, an unusual and embarrassing position, that of having nothing to say. Having admitted this he turned attention to Miss Mills and a fan which she carried, making allusions as to its history, which called forth a cry of "not to the point!" from the lady. She then rose and carefully explained to everyone's entire (?) satisfaction just what Dr. Blanton was supposed to have meant.

After this a move was made to rejoin the orchestra in Recreation Hall, and here the two classes enjoyed themselves together for an hour or so, not even thinking of the days to come when they would be fiercely battling over a banner and a cap.

A SURPRISE PARTY

After the movie Saturday evening, Miss Frances McDaniel was delightfully surprised with a birthday party, given in honor of her sixteenth birthday. The cake was decorated with pink tapers and the pink and white color scheme was carried out in candy, flowers and favors.

Other participants in this merry affair were Misses Lett Brooks, Ruth

To

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Blanton

and the Faculty

A Merry Christmas

From

The Student Body

LOUISIANA CLUB DANCE.

The Louisiana Club held a dance in the gym Saturday night. Purple and gold, the club colors, were effectively carried out by festoons of Japanese lanterns. The fun began with a grand march lead by the president, Sallie Beth Moore, and vice-president, Mamie Gray Wears. Punch was served during the evening, also confetti in extremely large quantities. The latter giving an effect of a snow storm inside as well as outside. Mrs. House, the sponsor, was absent from the city much to the disappointment of the girls.

MISS NORRIS SPEAKS TO ANTI-PANS.

Every Anti-Pan was intensely interested last Wednesday night in Miss Norris' delightfully informal talk on "Courtesy and Good Manners." She outlined very clearly for us the principal rules of courtesy and good manners, laying particular stress on subtle manners, our attitude toward those older than we while in the buildings and on the grounds, and finishing with the thought that, after all, good manners come straight from the heart and that those who feel kindly towards others will never lack good manners. After Miss Norris had finished, a very exciting discussion took place between the members upon what was right, what wrong, what permissible and what unpardonable. Every once in a while we stepped on some one's toes and some times ours were stepped on, but the discussion proved a benefit for all in the end.

ART EXHIBIT.

Mrs. Plunkett has put on display in Middlenacker the work of some of her art students. The exhibit consists of costume designing and painting of the campus which are very fine. The work was done by Misses Lett Brooks, Ruth

COLLEGE SPECIALS TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

The College Specials held their first party of the year in the form of a dance, Saturday night in the Art Studio, which had assumed a very Christmas aspect. A large Christmas tree stood in one corner holding a gift for everybody. During the evening punch and sandwiches were served. This is the first organized College Special class for several years and they are very enthusiastic and have many delightful parties planned for the year.

STUDENTS COUNCIL.

There is much rejoicing among the non-senior members of the Student Council, for in their mail boxes Saturday there was a surprise. On account of their excellent work this year they have been granted senior privileges. They took advantage of these immediately and "strutted" out right along side of the Seniors Sunday.

ATHLETIC SALE.

The Christmas bazaar which was to have been held last Saturday, did not take place on account of the numerous affairs already scheduled for that evening. The last Athletic Sale before Christmas was held, however, in Heron Hall, and quite a number of pins, rings and pennants were bought, no doubt, to be dispensed at home as Christmas presents. Mrs. Blanton at the same time superintended the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, those which are sold every year for the benefit of tuberculosis patients in America.

WEATHER.

Weather—Ideal for traveling. Get the red flannels and wool hats.

WHAT THE SENIORS WILL DO.

Early in the school year the Senior Class was organized and only a few days past until they were given their church and shopping privileges. These, we might say, "gifts," have been thoroughly enjoyed. But, after the holidays, there is in store for them many other lovely and enjoyable features. They will be allowed "an evening at home" each month. Much has been the "strutting," but even more may be expected.

And parties, too!—they must be mentioned. Teas and other delightful social affairs are being planned.

Does not every girl wish that she were a Senior!

AGORAS HAVE XMAS PARTY.

The Agoras were unable to go to Woody Crest for the week-end and so they had their Xmas party in Heron Hall Saturday night.

The hall was decorated in green and red and a large Xmas tree stood in the middle of the hall loaded down with toys for the "children." Santa Claus gave every good little girl a present and all were very happy with their dolls, teddy bears, wagons and jumping-jacks. After they were tired of playing with them they gave them to Miss Norris who will take them to the Orphanage. Another source of much fun was the "stunt ball." This was a large green and red ball on which stunts were written, and each girl was given a special stunt to do. Popcorn and apples were served and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

COMING.

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra with Yeaye as conductor will be at the Ryman Auditorium January 13. We know Ward-Belmont will be forward

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PAGEANT PLAY.

All who witnessed the beautiful pageant play in the chapel, on Friday night, December 12, 1919, given by the Expression Department, directed by Miss Townsend and Miss Middleton, carried away with them a more sacred idea of the Christmas tree. The play was one of Miss Townsend's very own and it told through symbols and pictures and softly chanted songs the meaning of the various decorations used upon the tree, the holly, the star, the mistletoe and the ropes of tinsel.

The stage setting was beautiful throughout. The five parts showed briefly the worship of the tree, long before Christ down through the days of the Druids and medieval rites to the night when Christ was born. Artistic music by Miss Elizabeth Clement added much to the production.

The auditorium was packed and as usual many came who were forced to go back as there was no room.

TRI K CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

Wednesday night in chapel the Tri K Club entertained the Penta Taus and the X L's with a Christmas pageant. It was in six parts and depicted for their benefit Christmas as it had been celebrated through the ages. The Jews were seen at their passover feast with its reading of the prophecy of the birth of the Messiah; then came the holy night itself, with Miss Kirkland's singing to make it even more impressive. After this came the jolly old German and English Christmas merry-making; then, very dear to us, the A. E. F. Christmas which our boys spent in France. Last, but hardly least, was "Christmas in any W-B girl's home," and its vividness and realism made us long for the homes of our own to which we are going so soon.

These little scenes, both holy and mirth-provoking, did much towards making Christmas seem near and real.

FRENCH LECTURE.

Several members of the French C. & D. classes, with Madame Beizat, attended the French lecture, at the Centennial Club, on Wednesday afternoon, given by Monsieur Allix, an eminent literary man of France, and who is Professor at the University of Grenoble. He is an official lecturer, and is sent out by the French government to lecture before all the Alliance Francaise groups of this country. He spoke on "Le Francois Chez Sul." In this lecture, "Homes of the French People," Monsieur Allix discussed three classes of people, the aristocratic, the laborers and the peasants.

GENERAL PERSHING VISITS NASHVILLE.

Due to the cold weather we were all very disappointed not to have been able to see General Pershing. But nevertheless Ward-Belmont was represented. Miss Swift was one of the ladies at the Hippodrome to greet him and was the first to shake hands with him. With his permission she placed a rosebud on his overcoat, which he wore all evening. A large number of guests were present.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Tuesday by the Students of Ward-Belmont.

STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief
FRANCES DIXON
Assistant Editor
MARGARET STONER
Art Editor
DOROTHY HICKS

Manager

EDNA FISHER

Reporters

MARGARET TAYLOR
DORINDA HOLLINSHEAD
ELIZABETH LIGGETT
MARTHA BACHMAN

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, 25 Cents Per Year.

EDITORIAL

CALENDAR.

Wednesday, December 17.—We are supposed to go floozy today.

Wednesday, December 17 (night).—Every one dreams of home.

Thursday, December 18.—For first time in the year the majority arise with rising bell.

Thursday, December 18.—Ten a.m. One third of student body loose pocketbooks. Excitement prevails.

Thursday, December 18.—11:05 a.m. First train out. All aboard!

Friday, December 19.—Nobody home, but the fire and its gone out.

Merry Christmas.

LEST WE FORGET.

When we are home busy with our Christmas shopping, laughing, jostling in the crowd and enjoying life at its fullest let's stop a moment. Can't you hear the faint tingle, tingle of a bell? If we follow that sound we will find the Salvation lassie in her red banded bonnet, ever faithful by her kettle, ever faithfully ringing her bell. Do not pass her up. Remember it's not for her but for those who will have no Christmas—for those little children who otherwise will find their stockings empty Christmas morning. So let's not forget to make her kettle jingle.

ALL HAIL!

All hail to Old King Snow! He comes this year just at the right time to give us the proper amount of Christmas spirit to carry home with us to those of us who live in the South. It gives us just a sample of what a real Christmas might mean in the North—and maybe makes us wish for our own milder climate. To those of us who live in the North this slight snowfall seems only a preparation for the greater joys to come in our own homes. All of us, however, feel a greater pep and enthusiasm and a keener zest for living right now as the direct result of this beautiful white blanket that descended on our world while we

CLUBS.

The Christmas spirit has seized us all, for our clubs, without exception have planned programs in keeping with the season. It is even whispered that Santa Claus himself has consented to start on his journey a little early this year, so that he will arrive at Ward-Belmont before we leave for the holidays.

The Osleons are looking forward to spending this evening in Mrs. Townsend's studio. She will read them some beautiful Christmas stories.

The F F's are going to have a party with a true, Santa's everything, as also the Twentieth Century and Anti-Pans and X L's.

The Tri K's program will assume the form of a Christmas Sunday school party and all will enter their second childhood and come to Sunday school with gifts for the children of the Tennessee Orphan Home.

The Agoras and Del Vers will hold a joint meeting and have the pleasure of hearing Miss Ross speak concerning the all important subject of the day. Her talk will be illustrated with lantern slides of Christmas nature.

The A. K.'s and Penta Tau's will also have Christmas parties.

ON THE SUBJECT OF TRAINS.

By this time, surely nobody can possibly be laboring under the happy delusion that school will close before the appointed time—"Tomorrow" ah, "Tomorrow!" Red letter-day in the Ward-Belmont calendar! It is impossible to think of "Tomorrow" without thinking of home; it is impossible to think of home without thinking of going there; and it is impossible to think of going there without thinking of the means of getting there—trains—which bring us to our subject. I don't mean trains, I mean all this preamble does. Now that I've got you here (to our subject), I find I haven't much to say.

It's impossible (I like this word) that you could have been immersed from the flock of wild rumors concerning trains that rambled around. We had all kinds of nightmares picturing ourselves in the lily white smokeless city of Nashville for the holidays. But after all if we'd have thought twice we would never have worried. Suppose all the trains were taken off, that need not prevent us from going home. You say, why? Very simple. Tie up your clothes in a handanna handkerchief, (if you have no more than 13, this is very easy) tie the handkerchief on a convenient stick, and strike out, hobo style. You'll find it very good exercise (guaranteed to make the skinny pleasantly plump, and the fat beautifully willowy) whether in California or New Jersey, in Texas or North Dakota, what does a few hundred miles matter when home is at the other end? A mere triviality. So if anything happens the highly exalted order of hoboes will meet at South Front tomorrow at 3:15 and strike out.

THE JUNIOR MIDDLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Junior Middles are coming along! The latest thing was a Christmas tree for the children of the Tennessee Orphans' Home. This great event came off Tuesday afternoon, December 16, from 4 until 5:30 o'clock. You see, we wanted to do something different, so our honored President, Marion Mathews, called on Miss Mills and asked her to make suggestions. Miss Mills at once became interested and made a most excellent suggestion, the same being that our class should take the responsibility of providing a Christmas tree for the children of the Tennessee Orphans' Home. A meeting of the class was called and the matter put before it. The idea was enthusiastically received. More was

learned about the proposed project and the cost estimated.

A second meeting of the class was called. The estimated cost and the assessment that would have to be made on each member of the class was announced. Committees were appointed to provide the necessary time and labor and thus it was planned.

The tree came from Woody Crest, and the school had lots of Christmas decorations which we used. Also the school cars went for the kiddies. Miss Clements, the Junior Middle sponsor, was interested and was of great help. Even girls who were not members of the Junior Middle class sent us some money, and we appreciated it very much.

The Christmas tree was placed in the basement of Heron Hall, which was decorated in Christmas colors and emblems. Louise Bell took the part of Santa Claus, and there were refreshments, which always appeal to children. The gifts consisted of a large Christmas stocking for each child, a doll for each girl, some appropriate gift for each boy, and bags of candy and fruit for each child. Everyone did everything possible to make the tree a success, and if the little ones did not enjoy themselves, it was not because we did not do our best—but, of course, we hope that they had a great time.

PERSONAL.

Bessie Jackson spent the week-end in the city with her father and mother, with whom she will go home.

Dorothy and Mildred Block left Friday for their home in Wynne, Ark., for the Christmas vacation.

Jessie Elliott enjoyed Sunday in the city with her mother.

Elizabeth Britt and Evie Neville Cochran spent a very enjoyable afternoon Sunday at the home of Madame Fourie.

Margaret Wells was at the home of Miss Nellums all day Sunday.

Elizabeth Meyer returned Friday from Chattanooga, where she had been called by the illness of her father.

Bertina Kraft spent Sunday out in town with relatives.

Montle Taylor went to her home in Danville, Wednesday where she was operated on for appendicitis.

Annie Carroll Simpson spent Sunday in the city.

Mildred Fuller left Thursday for her home in Boston.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hall-Cheek was a guest at the Senior-Middle dinner.

Judith Brewer visited Sunday in the city with Mrs. Padgett.

Ruth Hanson left Friday for her home in Iowa.

Irene Wedeles spent Sunday with Mrs. Kessler in the city.

Florrie Graves has gone to her home in Quincy, Fla.

Nancy Pauly spent Sunday with Elizabeth Liggett in the city.

Dora Martak is at her home in Mississippi.

Frances Brown Agnes Cooper and Roberta Wikie visited Monday night with Mrs. Madison Brown, Jr.

S-S-SH!

On the moonlit beach.
Daughter—"What are the wild waves saying?"

Mother—"Don't listen, my dear. If they're as wild as they look, I'm sure it isn't anything very nice."—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Mrs. Jones—"Are you going to bring home any fish for dinner this evening?"

Mr. J.—"Penelope I cannot have you insulting my friend in this manner."—Juster.

HER ANSWER.

When he proposed to her
She did not answer "yes."
She slowly shook her head—
Her answer left her guess.

And yet somehow he felt
No great desire to frown
For when she shook her head
She shook it up and down?
—Yale Record.

Mother (upstairs)—"Bobby, did you bring up a spoon for your medicine, as I asked you?"

Bobby—"I couldn't find a spoon, ma, so I brought up a fork."

Binks—"Do you and your wife ever think alike?"

Jinks—"When I'm out late at the club we do. She keeps thinking what she'll say when I get home, and so do I."—New Orleans Picayune.

JUST FOR FUN.

After addressing a woman's cooking club, a famous lecturer was besieged by the members, who questioned him about his own household and about his kitchen in particular. "Are you satisfied with your cook?"

some one asked.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Is she economical?"

"Very."

"Can she bake pies and bread?"

"The best in the land."

"Is she tidy?"

"As tidy as a pin and as attractive in appearance as one would care to see."

"How about her disposition?"

"I think it is about perfect."

"Hugh!" exclaimed one of the matrons, who had been having trouble with her cook. "It's a wonder you don't marry the girl."

With a satisfied smile the lecturer replied:

"That's exactly what I did. My wife does her own cooking."

The formidable trustees of the little rural school were paying their dreaded annual visit and the primary class was being examined in nature study.

"Now, children," said the nervous young teacher, holding up an apple blossom, "what comes after this flower?"

"A little green apple," shouted the class in chorus.

The teacher felt that the worst was over. "Good!" she said. "And now, Johnny, can you tell us what comes after the little green apple?"

"Yes'm!" roared Johnny; "stomach-ache!"

It was a woman who caused the great war, and the secret was disclosed last night at the Hayward Unit of the New York War Cam Cimmun-



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ity Service, where two members of the "Old Fifteenth" got into an argument about the causes of the conflict.

"Don't you know who started du yere war?" one asked.

"Shuah; I reckon the Kaiser did," answered the other.

"Kaiser!" retorted the first in scorn. "I done got inside information about dat, and I found out ed war started about a woman, just like all de other wars. Yessah, my captain says so dis morning. He says: 'Dis yere war was started all on account of Alice Lorraine!' Corse, I dunno who Miss Lorraine is, but I know she's de lady what made all the trouble."

"Did you ever stop to think," said the village shopkeeper recently as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?"

"No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard father say that you put sugar and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sell."

The subject of natural philosophy was dropped.

One of the guests at a late political banquet, after partaking free of 'possum and persimmon beer, remarked to the waiter: "John, this 'possum is going to my head."

John replied: "Yessah, boss, a 'possum always would hunt a holier when you crowded him."

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if you had six pennies and Charlie had four, and you took his and put them with yours, what would that make?"

"Trouble."

"Don't be afraid," said a mother to her little boy at a museum, "the lion is stuffed."

"Praps he is," responded the lad; but he might find room for a little boy like me!"—The Expositor.

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HYPHENETTS.

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Back to civilization!
The train will carry us home.

Garrett—"Bess, you are so dove-
like."
Bess—"Why?"
Garrett—"Pigeon-toed, you know."

Miss M.—"And he saw his father
from afar, and he did run and fall on
his neck."
Harriet—"Gee whiz, did he hurt him-
self."

"I say, Ed, can you fix my roomie
for a date tomorrow night?"
"Well, I guess I can dig up some
one."
"Oh never mind, she wants a live
one."

EYES.

He tilted her chin—
In his hand,
He held her face—
Slowly their eyes met—
His searching—hers startled . . .
"They're green!" he exclaimed.
—Cornell Widow.

Ellana—"Mrs. Charlie, how do you
like my costume? I'm to be a god-
dess."
Mrs. C.—"It looks like a sailing bal-
loon."

RAMBLING ALONG.

There little bar room
Don't you cry
You'll be a drug store
By and by
—Prohibition Pioneer.

There, little lamb chop
Don't you cry;
You'll be a dollar
By and by.
—New York Mail.

There, little veal chop,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a chicken
By and by.
—Cleveland Press.

There, little kitten,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a foxfur
By and by.
—Penn Punch Bowl.

There, little Cider
Don't you cry.
You'll be of some use—
By and by.
—Cornell Widow.

There, little oyster
Don't you cry;
You'll be gone
By and by.

He—"What would you say, if I threw
you a kiss?"
She—"I'd say you were the laziest
boy I ever knew."

A ring on the finger is worth two
on the phone.—Sour Owl.

Mrs. H.—"What is the masculine of
doo?"
Martha B—"Doughboy."

Miss Smith—"What did Columbus
prove by standing an egg on end?"
Marie—"That eggs in his day were
cheap enough to be handled careless-
ly."

Lizz—"Do you love your teacher?"
Fizz—"I tried to once, but she got
mad."—Stanford Chaparral.

Joe—"Faint heart never won fair
lady."
Tom—"Well, who wants a blond any-
way."

He—"I'm going to kiss."
She—"You're not. I've a strong
will."
He—"Er-er where is he?"

Myra—"What makes you look so
pale today, Jurn?"
Jurn—"Why the waves in my hair
make me seasick."

He—"May I kiss your rosy, red
lips?"
She—"I think you'd better ask the
druggist if its healthy first."

Mamma (to Willie, sliding down the
cellar door)—"Willie what are you
doing."

Willie—"Making a pair of pants for
some poor little Belgian boy."

Cold hon?
Um-huh 'bout to freeze.
Wan't my coat hon?
Huh-um—just the sleeves.

OUR DICTIONARY.

The Wrist Watch—A kind of wrist
garter, with a circular excrescence for
telling time.

The Pipe—A weed-cooking utensil
of asphyxiating properties.

The Single-Arm Chair—In some
class rooms, a somniferous seat whose
one arm rest is invaluable in prop-
ping up a listless beazer.

The Bell—A delightful, metallic
clang which is supposed to inform one
of the period. Some bells have tolled
time; others, in exposed belfries on
rainy nights, have resembled towels,
in that they were ringing wet.

The Returned English Theme—A

complex study in black and red.—Wa-
bash.

What makes you say Noah was an
old Sport?
Why he had two chiefsens with him
on a boat trip.—Cornell Widow.

I loved Marie
Marie loved me.
But there was
The chaperone,
And that made three.
Two's a company,
Three's a crowd—
So I murdered the chaperone.

"Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time."

—Dreadnaught.

EXPERIENCE.

"Do you believe in free love?"
"Absolutely. I've spent a small for-
tune on candy and flowers and now
she won't give me any time at all."
Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

KITH AND KIN.

Poor Jack was a devoted slave of
a fair damsel cursed with a strict
father and an imp of a brother.

The other night dad came into the
parlor with a "good night" expres-
sion on his face about 9:30 and he
tactfully asked them what they had
been talking about to keep them so
interested so late.

"Oh," said Jack carelessly, "we
were discussing our kith and kin."
Just then the imp's head popped from
behind the piano: "Yeth, dad," he
lapsed exasperatingly, "I heard 'em,
he said, 'Kin I kith you?' and she said,
'You kin.'"

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NASHVILLE, TENN.**WELL!**I'm going home soon,
I hope it won't be long;
What I want for Xmas,
I'll tell you in this song.Plenty of good old dances,
And many a good old date,
Up until 3 a. m. and more,
Never up in the morning at eight.Never a thought or worry,
Never a frown or care;
Gee whiz! only think, girls,
Tomorrow we leave for there!**POET'S CORNER.**A certain romantic young Mr.,
Had a girl and he often kr,
But he asked her to wed,
And she solemnly said,
"I can never be more than a sr."
—Cornell Widow.I saw a lemon in the lake
That lemon was decayed.
I jumped right in and swam way out—
To give that lemon-aid.
—Sour Owl.Most men hate to miss a kiss
But all men like to kiss a miss,
And all will swear that it is bliss
To kiss a miss by artifice.There was a young crook named Greer,
Who passed a bad check for near-
beer,
When placed in arrest,
He frankly confessed
"That check is as good—as the beer."
—California Pelican.He kissed her and she showed sur-
prise
And turned to earth her pretty eyes;
Please don't repeat that; will you,
Sid?
But straightway that is what he did.Says Mr. J.: "We surely dread
To see our daughters grow;
To make a maiden college-bred
Requires a lot of dough."
—Adelited.Baby Gertrude found some coal,
She nibbled it with great delight,
'Till Pa said: "Gertrude, come out
control,
Your expensive appetite!"
—Mercury.There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the meter for me,
It's to meet'er alone.He grabbed and kissed her, then in
fear,
He waited angry words to hear;
She puckered up her lips—and then
She softly murmured, "Come again."Pretty maid,
By a stream,
Starts to cross,
Wobbly beam.In she falls,
"Help," she shouts,
Ha! I am
Thereabouts.In I plunge
(Thrilling sight)
Save her! Love
At first sight.Wedding bells,
Ditto cake,
At this point—
I awake!As twilight deepened, he and she
Were sitting in the balcony,
They two together, side by side.To hold her hand he vainly tried.
"Oh, no!" she cried, "I never could
Permit you to, no lady would!
Besides," she added, "you forget
This hardly dark enough just yet."Unto a little African,
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile.
And with the chill politeness,
That makes warm blood freeze,
Said, "I'll take a little dark meat
Without the dressing, please."
—Gargoyles.Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But if you should break for a thou-
sand years
You'd never get broke like me.**CHRISTMAS.**How many girls can look back, now,
on that period of childhood when the
very word Christmas means starry
eyes and a strange, big, breathless feel-
ing in our souls without just a faint
wish somewhere within her, that she
could get back to that time of awe and
of love and of faith? How truly she
believed in Santa Claus! What a dear,
kind, generous soul he was and what
a thrill he gave us in condescending to
speak to us at the Sunday school tree.As we grow older, Christmas tends
to lose much of its glitter and bril-
lancy. We lose our faith in Santa,
our gifts are sometimes not just what
we want, and the big awe stricken
feeling is gone. However, as time
goes on and we learn more of the real
meaning of Christmas, that reason of
good will, our feeling for it should be-
come richer and deeper, a feeling not
dependant on trivial joys and pleasures.
And I am sure this would come to be
if we would stop to think of how this
Christmas spirit came to be and what
it means to the whole world. And if,
when we catch this spirit we try to
pass it on to some one else in the
form of loving actions and words of
cheerfulness, we will find that the real
joy of Christmas is not in the getting,
but in the giving of your enthusiasm,
your energy, your time, yourself.Don't forget girls we leave tomor-
row.
Merry Christmas and Happy New
Year.Mr. Hogan—"Miss Wood will name
three plants that contain starch."
M. W.—"One collar and twoMargaret Taylor and Betty
enjoyed Sunday with their
wins a bunch.**SCHUMACHER**

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